FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

qui

JULY 1975 $1.25

A PICTORIAL FANTASY OF THE WORLD'S BROTHELS

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS BETRAYED

BILL COSBY'S TENNIS FOR TWO LEFT FEET

AN INTERVIEW WITH AMERICA'S BEST-HUNG MALE

A SEXY VIEW OF ST.-TROPEZ

PLUS:
BREAST MERCHANTS EXPOSED
AND THE ODESSA FILE REOPENED

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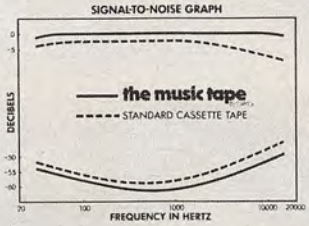

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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 4 NO. 7 JULY 1975

7
MAIL

13
OPENERS

29
SEX TAPES

32
REVUE

36
SATELLITE

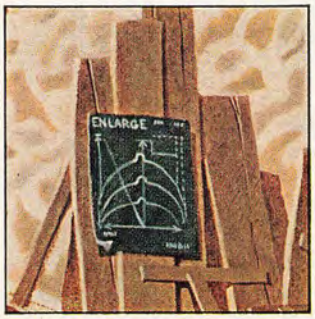
38

PASSIONATELY PAULA
She likes older men.

44
EMPTY ECHOES FROM THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
By Jo Durden-Smith
As we slouched into our 20s, nirvana slipped away.

48

ROLLING ON
Summer fashions jam the derby. Joan Weston, watch out!

54


BUILDING A BIGGER BUST
By Joyce Dutson
Cup size sometimes corresponds to grade point average. But what's lost in a mouthful is still fun to fiddle with.

57

DIANA: A SELF-PORTRAIT
The canvas she's working on is the painting called herself.

66
CONVERSATION WITH JOHN C. HOLMES
In which the world's best-hung porn star explains the joys of living among Lilliputians.

69

REMEDIAL TENNIS
By Bill Cosby
Spiro Agnew should have read this. A complete guide for athletes who only know how to take a shower.

70

HOW EUROPEANS STOLE OUR JAZZ
By Charles Childs
First they took us to the cleaners with the Marshall Plan. Now this!

74
THE WORLD'S SEXIEST BEACH
Sure, you can run around bare-assed anywhere; but it's more fun to drop trou in St.-Tropez among people who speak another language.

83

BROTHELS OF THE WORLD
An unhurried look at the business of pleasure. When in India, ask for the Rampur Room.

93

THE ODESSA FILE REOPENED
By Alan Levy
The man who won't let sleeping Nazi dogs lie.

95

LOVE SOUNDS
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Because we've been putting most of our energy into our products. Not our advertising.

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What we're saying is this:

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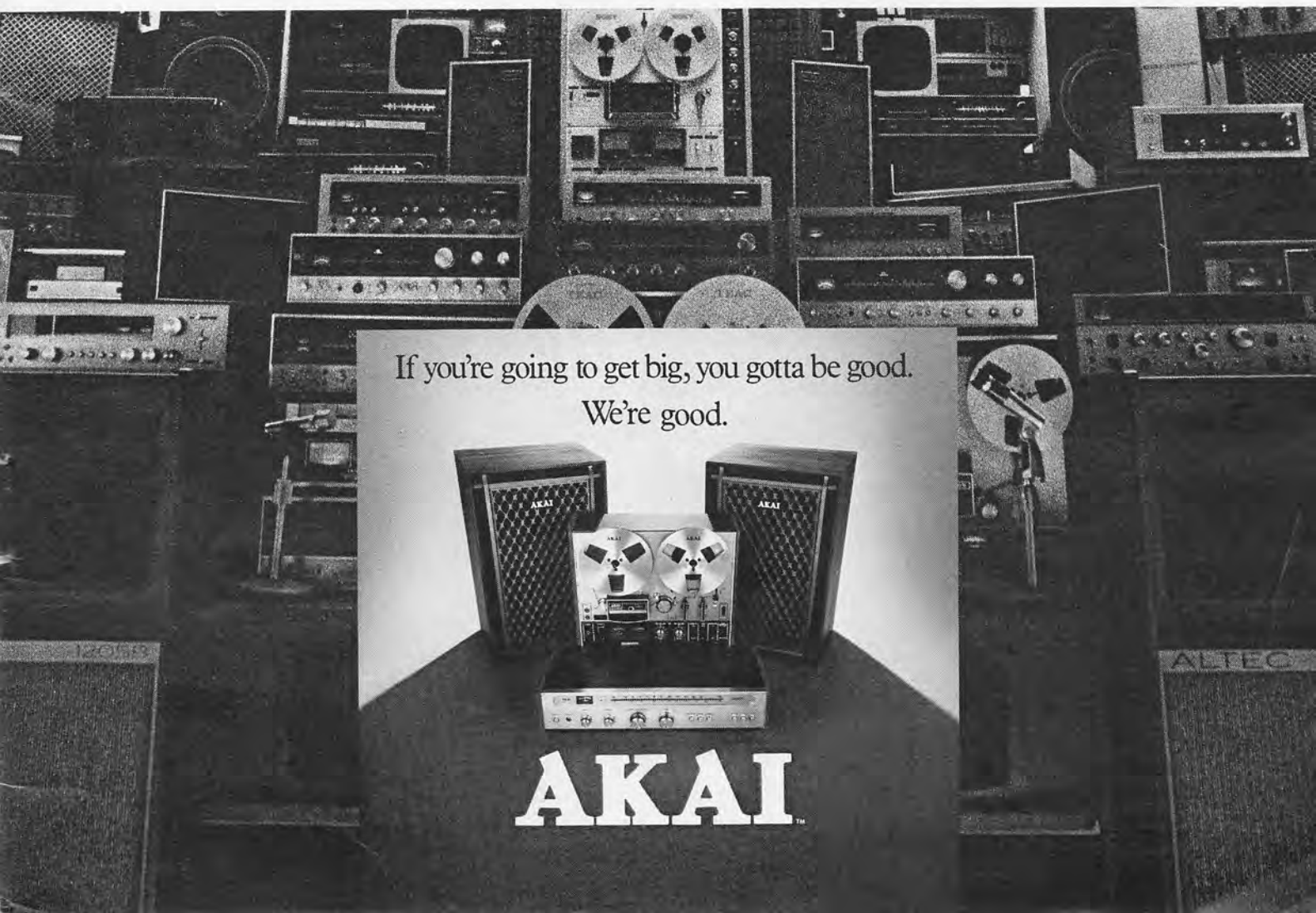

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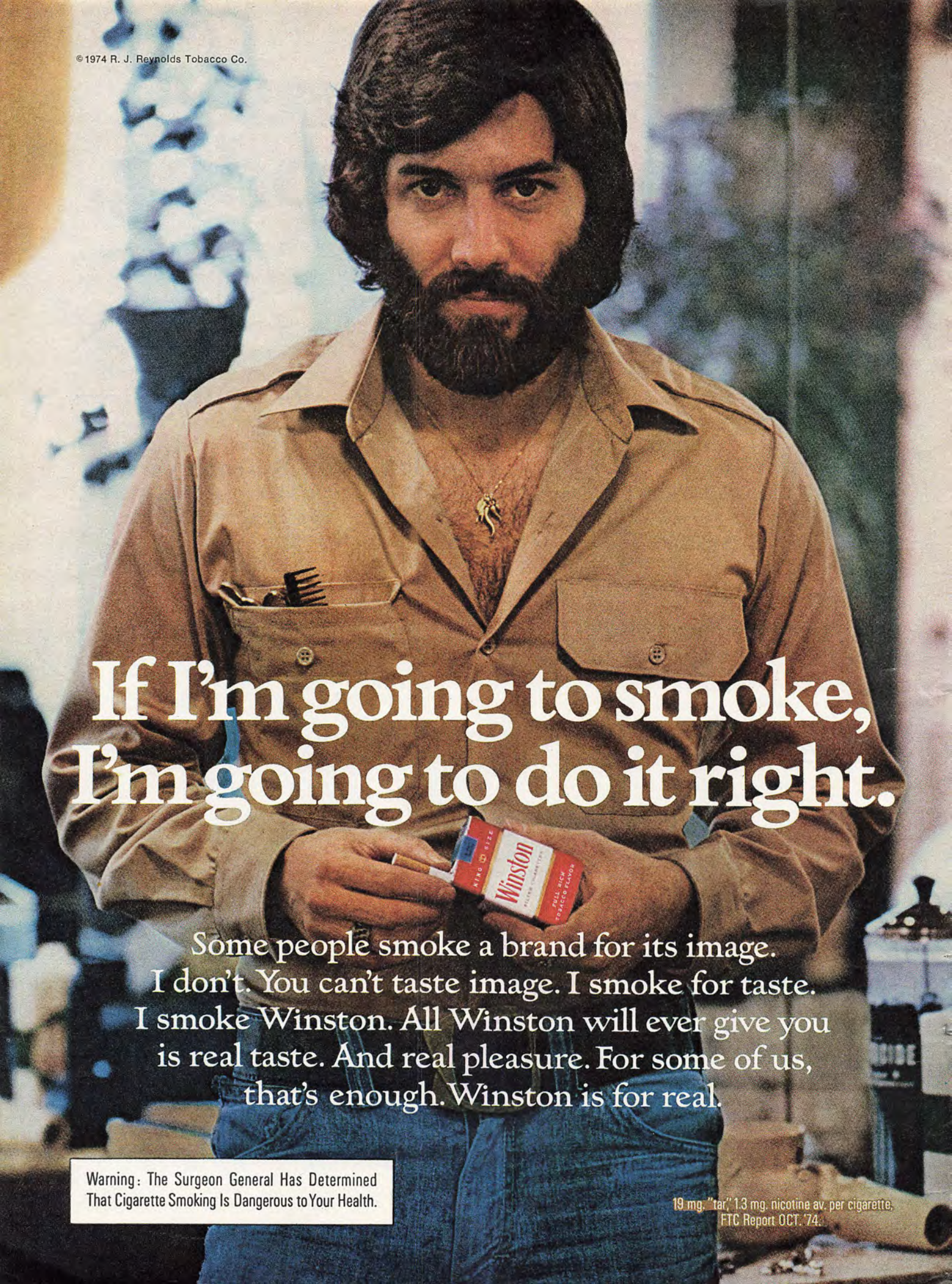

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MAIL

Holmesiana

I am very interested in Jon Carroll's review of the recent rash of books about Sherlock Holmes that appeared in your April issue. For the most part, Carroll's opinions mirror my own. By the way, I am the president of the Chicago chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars. Thanks for your review.

ROBERT W. HAHN
Lombard, Illinois

In his uncomplimentary review of the Holmes revival, Carroll criticizes William S. Baring-Gould for treating Holmes "as though he were a real person" and the Baker Street Irregulars for engaging in "a silly game for overbright children." Carroll seems to have left his imagination behind him upon entering the not-so-real world of adulthood. He obviously is not related, even in spirit, to Lewis.

RONALD B. DE WAAL
Fort Collins, Colorado

Nudist's lament

I have both a bouquet and a brickbat for the March OUI. The compliment is for Ken Gaul's humorous insert in your *Openers* section on Ms. All-Bare America. Rod Swenson is one of nudism's newer and less experienced promoters, but he is doing quite well.

The brickbat is for some remarks made by Chris Hodenfield in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Swinger*. Hodenfield infers, unjustifiably, that there is a connection between nudist parks and swingers. Nudism has its share of swingers, but advocates of each way of life do not necessarily share the same ideology.

FORREST EMERSON
Colton, California

Unsour kraut

As a former Berliner, the only fault I find with Robert Wieder's article *Berlin Lives!* in your April issue is that it isn't longer.

HANS R. GALLAS
Bloomington, Illinois

An actor of good will

My wife wants you to know how much she enjoyed the April OUI because of Michael Callan (*Michael Callan Glows Warm*). I've been married to this broad for five years, but I didn't know she fantasizes about actors while we screw, although I can't complain, because I'm happy with her. She reacted passionately to those pictures you published and, knowing that she was enjoying images of Callan, I found myself imagining to be that actor making love to my wife.

PHILIP BROWN
Vancouver, British Columbia

Time warp

I am completely dumfounded by Nick Kazan, J. C. Lewis and Dr. David Hurwitz' article *How to Kill Time* in your April issue. I'd like to find out if, by writing this, I am wasting, killing or using time. I think I may be killing useful waste time. But, then again, I may be just using wasteful killing time. I guess I have no idea *what* I'm doing.

JOSEPH DARRESI
Queens, New York

Neither do we.

A gay blade for Gore

I disagree with Gore Vidal's view of human sexuality as he expresses it in your April interview. I do not believe that humans are inherently bisexual. I am an actor and I have come into close contact with numerous gay people. I have found that most of them have two mental predispositions: (1) They are overly concerned with physical appearance and (2) they place orgasmic release above everything else.

If a person can relate only physically when sexually experiencing another, he will get bored quickly with his partner. Vidal asks, "How many times can that one body excite you?" But what Vidal fails to realize is that there is more between people than physical pleasure.

Unfortunately for homosexuals, most of them are obsessed with the idea of dominating each other. That is why, for Vidal, there is no such thing as romantic love. That is why he cannot go to bed with a friend. Not because it would be ". . . well, incest" but because someone he considers a friend is not someone he would want to dominate and exploit sexually.

Having sex with a friend is the essence of love for the heterosexual. But most homosexuals mock this type of deep relationship. Only someone who has experienced sex while in love (i.e., with a friend) can know what I mean.

Vidal's notion that athletes and soldiers are latent homosexuals may be valid only if those athletes or soldiers cannot view the female as an equal and relate to her in that way. Why Vidal makes such sweeping generalities is beyond me. "Everybody is bisexual. . . . Anybody who voluntarily becomes a soldier or sailor or baseball player obviously prefers men to women," he says. That's crap. Some people are bisexual, some are not. Some are strictly

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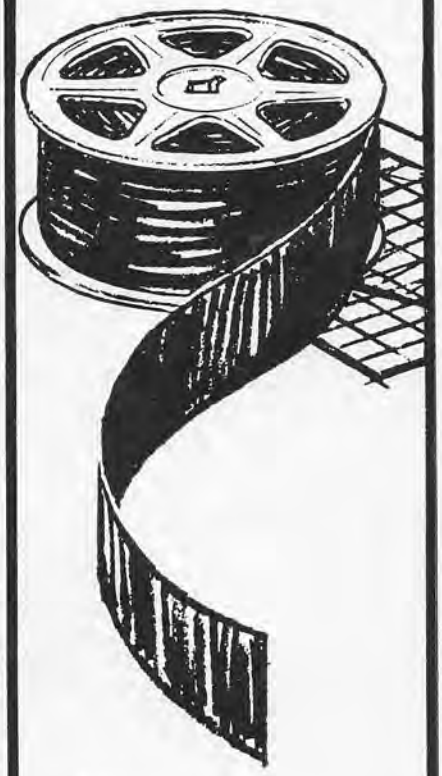

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heterosexual. Some are strictly homosexual. Some soldiers are gay, others are not. I am simply amazed that this man is considered an intellectual. He tries to convince all of us that we are bisexual like he is. Well, I, for one, am a heterosexual and proud of it. Not because it makes me better than the homosexual but because my heterosexuality enables me to relate to the opposite sex in a meaningful way. And that, I feel, is worth while.

DAVID ROYAL
Indianapolis, Indiana

O come, O come, *Emmanuelle*

I love your April pictorial on Sylvia Kristel, the star of *Emmanuelle*. I recently saw the movie and thought it was terrific. The film oozed sexuality in the way you described; the lushness of Bangkok, where it was filmed, and the languor of the exquisite women in the movie made it quite an exciting experience.

GEORGE WOODBURN
Chicago, Illinois

I sure hope Sylvia Kristel is in more movies. I remember your pictorial on her last August, and the April spread is just as good. I saw *Emmanuelle* with my girlfriend. She was totally turned on and later we made sweet love for hours. I'm afraid, however, that my girl has fixated on the way Emmanuelle is portrayed and, if there isn't another film like that, she may never come across that way again.

ELMER ANTON
Columbus, Ohio

Fungus cock

You may be interested to know that the Vegetable of the Month in the April *Openers* section is probably a fungus of the genus Phallus. I first became acquainted with this mushroom as a college student on a mycology field trip, when a seemingly innocent coed pointed it out, saying, "This seems familiar, but I can't quite put my finger on what it reminds me of." When she finally did, she was so embarrassed that she dropped the class.

ALAN MARTINSON
San Diego, California

Flash on Lash

Congratulations to Grover Lewis on his in-depth look at former B Western star Lash LaRue in the January OUI. Saint or sinner, we still love you, Lash, and we'll be riding with you again across the silver screen in August at the fourth annual Western Film Festival at Memphis, Tennessee.

Cut! Print it!

RAY G. THOMAS
Merritt Island, Florida

Rawhide

After the shots of Sally Ower in the February issue, the photos of Vicky in March are almost too much for my sex-hungry motorcycle-loving heart to stand. They are really great. There are a few million cycle riders around and a lot of them like their chicks dressed in leather, the way Sally and Vicky are in your pictorials. In seven years around the cycle crowd, I've found that the average cycle jock develops a taste for chicks wearing leather. As I am sure you realize, cycle cats wear leather for protection from both falls and debris in the air. There are all kinds of substitutes—plastic, denim, synthetics—but none wear or protect like leather. A cycle jock likes to get his chick to go with him on his bike so he can have all his important items together. If he can dress her in a leather

outfit so she will feel safe, she will ride with him to the end of the world. Anyway, once the cat and the chick get to biking around together all dressed up in leather cycle gear, with her rubbing her crotch and breasts all over his leather-covered backside—or on those wonderful times when the chick takes the handle bars and the cat gets to climb on her tail and dig himself into her leather-covered rump and give her breasts a hand massage—on these rides, most of their contact is leather on leather. But if I'm out at some cycle gathering and a real curvy babe dressed in skintight leather jeans and a form-fitting leather shirt comes by, I get a very big high and usually I go after her.

So, in conclusion, thanks again for the two spreads on two great gals. Here's hoping you will see fit to continue to publish this type of photo spread.

DALE SINGLETON
Westernport, Maryland

The Great Gulp

After I read *The Great Gulp* in your April issue, it became obvious to me that authors Robert Christgau and Carola Dibbell wouldn't know good beer if it came and bit them on the ass. Anchor Steam Beer, brewed with all-barley malt, is the finest American beer I've tasted. Anchor Porter is even better and is of the same quality as Guinness Stout, which those assholes didn't even mention in the box on imports. However, Dos Equis is the best beer I've ever had.

I'd have to be *thirsty* to drink Coors, Budweiser or any of the undistinguished light beers with which Americans are so obsessed—whose most obvious characteristics are an almost total lack of flavor and an excess of carbonation. My conclusion is that Christgau and Dibbell just don't like beer.

STAN IVEC
Boulder Creek, California

I am not a connoisseur of beer but I do enjoy my pints. I was disappointed by your coverage of Canadian beer. Labatt "Blue" a C-plus? Come on now, gentlemen, let's be realistic. Canada is possibly the best source of good-to-excellent beer in North America. When we want an imported beer, we ask for the European beverage. Why import American beer when we have a full tub of dishwater in the kitchen?

It appears Christgau and Dibbell's taste test of Labatt took place near the end of their survey, when destroyed taste buds and sclerosed livers had affected their minds to the point of permanent stupor. However, being the good neighbors that we are, Canadians will try to save some of that rotten C-plus beer for Americans when they come up to shoot our moose.

PHILIP DOUGLAS
Waterloo, Ontario

You dummies! Anyone who has ever drunk more than a six-pack of beer has to know that Point Special beer, brewed at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, is the *best* beer made. It's an A-plus-plus.

FRANK O'DELL
Anchorage, Alaska

I enjoyed *The Great Gulp*, but I would like to add a little something. The authors should have made the effort to obtain a Shiner beer—it would have been well worth their time. In Texas, there is nothing to compare with a freshly brewed bottle of Shiner. Besides being low in calories, Shiner is high in taste and smoothness, making it palatable throughout an entire weekend of beer drinking. Nothing is finer.

J. SMITH
Austin, Texas

I enjoyed Christgau and Dibbell's beer-rating article—and I definitely agree that many of the finer brews in America are made by the less-mass-production-oriented small firms. While I know they couldn't possibly sample them all, I am

surprised that they didn't include Yuengling, the proud product of America's oldest still-in-existence brewery, D. G. Yuengling & Son, Pottsville, Pennsylvania (founded way back in 1829).

WILL ANDERSON
Newtown, Connecticut

I read with no small amount of interest OUI's recent article on beer. Obviously, I'd like to say a lot of things about our products, Budweiser, Busch and Michelob, but I won't, because the consumer's choice in the market place is the ultimate test of any product and our record speaks for that in a far more eloquent way than I ever could. I do, however, want to set the record straight about the statement that Anheuser-Busch and Schlitz have been "taking turns at first place in national sales for years." This just isn't so. Anheuser-Busch has led the national beer market every year since 1957 and has increased its lead over Schlitz to more than 11,000,000 barrels in 1974—selling more than 34,000,000 barrels in a single year (a world record).

ORION BURKHARDT
Vice-President, Marketing
Brewing Division
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
St. Louis, Missouri

Underarm, outasight

A woman's underarms are wonderfully erotic, but—at least throughout the sexual literature I've read—they have been grossly ignored. I think they're vibrantly evocative, especially after two or three days' worth of hair growth. It's high time folks stopped harping about cunts and tits and asses and found it in their hearts to pay attention to the underarm. It is yet another step toward the appreciation of the total female body, not just isolated areas.

J. MARTINEZ
New York, New York

Precardiac wart-hog blues

Your most-fascinating-person-I-ever-shat-all-over profile, purportedly dealing with myself, which you were so kind as to commission and publish in OUI (*Gershon Legman Doesn't Tell Dirty Jokes*, March), is a tissue of lies from start to finish and I can prove it.

I do not for an instant deny that I am an "exhausted wart hog" with a "precardiac gut" and a droopy nose (see the picture on the dust jacket of any of my books) and the various other subjective assessments made by your writer. I think we should be kind to chaps like that. He assured me he was not really a writer at all—I believe him now—but a former basketball player, stranded in Europe and trying to make a fast buck in journalism. Which he also promised to share with me. That's where you note that he turned off the tape recorder,

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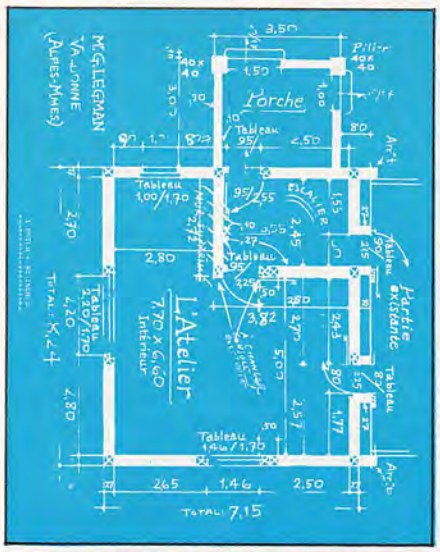
à la Nixon, top of page 130. Let me zero in instead on one single statement he makes, in his opening paragraph, which leaves something of a credibility gap about all the rest. About sitting with me in my "tiny brick studio." Well, I dunno. This studio, of which I enclose my architect's registered floor plans and elevations, is one single room, especially



constructed to the proportions 1:2:2, for the best possible stereo sound production. Its internal measurements are *26 feet long by 22 feet wide* (that's 7.70 x 6.60 meters) *and 12 feet high.* I admit these dimensions may seem rather modest to anyone accustomed to a basketball court.

G. LEGMAN
Valbonne, France

Spanking central, continued

I'm a 17-year-old Swedish girl. Sometimes I used to be a baby sitter for a family. The husband in the family always buys OUI and I used to read it on the sly.

In your March issue, there is "a nostalgic spanking pictorial" that I enjoyed. I often have fantasies about being spanked. I love the thought of it and my fantasies always make me feel very weak and excited. I'm sure that someday I won't be able to stop myself from provoking somebody to let me experience my fantasies in real life. It is not pain I'm longing for—though I admit that a certain degree of pain must be inflicted—so I hope my future tormentor will not use more violence than necessary to make me as obedient and humble as he wants me to be. No, what I'm longing for is the feeling of humiliation and sweet submissiveness. During my spanking fantasies, warm waves of humility and inferiority gush inside me and I feel as though it is my duty to endure and finally to submit to my vanquisher. I dream about my tormentor as a very repugnant man. My favorite adversary is more than 60 years old, short, rather fat and nearly bald. But even worse, he is very complacent, proud, peevish, supercilious and demanding. Of course, he is a skirt chaser and very lecherous.

Oh, he is horrid and nauseating. I hate him. Again and again, I must offer my bottom to the palm of his porky hand and, finally, my whole body to his short, eager and meddlesome fingers. It is horrible. I hate it, but my body demands it.

There is, in our little community, a man just cut out for the role in my fantasies. He is a bookseller. His shop must be only a hobby for him, because it is open for just a few hours in the afternoon. I visit his shop sometimes, because it is so *thrilling* to face him and, at the same time, think about him in his role in my fantasies. Good gracious, what if he discovers that if he only is impudent enough, he will be able to do whatever he likes with me?

It is a pity that he is not a stranger. I feel it very tempting to let him take command over me. I'm really yearning for the experience of being dominated by that lecherous old creep.

You must think I am a very odd girl. But I know many other girls who have the same feelings and fantasies I have.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Malmö, Sweden

I'm an attractive 20-year-old woman who enjoys having guys spank me. Sometimes I get dressed up in tight blue jeans and walk around Chicago, looking for men. It works every time. Last week, I met Ralph on one of my walks. He wasn't the most handsome guy I'd ever met, but he was kinda cute. I told him bluntly that before he would be able to have sex with me, he'd have to spank me. He said, "That's OK by me." We drove back to my apartment and, on the way, I asked if he had ever spanked a girl before. He hadn't, but he had often fantasized about it, ever since his dad spanked his 19-year-old sister. I told him to pretend I was his naughty daughter. Ralph took my jeans down and spread my panties over my thighs, picked up the ping-pong paddle I keep on the coffee table and started whacking me. I pleaded with him to stop, but he said, "Young lady, you've grown too big for your britches," and kept on paddling me. After 25 smacks, he put down the paddle and then used his hand, which turned me on tremendously. After 25 more slaps, he stopped.

I told Ralph it was the hardest and the best spanking I'd ever had. I took off my clothes slowly and my ass was lit like a stop light. I asked him to stand up, and I undid his belt, slipped his pants down to his ankles, knelt in front of him and gave him a blow job. As he started to come, I grabbed his balls and gently squeezed them. I had to swallow fast.

Ralph left sometime after that, saying that he would call me. But he hasn't. He really knew how to use his hands, but maybe I scared him away.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Morton Grove, Illinois

Superior contents

I love your crazy magazine. Once you get to know it, it's really got personality. I've purchased every issue—the first one hot off the newsstand at Grand Central—so I know it pretty well! What really gets me, though, is that, after you look at the meat on the girls and you start looking for the meat in the rest of the magazine, you find some consistently hot items, like the contents page. Even if you don't get to the articles, you know the wise-assed gist of the stuff anyway.

PAUL ELWARD
Boston, Massachusetts

Garter gab

OUI is to be praised for consistently showing women in garters and stockings. I've noticed that other magazines show women in such things, but their purpose is to deliberately make the girls look tarty. Any real sophisticate knows that high fashion and good manners go hand in hand with garters and stockings. Panty hose are the logical sartorial extension of frozen dinners. They're convenient and tasteless. Stockings, on the other hand, are less convenient and more sexy. Thanks, OUI, for making this last point deliciously obvious.

EDWARD COPPER
Washington, D.C.

Sinister slight

Shame on you! Your April *Openers* item on left-handed Presidents omits the greatest left-handed President of all: Harry S Truman. Actually, he may have been the greatest of all U. S. Presidents, regardless of polarity. I'm left-handed and want to set the record straight.

AARON CRASNER
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

You're half right. Truman was ambidextrous.

Special request

You get strange requests from people asking for pictorials involving lady wrestlers, girl scouts, women in raincoats and raincoat-clad girl scouts wrestling on top of Mount Everest. So how about we who get hornier than a goat when we see ponytails? Huh?

J. K. ABERNATHY
Aurora, Colorado

There are other magazines for you—try American Horseman.

Address letters to:
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OPENERS

Aren't you glad you use Dial?

The French are a very rational people, and Parisians, naturally, are the most rational of all Frenchmen. For example, in New York, taxi drivers can refuse to take you in their cabs for any old whimsy or spite. In Paris, the drivers must have a reason.

The city of Paris has thoughtfully put these reasons in writing, so that everyone—not just the cabbies—can know of them. A taxi driver in Paris, you learn, can refuse to take you if you are rude, if you are accompanied by a dog "or any other animal" and the driver doesn't like dogs or other animals, if you have had, in the independent judgment of the cabbie, too much to drink or if it is his dinnertime. The driver may also decline your patronage if he has cause to believe that you or the package that you are carrying would leave a disagreeable odor in his taxi ("*laisser une mauvaise odeur dans la voiture*").

Earth Shoes ("the natural way to walk") are now available in blue suede. We've never heard of blue-suede earth. You?

There is nothing in the statement issued by the city of Paris that says the taxi driver has to tell you, when he refuses you as a fare, for which one of the reasons it is. He expects you to be as rational as he. *Bonne chance!*

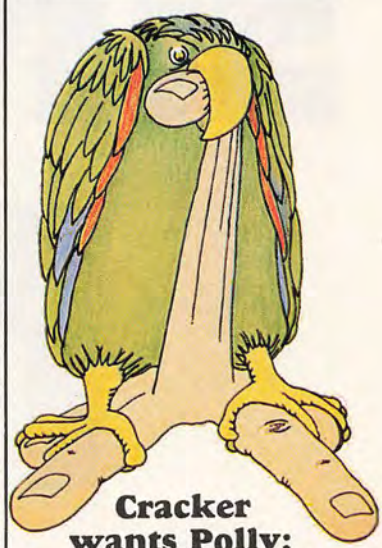
—Anne Beatts

The Flashing Nun? No, it's our old friend Edy Williams, who writes, "I've always dreamed of playing a very sexy *nun*," and who finally got her chance to do so in front of the cameras of noted Roman photographer Pier Luigi. Actually, though, Ms. Williams' dream is not all that unusual. What would be truly *unusual* would be to find a nun who had always dreamed of playing in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. We haven't found one of them for you yet—but we're looking.

Wherein we meet the Messrs. Erk, Plog and Mboob

What do Mr. Burl Noggle and Ms. Adelheid Popp have in common? Both are to be found on the list of exotic names compiled by Patrick Wallace, an English librarian who, for several years, has been scanning library catalogs and publishers' lists from all over the world to compile an unbeatable collection of odd monikers. Here are a few more of our favorites, every one guaranteed authentic: Jocelyn Plunket Bushe-Fox, Léon Ollé-Laprune, Solon Toothaker-Kimball, Negley King Teeters, Increase N. Tarbox, Hugh Buffum, Augusta Drain, Henry Adolphus Mess, Tissington Tatlow, Frank C. Erk, Fred Plog, Ray Hole, Friedrich Nausea, Justus Jeep, Monetee E. Redslob, George L. Grassmuck, Rasmus Fog, Frank McNitt, Lockington Bunn, Dr. Lip Look Bong, Washington Stumbles, Ethel Thrift-Buzzard, J. Thomas Looney, Dirk van Erp, Israel Smut, Fritz Bopp, Fried Hardy Worm, Marwood

Roto-Rooter, Irving Fatt, Desiré Tits and the ever-popular Mustapha Mboob.



Cracker wants Polly; parrot gives head!

Richard Butler, of Brockenhurst, Hampshire, England, had put away five pints at the Rose & Crown and was having a bit of fun with Wilfred, the pub's pet parrot, when the fickle bird, tiring of the frolic, snapped at Butler's finger. Never one to take an insult lightly, Butler thereupon plucked Wilfred from his perch and bit off his head. Then he turned around ("grinning and wiping his mouth," according to a bystander),

If you've been saving up for JBL, stop.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc./High fidelity loudspeakers from $99 to $3,000/3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles 90039.

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We took some of the price out and left all the JBL in, and we couldn't be happier.

Great sound. Great looks. Great insides. All the cranky attention to detail that makes JBL JBL.

In this age of Instant Anything and Packaged Everything, JBL makes its loudspeakers from scratch. We make our own cabinets. We make our own electronics. And we make them with the best materials we can buy. Listen:

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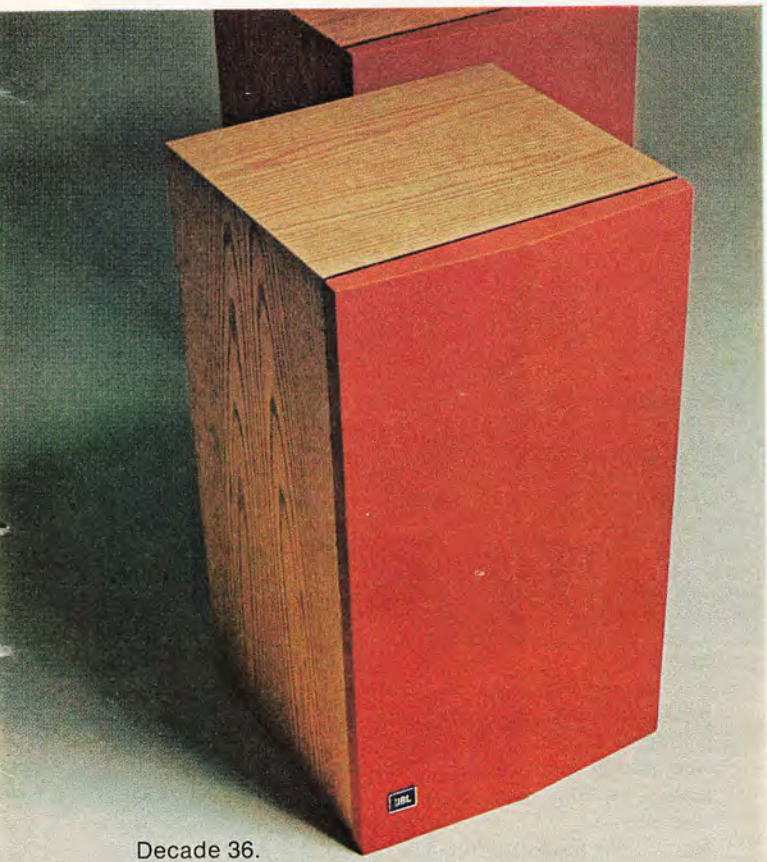
It's true.

One of these days you're going to own JBL, right? Well, friend, this is one of those days.



Decade 36.
Three-way bookshelf. 10-inch low frequency loudspeaker. 5-inch midrange transducer. 1.4-inch high frequency direct radiator. Natural oak finish. Orange, blue or brown grille. **$198.**

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Two-way bookshelf. 10-inch low frequency loudspeaker. 1.4-inch high frequency direct radiator. Natural oak finish. Orange, blue or brown grille. **$156.**

Decade 16.
Two-way compact. 8-inch low frequency loudspeaker. 1.4-inch high frequency direct radiator. Natural oak finish. Brown fabric grille. ~~$135.~~
Not any more.
While they last, those $135 Decade 16's are yours for $99 each.
JBL's under $100. The only thing missing is a lot of the price.

JBL

tossed the late Wilfred's decapitated corpse onto the bar and strode from the pub. No one gets away with something like that, of course. Butler was duly charged with insulting behavior, found guilty and sentenced to two weeks in jail. Once behind bars, a sober and recalcitrant Butler was no longer grinning. "I didn't mean to pull its little head off," he remorsed. "It all happened so quickly. I am very sorry." Cut the sob stuff, Butler, and tell us: Is the head the best part or isn't it?

Now that Americans are being allowed to purchase gold on the open market, a problem arises: What do you do with the metal after you lay out an arm and a leg to obtain it? Should it collect dust in your safe-deposit box? Should you bury it in the back yard? Use some of it in your teeth? Well, an English gold marketer named Ossie Brown has a better idea, and that is to cast solid-gold toilet seats. He has just sold his first one, for $250,000. Was the purchaser happy? "Oh, he was very pleased," Brown bubbled. "We only hope it was the first of many such sales." What a lovely idea for the man who just wants to sit on his investment.

Valley of the Rent-a-Dolls

It was a fairly sedate birthday party until brown-haired, brown-eyed Gretchen Donohue strolled in, wearing only her shoes and a necklace.

"Lady," said one stunned gentleman, "do you know you have no clothes on?"

She did. Gretchen, 26, is a former dental assistant who is now employed by Rent-a-Doll Escort Service in Seattle and has learned to love taking her clothes off.

Rent-a-Doll was started last year by Katy Tillman, an industrious 24-year-old who worked in social research before "I decided to see if I could try my own business." Things went so well with Ms. Tillman's conventional escort service that she formed a subsidiary enterprise to help Seattle folks liven up their parties. "Basically," she says, "we rent out people who will streak for parties."

There are, of course, some ground rules:

- No one will be sent to parties of fewer than ten people;
- The parties must be attended by both men and women;
- An eight-to-ten-minute nude stroll through a party costs the hosts $40;
- The nude strollers must maintain "a detached, poised attitude."

"It's fun," says Gretchen, one of the six women and three men Rent-a-Doll hires out. "The first time, I was really nervous, but there's no touching and I don't make small talk—just walk through the room and maybe pick up a plate or a cocktail. It's the other people who get flustered." Of the women's

Awwww . . . it's a little blushing bride. Isn't she adorable? No wonder she's blushing: This is her wedding night and she's waiting for her fella. Where's he? Right behind her, getting up his, ah, nerve. This little vignette is brought to you by the bride-and-groom night light, yet another product of the fertile, ingenious minds of American enterprise.

British actress Helen Mirren believes that when she has to strip for a movie nude scene, the whole crew—producer, director, cameramen, et al.—should be made to strip, as well. Chances are that they would, too, because Ms. Mirren, who has been called the sex queen of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is endowed with assets that are fast becoming legendary. Drama critics were seen to totter as they made for the bar after her topless performance in the West End production of Genet's *Balcony*. Words such as voluptuous, sensuous and magnificent were generously broadcast about in their reviews.

Helen Mirren, you must understand, is something more than this year's blonde bombshell: She is generally regarded as one of the most talented young actresses on the British stage. She played Shakespeare's Helena at the age of 16, Cleopatra at 19, Cressida at 22 and Ophelia at 25. Her recent portrayal of Lady Macbeth at Stratford on Avon (opposite the estimable Nicol Williamson) was praised as the best Shakespearean performance of her generation of British actresses.

So why does a serious actress even think of movie nude scenes in the first place? "I do it because I need the bread," says the lady, who also once told a London reporter, "I like sex." "I'm extremely sensual," she says, with rare candor. "I am pleased when people say I'm voluptuous, tempestuous and seductive. Besides, people get a buzz out of chicks taking their clothes off." So we've noticed. —ANNA MOTSON

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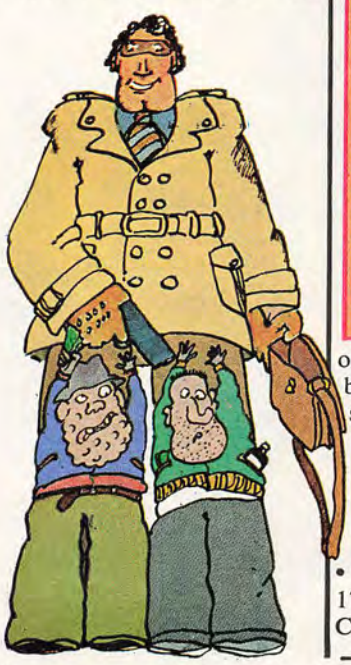
reactions, she says that "some are appalled, some are aghast and a lot of them are cool and understanding." The men? "I've got a pretty good figure and haven't heard any complaints."

There have been complaints, however, elsewhere in Seattle, according to Ms. Tillman. "We find we're in a cross fire of harassment," she says. "Feminists view this as degrading, businessmen seem afraid of women getting ahead in *any* sort of business and the police put us in the category of body-painting studios, which we're not. They're all making a big deal out of the nudity thing, when what I'm doing, basically, is providing women and men with good-paying jobs." —DON ABOOD

True stories from the *Writer's Yearbook*

• "*National News Extra*, 2715 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago, Ill. . . . Three types of nonfiction celebrity stories are purchased: insulting starlets (women in entertainment who brag about the awful way they treat men); tough-talking males (men in entertainment who are surly); nonsex celebrity accounts of hair-raising experiences, blood-and-gore murders fully illustrated with



on-the-scene photos. . . . Also buys first-person accounts of senseless crime, on-the-scene disaster photos, stories of ugly ducklings, ironic stories, quirks of nature, suicides, law-and-order stories. Length: 2000 words."

• "*The Crook's Magazine*, 17241 Hatteras St., Encino, Ca. . . . A mystery, adventure, crime magazine that has the premise: good, rousing, suspenseful tales in which the crook is the protagonist and in which he gets away with the crime. . . . Our readers are mystery-story readers, rebels who want a new point of view and the general public. Criminals also subscribe, and inmates of the many prisons."

TREND OF THE MONTH

"There's a cheap hotel. . . ."

Some people call it a matinee or a nooner. We call it checking into a cheap hotel for a quickie, and if everybody isn't doing it, certain somebodies we know are. Somebodies like lovely Dolores Deluxe, fashionable *modiste* whose designs kicked Woolworth's Basement upstairs.

The idea isn't to check into a hotel because you have to. You may have a perfectly good water bed waiting at home—with a Jacuzzi whirlpool for afters—but *quel bore*! You don't eat steak every day of the week.

The hotels to check into aren't quite in the steak category; in fact, they'd have trouble getting U.S.F.D.A. approval as hamburger. The tackier, the better (though you don't want to be actually *mugged*). Like any act of madcap caprice, your sexual escapade requires careful planning.

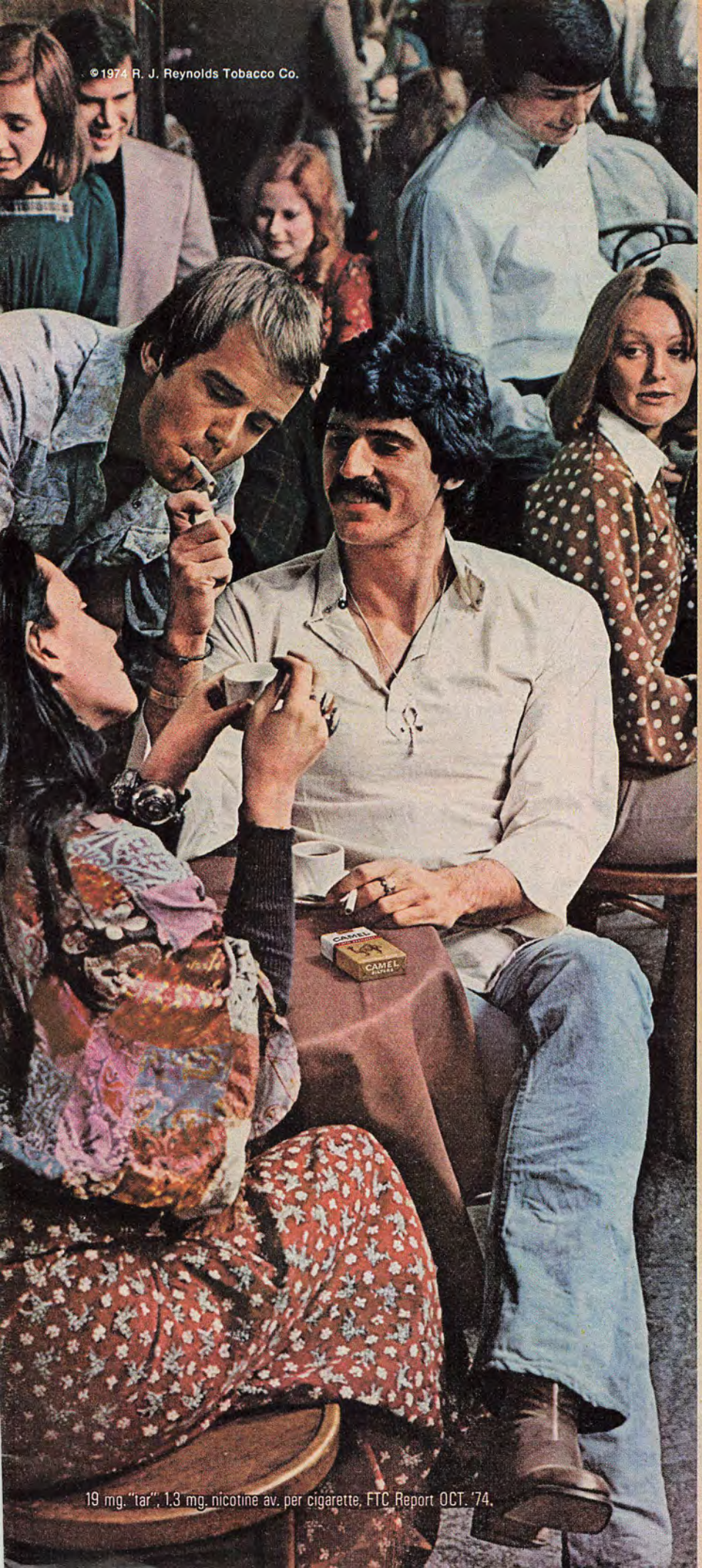
Hotels named after inventors are usually a good bet, and so are those with a neon sign outside that says TRANSIENTS. (In Europe, try hotels named after the obscurer English provinces—Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, et al.) The card in the room will indicate that check-out time is one P.M. —no concern of yours, since chances are you'll be checking in at two P.M. and checking out around 3:45. (That big rip in the wallpaper right over the bed—the one that's held together with Scotch tape—may get a trifle depressing if you opt for more than a two-hour romp.)

Being alone together, just the two or three of you, in a cheap hotel room can really help peel a relationship down to its bare essentials. There's no need to fuss with details like taking the cellophane off the drinking glasses—you'll be lucky to find a glass. But the best thing about cheap hotels is that they're *cheap*. And if the desk clerk asks for your luggage, smile and tell him that you left it in the car. Or just pat your breast pocket reassuringly and say, like Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*, "I've got my toothbrush right here." —ANNE BEATTS

What's so funny? Bologna, Italy

Italians are, generally, an unpredictable breed, except when it comes to mention of the city of Bologna. Italians always laugh when someone says Bologna. This peculiar Latin trait was revealed to a Frenchman on a recent visit to Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon, during an act in which a naked girl paraded back and

Frank Perdue, country-fried-chicken tycoon and star of his own TV and radio commercials, says, "Now you can see for yourself how other chickens stack up against mine." To wit, if you send two Perdue wing tags and one dollar cash money to ol' Frank, he'll forward "the only breast gauge on the market that will scientifically distinguish a great chicken from an ordinary one." He adds that the tender breast of every Perdue chicken measures at least 84 on the breast gauge. Well, Frank, our li'l ol' Sandy, here, busts the gauge at a well-stacked 103. Different chicks for different hicks. —PAUL VOGEL



Meet The Turk.

He does more than survive. He lives. Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

forth across the stage, telling her life story. The men in the audience were too intent on her jiggling breasts and buttocks to pay attention to the patter—until the girl said, "I come from Bologna." A large group of partying Italians suddenly roared with laughter.

It is similarly reported that during the 1500th performance of *Lakmé* at the Opéra Comique a few years ago, the second-act line "*Ou va la jeune Hindoue?*" ("Where's the young Hindu girl going?") inspired a prankster sitting in a row of Italians to shout: "To Bologna!" His companions guffawed, other spectators shushed and the rest of the aria was lost in the cacophony.

Why the hysteria over Bologna? It is not, as non-Italians might assume, the city's association with a certain type of sausage but rather with a certain type of sex. For reasons submerged in the oil spill of time, Italians think of Bologna as a hotbed of the practice of *pompino*—their delicate term for a blow job.

Thus, the phrase "masseuse from Bologna" in a classified ad means that the girl is expert at *pompino*, and Italian readers will nod their knowing heads and chuckle. Ask an Alitalia pilot whether or not he flies over Bologna, and he will reply with a smirk, "No—too much suction." So it blows.

TU ACABAS DE INSULTAR A UNA MUJER

Esta tarjeta està tratada quìmicamente para que tù bicho se destintegre dentro de tres dias.

YOU HAVE JUST INSULTED A WOMAN

This card has been chemically treated. Your prick will fall off in three days.

We came across this little card the other day at a friend's house. Our friend says that he doesn't know how the card came into his possession. He insists that it wasn't handed to him on the street. All we can add is that it is one more good reason for construction workers to wear gloves.

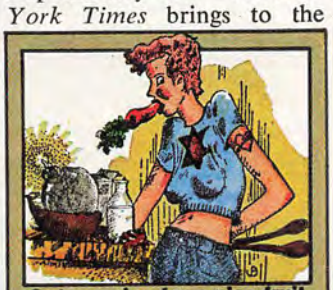
The ties that double bind

We found this tie advertised in *Ms.* magazine, see, and 'tho we think that any woman who knows how to knot a necktie has a perfect right to wear one, we discovered, on reading further, that it wasn't meant for women. It was meant for male chauvinists. The tie had little shields all over it, with a pig's head in each one, and above them were the words male chauvinist in lettering so small that any woman who got close enough to read it would have to be fraternizing with the enemy. The tie is available by mail, "satisfaction guaranteed," from Barrington Ties, in Los Angeles, and comes in a choice of three virile colors: *machismo* burgundy, sexist brown and arrogant navy. The headline under the picture of the tie suggested to the readers of *Ms.*—a magazine that refuses to carry any sexist advertising—that they could "help a male chauvinist show his colors" by giving him one of these ties. We don't have any male-chauvinist pigs on our gift list this year, but, perhaps, if they came up with a tie that had tiny Arab terrorists on it, we'd be interested. Tiny Puerto Rican terrorists? Tiny capitalist warmongers? Tiny running-dog lackeys of American imperialism? Tiny people who sit opposite us in buses and chew gum with their mouths open?

—ANNE BEATTS

Advice for the lustlorn

Ekstra Bladet is the largest-circulation daily newspaper in Denmark and, as befits its stature, covers that country's sexual frontiers with the same thoroughness and sense of responsibility that *The New York Times* brings to the



Got a recipe for a nice fruitcake without nuts? How about Swedish meatless balls? If so, this classified ad from *Majority Report*, a New York feminist newspaper specializing in movement esoterica, is looking for you:

RECIPES SOUGHT for Jewish Lesbian Feminist Vegetarian Anarchists for Jesus Cookbook currently in the planning stages. Box ES.

There has been a big flap in London these past few days, touched off by a group called Women in Media and its protest over the use of sexy girls in English advertising. In the interest of democracy and fair play, *Openers* is here providing a forum for airing the other side in this raging controversy.

Our first speaker is Vivienne Neves (right), who has appeared nude in newspaper ads: "What a lot of twaddle. I'm earning my living just like any other girl and I don't *mind* being used as a sex object. If these women protesters had the body for it, they'd be doing it, too. I think these advertisements make a tired workingman's day."

Thank you, Vivienne. And now we have Carol Augustine (left), who, like Vivienne, has appeared in OUI pictorials and, in England, is seen regularly in an erotic cigar ad on television: "I don't feel I'm being exploited as a sex object. I think of it as a job like any other. By attacking these advertisements, the protesters are being old-fashioned about something that is only a giggle. There are more serious things to be criticized."

Thank you, Carol. Now, would you ladies squeeze your tits together a little bit more and look this way? That's it. Thanks.

(**DELETED**) Henry Kissinger made that statement not in public, but at a secret White House meeting on June 27, 1970. The country he was referring to was Chile.

In his capacity as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Kissinger was chairman of a meeting of the so-called 40 Committee, an interdepartmental panel responsible for overseeing the CIA's high-risk covert-action operations.

On that Saturday in June 1970, the main topic before the 40 Committee was: (**DELETED**) The Chilean election was scheduled for the following September, and Allende, a declared Marxist, was one of the principal candidates. Although Allende had pledged to maintain the democratic system if he was elected, the U.S. ambassador to Chile (**DELETED**)

Most of the American companies with large investments in Chile were also fearful of a possible Allende triumph, and at least two

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The above is from a page of the new, best-selling book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.*

Published at last, the inside story of the undercover activities of the CIA, written by a former agent!

That is, with a few minor deletions by the CIA.

In fact, with page after page of deletions and blank spaces—because a court of appeals has ruled that the CIA has the right to censor what the public has a right to know.

The American Civil Liberties Union believes otherwise, and we hope you do, too.

We're trying to fill in all the blanks, and we need your help. So far, our defense of authors Victor Marchetti and John Marks has forced the CIA to restore portions of the manuscript. Now we're going to the Supreme Court to try and remove the remaining deletions.

But we need your help in the defense of *all* our liberties. Without your help, the Constitution would soon look like a page from Marchetti's book. Freedom of speech deleted. The right of privacy deleted. Equality deleted. Each of our rights slowly censored to death.

The ACLU is a membership organization with 275,000 members nationwide, and a 55-year history of unwavering defense of individual rights.

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American Civil Liberties Union

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American political scene. It features, for example, a four-page advice/contact column called "Love's Merry-Go-Round," with about 200 letters, complete with illustrations, in each installment.

But instead of the usual "45-year-old schoolteacher seeks companionship, eventual marriage," *Ekstra Bladet*'s correspondents are transvestites, homosexuals, bondage freaks, elderly men seeking young girls, young men seeking elderly women, ad infinitum—into virtually every possible sexual variation. "Love's Merry-Go-Round" also occasionally runs panel discussions devoted to the particular problems of a particular sexual practice, such as leather fetishism or voyeurism.

A controversy growing out

Let's hear it for Cecil Slemp, of Jarrettsville, Maryland, who has patented a pair of shoes that have the heel and toe positions reversed. Cecil has been trying to get the Army interested in the shoes as a new secret weapon. His pitch is that the tracks laid down by soldiers wearing the shoes would indicate to the enemy that the GIs were traveling in the opposite direction. A hasty retreat would look like a spirited charge and vice versa. Get the picture? The Army got the picture, all right, but didn't take the hook. How about trying the Italian army, Cecil?

of one such discussion demonstrates the newspaper's power in Denmark. The column at issue bore the headline "DO YOU ENJOY ANIMAL SEX?" and proposed the formation of a nationwide bestiality club to aid those unfortunate people whose landlords do not permit them to keep pets. This prompted a member of the Danish parliament to rise in protest over the "obscene column" and mutter dark threats against the paper. Other legislators echoed the complaint, while liberal lawmakers warned against the dangers of censorship.

Ekstra Bladet's own response was to headline another discussion of animal

BELLY LETTRES

The next joke craze starts here

Dear *Openers*,

In case you haven't noticed, pygmy jokes are sweeping the nation. Blossoming venereally like the great Kennedy-as-vegetable rumor of 1966, the epidemic became official when Johnny told Doc and Ed one the other night. Nobody laughed. The cover of *Time* can't be far off.

Like elephant jokes, Polack jokes, cardboard jokes, window jokes and monkey-mucus jokes (Q: Why did the monkey mucus cross the road? A: Because it sloped downhill), pygmy jokes began in Kansas City, Missouri, the Hula Hoop center of the world. It's not that the folks there are sizists, tall chauvinists or have anything personal against our little friends just because they can make a room stink like burnt Crisco as soon as they enter. No, it's just that there's nothing else to do in K.C. when it's wintertime and everything's been husked.

So if you want to outshine the lamp shades at your next quilting orgy, try one of these out on the guys and gals:

Q: How can you tell the difference between a pygmy and a midget?
A: Ask him if he's ever heard of Mickey Rooney.

Q: Why don't pygmies wear elevator shoes?
A: They're not tall enough to reach the laces.

Q: What do pygmy policemen use their badges for?
A: Shields.

Q: What's that gummy brown substance often found between the toes of elephants?
A: Slow pygmies.

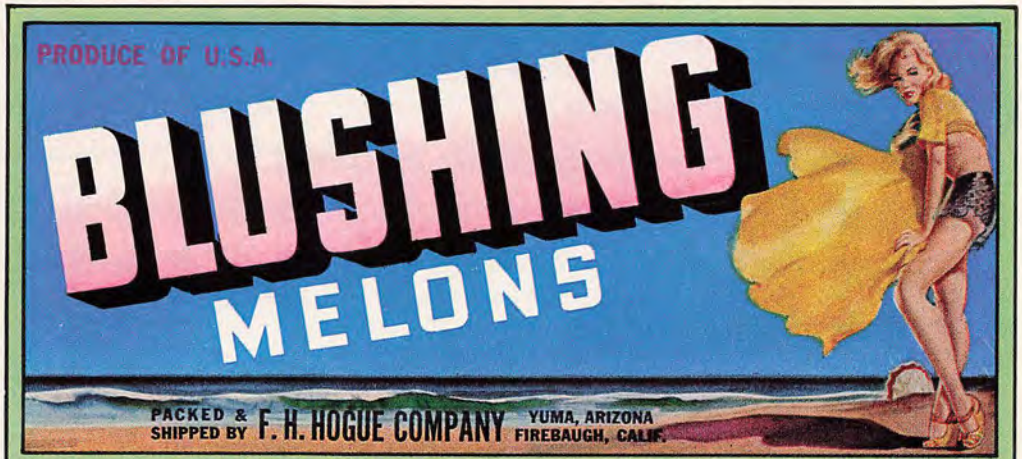
Q: What's the difference between a smart tribe of pygmies and a girls' gym class?
A: One's a bunch of cunning runts and the other's a bunch of running cunts.

Best,

Rick Johnson

RICK JOHNSON

The leaden lady standing there with stein upraised goes by the name of Pussy Galore, a Bondian homage created by Ken Kearsley and sold only in his shop in London's Islington district. Ordinarily, Kearsley spends his time making and selling little tin soldiers—handsome brigade commanders, swashbuckling lieutenants (pronounced left-tenants, of course). But lately, he has been slipping in an occasional lusty lady to keep the fellows company, with Ms. Galore the leader of this select band of metallic maidens. Skoal, Pussy: Your body may be chilly, but your toast is warm.



Let us now praise famous metaphors. There was once a time, before Mr. New Consciousness had his way with Miss Puritan Ethic and pierced the hymen of Victorianism, when sexual allusion was gauzily circumspect and one got one's thrills from fruit-crate labels, when Blushing Melons was about as close as a public display came to anatomical celebration and when the F. H. Hogue Company, of Yuma, Arizona, and Firebaugh, California, was a prime purveyor of erotic titillation. Around 1948, we'd guess. Oh, where are the snow jobs of yesteryear? Where have all the euphemisms gone? Gone to *Openers*, every one.

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sex, this time on its *front page* and accompanied by an erotic photo of a man and his cow. No more has been heard of the matter. —ERIC KAHN

The writer, the dealer and the noted counterculture wit, who was currently running from the law, were sitting in a San Francisco sidewalk café. The wit was reading *The Washington Post* and quoted aloud: "'Only in the Presidential election year of 1972 did the national crime figures dip. Crime rose 14 percent in 1968, 9 percent in 1969, 10 percent in 1970, 6 percent in 1971, then fell 4 percent in 1972.'"

"There's a fly in my soup," said the dealer.

"Jesus!" whistled the wit. "I knew a lot of crooks went to work for Nixon, but *four percent*!"

"If you count the '72 campaign, of course, crime *rose* 23 percent," said the writer.

"The little sombitch has an *aerial*," said the dealer, pointing into his soup.

They were gone so fast, they forgot the silverware.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

Sonny Chiba, movie meanie

Japan's Toei Films has come up with an actor who they hope will be the new Bruce Lee. His name is Sonny Chiba and he is already the hottest film star in Southeast Asia. He just may also be the ultimate movie badass.

Unlike the usual Japanese samurai or *yakuza* hero, Sonny Chiba is not concerned with honor and duty. He's *street*—street tough and street mean. Indeed, Chiba, who was born 31 years ago to a Japanese dancer and an American GI, grew up on the streets of Tokyo and was, for a time, the leader of a deadly

youth gang called the Kamikaze Lords. He cooled his delinquency trip by studying karate and judo—in which he now holds a fourth-degree black belt—but the roots show through in his films.

Some of Chiba's lithe movements and fierce expressions *are* reminiscent of Lee's, but there the comparison ends. While Lee's Chinese *Kung Fu* films emphasized form and grace as well as blood, Chiba is into savage, primitive *force*. Lee's kung fu was a yin/feminine/minimum-strength discipline; Chiba's karate is yang/masculine/beat their fucking brains out.

In his most recent film, *The Streetfighter*, Chiba is *macho* beyond *macho*: He thrusts stiffened fingers into a villain's eyes up to his knuckles, then wipes his hand clean on his shirt as if it were a sword; his heel-of-the-palm uppercut knocks another villain's teeth up the man's nose; he bashes a third villain's face into the sidewalk with such repetitive force that a pool of blood pulses forth. All during these bits, Chiba roars and grimaces and hisses through his teeth in a fashion that makes Bruce

First, breast make-up and now. . . . Now pubic prettiness courtesy of Glo-Down Cosmetics, which offers a genital gentler that comes in five colors and flavors, all of them enriched with vitamin E. (Shown here is flavor/color number 3, lemon/gold.) "Once we get a few of the kinks out, it will probably be sold nationally through health-food stores," says a company spokesman. "After all, there are no artificial ingredients involved." And that, dear readers, is the low-down on Glo-Down.

Things are not what they seem here. Let's put them right. *Le Rictus Occitan* is not some sleazy French porn book but a publication of the radical provincial separatist movement *Les Occitans*. Its members want to save France's lovely rural south from the clutches of corporate progress. They are not averse to using humor as one of their weapons. Thus the title of their journal, *The Occitan Grin*. And the cover drawing of a naked girl getting off on the old familiar pitchfork, a symbol of *Les Occitans*. "*He-he*" is right.

***The Pornographic Connect the Dots Book*? Sure. Why should the little tykes have all the fun? This is "Adults-only!" stuff: bestiality connect the dots, homosexual connect the dots. . . . Just draw a bright line from one number to the next; when you come to a star, stop the line and move on to the next number. Dot's entertainment!**

"I never installed anything like this before."

—Steve Tillack, installation expert.

The new Pioneer 800 series is available as an 8-track player, 8-track with FM stereo, and with AM/FM stereo. RMS power: 8 watts. Peak power: 16 watts. 30-12,000 Hz. Integrated circuitry.

"Just when I'm getting to the point when I think I've seen it all, the Pioneer marketing guys show up with a new quad unit. Or a cassette player with AM, FM stereo and Dolby.*

Usually, I just grab it right out of their hand and put it right in my car.

This time, it was different.

I just stared. I didn't even touch it.

'What do you think, Steve?' they asked me.

'Car stereo that looks like my receiver at home,' I muttered, still staring. I think it was all they needed to hear.

How does it sound? Well, the fact that it's made by Pioneer probably tells you more about the sound than the specs. Besides, how it *sounds* in your car is going to depend a lot on how it's *put* in your car.

If you want to do it yourself (most do), I can help. After all, when it comes to installation, I wrote the book.

'How I Install Car Stereo' is how you should install car stereo. No matter what kind of system you're installing. 8-track. Cassette. Under dash. In dash. Even if it isn't a Pioneer, this book will help make sure you get it right the first time.

If you want, you can also jot down a question or two about specific problems you may be having. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll send back some answers.

Just write Pioneer Electronics, Carson, California 90746.

Especially if you've never installed anything like this before."

*The word "Dolby" is the trademark of the Dolby Laboratories.

3J

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Dear Steve,
I'm thinking of installing a _____ in a _____ and I want it to look and sound like a professional job. So, send your book to:

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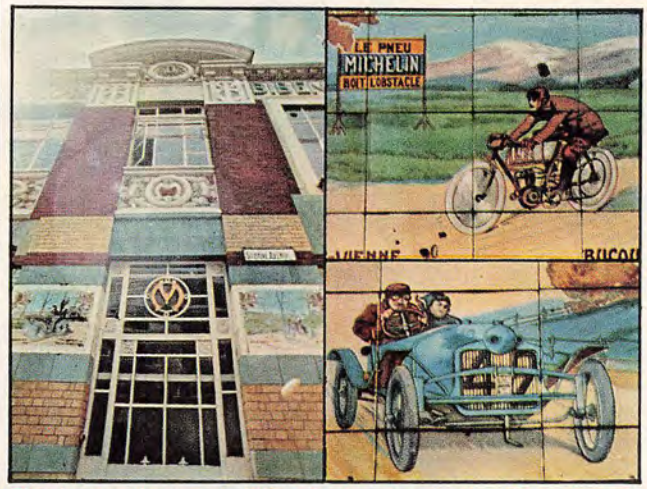
Lee look like a model of passivity.

In *Streetfighter*'s finale, Chiba squares off against a huge black stud who has been caught attempting to rape the heroine. He thrusts a clawed hand at the villain's groin, there is a harsh rending noise on the sound track, the stud's eyes roll wildly and he collapses, while Chiba holds up for the camera's loving attention a bloody package composed of pieces of boxer shorts and some bloody entrails that are clearly meant to represent the other man's large cock and balls. You will never see an audience collectively wince and gasp and shudder as when it views this scene.

The Streetfighter is the first film shown in the U. S. ever to receive an X rating strictly for its violence. Sonny Chiba can't miss. —CHRIS MILLER

If you lived in merrye olde England, this is what would greet your eye each morning in your *family* newspaper. Several of the large-circulation British dailies have a high cheesecake quotient, and at least two—the *Daily Mirror* and *The Sun*—go all the way, with bare boobs and cleaved pubes mixed right in there with the usual news pix of politicians, disaster sites and soccer matches. Around the Fleet Street press nexus, these dolly birds are known as caption fucks, as the accompanying text usually reads something like (for the girl in the large chapeau): "Tuesday sees the opening of the Royal Ascot race meeting, where the horses tend to take second place to the hats." But few complaints are heard from British readers, who have grown used to having hot buns with their morning tea and toast. Hadn't you better write your local newspaper?



The best unknown building in London is the Michelin Tire Depot, sitting squat and resplendent in the middle of Kensington. Designed during that stylistic no man's land between turn-of-the-century *art nouveau* and the art deco of the Twenties, the building embraces the best of both periods and is studded with tiled scenes of Grand Prix racers tearing about the European countryside on . . . but of course, Michelin tires.

Free verse—*very free verse*

You may not have kept on reading poetry, but they kept on writing it. Even though no one noticed it, they kept on writing it good; doughty poets employed by strangers—there are few paying poet jobs around. They even wrote them dirty. Following are some good and dirty poems.

A brief thought from Rodney Phillips, called *Out of You*:

coming out of you
I feel like Democracy in
America slowly slipping
away.

The Rapist, by Stephen Dunn:

I am the man crouched
behind a bush
sitting at his desk.
I will never be caught.
All my victims
have a way of
disappearing.
No matter what sex you
are,
you will be next.
You would sit next to me
at a concert performed

Back in August 1974, OUI told you how a woman named Beate Uhse had become the mail-order sex queen of West Germany. Now we can tell you how *Fräu* Uhse *remains* the mail-order sex queen of West Germany. She recently pulled off a coup of sorts by copyrighting the following titles for her German publishing house: *Sex World, Sex for You, Sex Mirror, Sex Picture, Sex Journal, Sex Today, Sex for All, Young Sex, Intimate Sex, Private Sex, Sexclusive, Sexquisite, Sex Apart, Sex Times* and *Sex Life*. Sort of left the competition limp.

—GALE WILEY

One of our legion of sharp-eyed correspondents was recently prowling through a sex shop in Darmstadt, West Germany, when he happened upon a sex accessory he had never seen before. It was shaped like a tiny accordion and had a hose running from it. He fondled and pondered the unusual object for several minutes before the store manager appeared and solved the riddle. "I hope you don't think you use *that* for any sexual purpose," said Mr. Manager. "That's a pump for inflating our plastic doll with the lifelike vagina. Saves your breath."

in the woods.
If I looked at you in the subway
you would not shift your eyes.
No one ever runs. I am small, deceptive
like this poem
that is already inside you.

A poem called *Poem*, by Ted Kooser:

Get your tongue
out
of my mouth;
I'm kissing you
goodbye.

Takes All Kinds, by R. P. Dickey:

I figure her
for some kind
of ear freak:
every time I
tried to ease it
in her mouth
she'd turn her head
to the side.

These poems and many like them, only different, can be found in *Poems One Line & Longer*, an anthology from Grossman edited by William Cole. Who says erotica has to be bad to be good?

—JON CARROLL

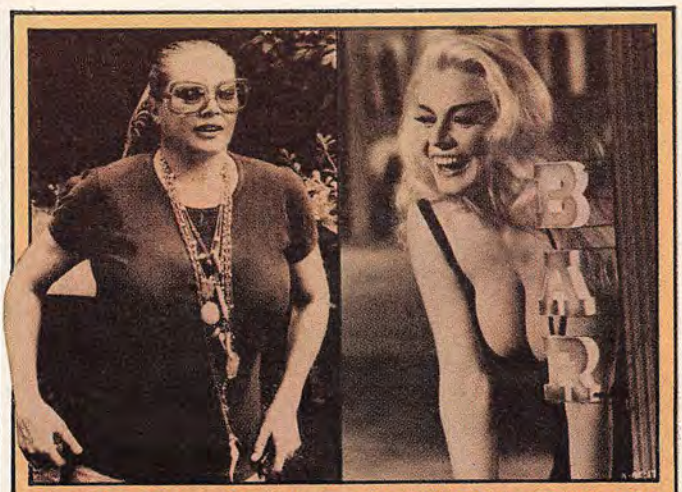
Coke and cognac: the real thing

When you think of cognac, you think of France, right? From now on, think of Hong Kong. Turns out that the average citizen of the British crown colony drinks ten times more cognac than the average French citizen, since rich Chinese businessmen like to impress their clients and friends by serving brandy instead of wine with meals. Now, cognac is a perfectly lovely *after*-dinner drink, but isn't it a little heavy and rough to drink *with* dinner? True enough, so what the Hong Kong status seekers do to make it more palatable is serve it mixed with 7-Up or Coke. Mmmmm, cognac and Coke. Yummy. Sort of makes you want to avoid Hong Kong business dinners for the rest of your life, no?

Don't you agree? Full frontals are far sexier!

In Vol. 4 No. 7 you agreed that it is far more sexy to see a full frontal view (including the face) of the Husband of the Year contestants. I hope your readers like this photo of my husband! **Mrs D. G.,** *Staffs.*

There is a story behind this man, as well as behind that thing in front. He is an entrant, as you might have guessed, in a husband-of-the-year contest sponsored by a monthly English magazine called *Experience*. He is not entered, as you might also have gathered, because of his dancer's body or his Byronesque countenance. In fact, contestants in this contest do not necessarily have to be devoted to the wife, marvelous with the children, a great help around the house or get on famously with the in-laws. What they need, basically, is a big dick. "This is one of our most popular features," says assistant editor Brian Heard. "We receive up to a score of pictures every week. We check out all of them to be sure that they are genuine." Turns out Heard means that the magazine makes sure the men in the pictures know what's going on—not that the magazine sends someone around to take a peek. Heard also says, "We have to turn some of the pictures down because of the quality." Turns out he means *photographic* quality.



Remember how, in the Fellini segment of *Boccaccio '70*, Anita Ekberg tormented the little men who had fallen in love with her billboard image? How she reclined, on the billboard, in a low-cut black dress, blonde hair streaming over her bare shoulders, an alluring smile on her face? How she clutched a glass of milk near her billowing breasts, beneath a provocative banner that said BUVEZ DU LAIT (DRINK MILK)?

Well, dairy faddists, look what all that milk did for lovely Anita. No longer considered a big international star—just big—Ms. Ekberg now runs an agency that rents luxury cars to celebrities visiting Rome. "My new job is not so important," she confesses, "but it gives me a chance to be always in touch with my old friends."

Go easy on the milk, kids.

Yes, there is a militant women's lib magazine in England called *Red Rag*. Bloody good, too, we hear.

Who says that getting your car serviced has to be a dull experience? Not European Stables, Inc., of San Francisco, the city with a view. This venturesome firm offers six beautiful women mechanics, and they all work naked. Women's lube! Shown here is Ms. Roberta LaMarr, who specializes in Ferraris, VWs and Porsches. "You *could* say it's a gimmick, says co-owner John DiGiorgio, "but they're all first-rate mechanics who know what they're doing, and no customer has ever complained about the service. So why not?" Why not, indeed, John, you clever devil?

MERCI

Our firmest thanks and eternal identification with one of the great magazines of our time to: Mike Agee, Paul Gardner, Richard Gilbert, Harvey Hukari, Lynn Phillips, George Powell, John Roemer, Susan Subtle, George Theofiles, Carol Troy, Ken Wolfe, Tracy Young and the enigmatic Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: Night light, Ben Blackwell; Mirren, David Magnus; Cheap hotel, Bill Frantz; Pig tie, Ken Frantz; Carol & Vivienne, Francis Giacobetti; Pussy, William Ophir; Glo-Down & nude mechanics, Bob Knickerbocker; British birds, Photo Trends; Michelin tiles, Roger Stowell; Hefty Anita, Umberto Pizzi. Art credits: Pol, Rothberg; Gold seat, John Youssi; Crook, Pat Dypold; Bologna, Richard F. Newton; Recipes, John Davis; Gls, Don Wilson; Bug, Dick Brooks; Doll blower, Kunio Hagio; Cognac, Dennis Magdich. Cheerio, chappies.

Enough people were arrested for marijuana in 1973 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota. Don't you think it's time we stopped?

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SEX TAPES

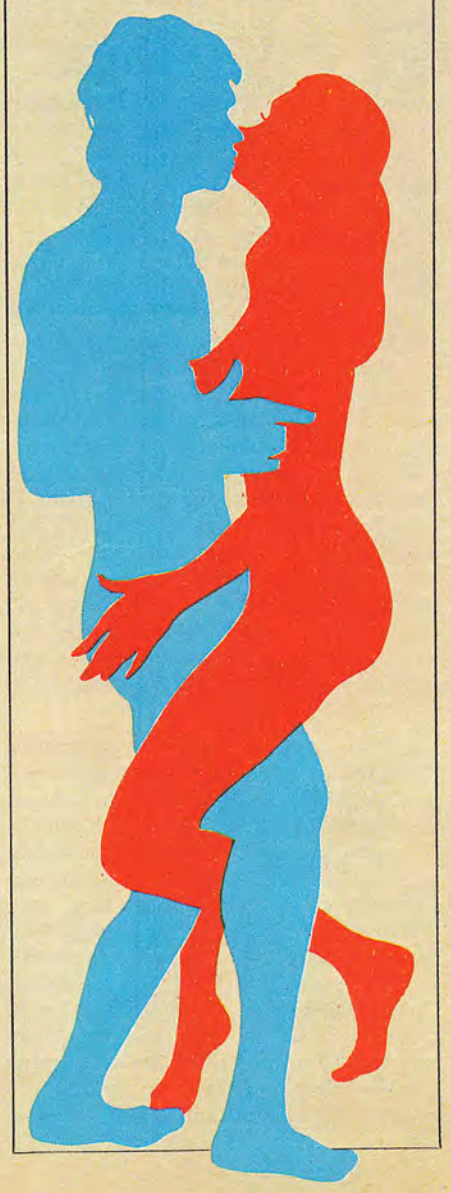
In this, the second of our continuing interviews with men and women about their sexuality, the question was: What was your most thrilling sexual experience? The answers confirm our suspicion that people enjoy an immense variety of orgasmic pleasure. We also found, somewhat to our surprise, that women were able to describe in minute detail their most intense sexual experience; they were quick to recall one that really stood out from the rest as being especially significant. Men, on the other hand, were more vague and had to search their memory more thoroughly for one adventure that was uniquely satisfying.

KAREN L., 26, reporter: My most thrilling sexual experience was definitely the time I screwed a New York City policeman—a desk sergeant, to be exact. I think somehow it is every American girl's fantasy to make it with a cop and this particular one was a credit to his profession—in and out of bed. He looked exactly like a policeman should look: tall, big, dark, Italian, tough and very smart, to boot. Anyway, I met him when I had to go to the precinct on business. I hung around most of the day and when he was off duty, he asked me to go to an after-hours place with him and a bunch of other cops. It was really interesting and we sat around, drinking and talking mostly about their experiences on the force. It created a very romantic atmosphere for me. He took me back to my place and we had hardly gotten in the door before he laid his gun on the table—I really got off on that somehow—and we just hit the grass matting on my floor. We fucked our brains out for four hours. It was really animalistic and we did everything—including a lot of terrific oral sex, which I hardly expected from a cop, an Italian one at that. For me, it was like the Great American Dream Fuck. Anyway, four hours later he left—he was married—and I never saw him again. But there was no need to—we had had it all for four hours.

JANE J., 31, veterinarian: The best sexual experience I ever had I gave myself. One night I was home alone, I undressed, lay on the bed and with my vibrator I gave myself about a dozen very powerful orgasms in a row. I've never topped that with any man.

RHODA D., 27, advertising executive: The most thrilling sexual experience I ever had happened on a shuttle flight between New York and Washington. I'm scared to death of flying and I happened to end up on a flight with a man I knew vaguely from work. He was attractive and all that, but I had never even really thought about fucking with him. Anyway, he suggested we sit together and take seats in the back of the plane. I started getting really scared as we took off and, out of the blue, he looked at me and said, "I know what we can do so you won't be scared." Well, at that moment I wanted to fuck with him and that, of course, is exactly what he meant. I went into the toilet and a few minutes later he came in. We locked ourselves in and I sat on the toilet and gave him a blow job, then we switched positions and I sat on him and we made it. We were both laughing like crazy and it was very erotic, especially with the chance of getting caught in the back of our minds. Looking back, it was actually an incredible feat of sexual acrobatics. We then got dressed, left the toilet at the same time and sat in our seats—just in time for the landing. Airlines would make a mint if they used that in their advertising.

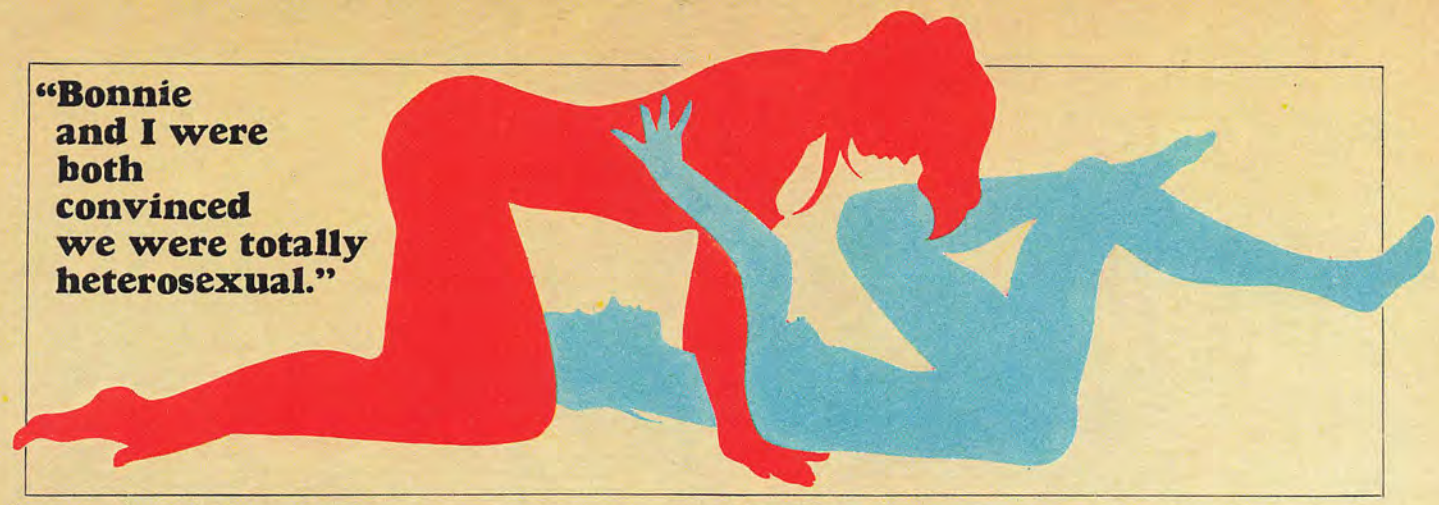
"We did a lot of terrific sex, which I hardly expected from a cop."



FRANK O., 25, medical student: It has to be the first time I came in a woman's mouth. It happened just last year—and I'm 25—and it really surprised the shit out of me. I must say the girl involved had one of the great mouths on the East Coast and she really knew how to use it. I had always liked oral sex but had never been able to come. I was just lying there enjoying it and suddenly—bam! It had much more effect on me than any of my experiences fucking.

JOYCE P., 28, secretary: This may sound odd, but the most thrilling sexual experience I ever had involved no genital contact at all. I was in London and was invited to lunch by a rather well-known man whom I had always admired. He was married, of course. Anyway, I was terrifically attracted to him intellectually and, through a long lunch, during which we drank a lot of wine, we got into the most incredible conversations. It was a very hot summer day, so after lunch we went for a long walk in the park and

"Bonnie and I were both convinced we were totally heterosexual."



ended up sitting on a bench, just holding hands and talking. I could feel myself getting sexually aroused and suddenly—bam!—before I knew it, I had the most incredible orgasm, just sitting there holding his hand. It was the only noncontact orgasm I've experienced and it really surprised me and left me a little wobbly. I still run into him occasionally, but we've never gone to bed.

MARY W., 29, salesperson: My most devastating sexual experience I still haven't gotten over. I met this Lebanese guy at a party—it was really a scene straight out of a B movie. He walked in the door, took one look around, walked right over to me and asked me to dance. After I had been with him about five minutes, I knew we would go to bed together. We started right in verbally seducing each other and, after a few minutes, we both headed for the door and went to my apartment. We had some wine and started talking and I really dug his head. He was obviously moody, sensual and totally unlike the Skippy-peanut-butter crew I was used to. Suddenly he just leaned over and started undressing me. He went very slowly and, after removing each piece of clothing, he kissed every part of bare skin exposed. By the time I was nude, I felt like I was really under some spell and I was so excited I couldn't stand it. I had never been with a man I felt had such total sexual control over me. He took his clothes off and I just sat there. Usually I am very aggressive sexually, but believe me, I was just like a zombie. He carried me to my bed and, starting at my feet, licked every single bit of me all the way up to my mouth. I was going crazy and started to grab for him, but he told me to just lie back and relax, that there was plenty of time. Well, after all my wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am Americans, I had shell shock. He then went down on me for, I swear, 30 minutes and I came and came and I thought I was worn out, until he entered me. First of all, he was huge. I had never thought size mattered, but it does. And he knew how to use it as well. Some men fuck as if their cocks were a separate part of their body, but he maneuvered all of him as one unit. His staying power was also phenomenal—he must have been hard for two hours. I was coming almost the whole time and, finally, he sort of hooked his feet around my legs and drove so deeply into me I couldn't believe it. It was at that point I had my first vaginal orgasm and, no matter what anyone says, there is such a thing and it does feel incredibly different. Afterward, I was speechless and it was one of the few sexual episodes in my life I can remember almost totally.

CAROLYN G., 25, waitress: My most thrilling time had to be when my boyfriend and I fucked on the middle of a cement slab on a freeway in Oregon. We were driving along and I was sitting next to him, sort of kissing him and playing with his cock through his pants. He said, "If you don't stop that, I'm going to stop this car and fuck you right here in the middle of this highway." Not thinking he'd really do it, I said, "I dare you." Well, by God, he stopped right there, pulled me out of the car and the next thing I knew, we were half undressed, sort of lying on this cement slab, with cars whizzing by, fucking. I couldn't stop laughing. The people in the cars going by couldn't believe what they were seeing. Some drivers honked their horns and yelled "Right on," and there was even a minor collision. I must say it was the quickest fuck in the history of mankind. I kept thinking, What if the cops come? Anyway, when he had finished, we jumped back into the car and screamed out of there. We didn't stop laughing for 50 miles.

CATHERINE G., 19, model: The most thrilling sexual experience I ever had was the first time I had sex with a woman. Bonnie and I had been best friends for years and were so close we were like sisters. We had always known there was probably something more than just friendship there, but we both slept with men and were convinced we were totally heterosexual. Anyway, we decided to share an apartment. We both had steady male lovers at the time. One night, we were home with no plans for the evening and decided to smoke a joint before dinner. We also drank a lot of wine and were feeling pretty good. After dinner, we smoked another joint and started getting into one of those heavy stoned conversations, mostly talking about sex. We were very graphic in our descriptions about our sex with men. It got hot in the room, so Bonnie took off her sweater and just lay there in her hip-hugger jeans, with nothing on top. I had seen her breasts a thousand times, but that night all I could think of was how much I wanted to suck them. Then she reached down and kind of started caressing them—which really drove me crazy. You know, kind of pinching her nipples and stuff. I, meanwhile, took off my shirt and pants as well and just lay there in my bikini underpants. Finally, I couldn't stand it and I went over to her and started squeezing her breasts in my hands. She responded right away and pulled my head down to them and told me to lick them. One thing led to another and next thing I knew, Bonnie was giving me head and I was crawling all over her body. When I finally got on top of her and rubbed my cunt against hers, we both came together and it was really incredible. We both loved it, but it has never happened again.

ELIOT L., 24, writer: My most satisfying sexual experience didn't involve an orgasm on my part, but it still was the most significant event of a long-standing sexual relationship. One day, my girlfriend Lil and I were in bed very lazily fiddling with each other. This was not unusual for us, but on this particular day, we were exceptionally laid back about sex. Most often, we get immediate urges and, in the course of satisfying them, an intense sexual tension builds, crests, explodes and then subsides. But on this afternoon, we were just lying on our bed without our clothes, occasionally touching—mainly talking about stupid things. Gradually our fiddlings became more focused, but not as though it was the start of a choreographed screw. We kept stopping; I went down on her, not to excite her per se but rather because I was fascinated by her cunt. Technically, I suppose I wasn't doing the best job possible, but *my* tongue was the nexus of my feelings, not

her pussy. I had never been aroused in quite the same way before. Lil was giving me head at one point and, instead of my focusing on the pleasure my cock was enjoying, I was suddenly struck with how lovely the shape of her ear was. It was that relaxed. We somehow maneuvered into a spooning position and my penis had lodged itself (with honestly minimal help from me) between her labia. For some reason, I was not all that interested in penetrating her, and just lazily kept rubbing my cock around the outside of her pussy. Out of nowhere, she climaxed loudly and then climaxed again and then, just as she was going to tell me what was going on, climaxed midsentence; this went on for several minutes, I guess. I was really amused when she said that it was the first time she had experienced multiple orgasms and she seemed very proud of herself and had a kind of drugged look on her face. She was obviously wallowing in the luxury of it. As I remember the event, it was the most enjoyable sexual experience I ever had, because I was part of something that hadn't occurred before and something that had not, and could not, have been predicted. We outdid ourselves.

PATRICIA H., 20, student: My most thrilling sexual experience was during a *ménage à trois*. My boyfriend and I were in Rome on a vacation and we ended up at this little bar one night. We were standing at the bar having a drink when this very attractive, stacked girl standing next to me started up a conversation. She was Italian and had on this incredible low-cut blouse. Her breasts were pouring out and they really were just beautiful. I don't know who was staring at them more, my boyfriend or me. I should tell you my boyfriend and I had done threesomes before and always with another woman. She was very open and friendly and we were all talking and pretty soon she asked if we'd like to go back to her apartment for a drink. Well, of course, right then I knew what she had in mind and I started getting very excited. It's not that I'm into women—it really doesn't matter that much to me—but my boyfriend gets so turned on when we make it with another chick that it always makes our sex just fabulous. We went to her place and had the drink. I sat in a chair and she sat on the couch with my boyfriend. She kind of squirmed around a lot and kept giving us both those looks and then sort of lounged on the couch in a very seductive way. My boyfriend then reached over and started kissing her and unbuttoning her blouse at the same time. There wasn't really that much to unbutton. He started feeling her tit and she started writhing around a bit. I then moved onto the couch next to her and reached over and started fooling with his cock through his pants. She put her hand up my skirt and into my pants and started massaging my clit. She then got up, took her blouse all the way off and walked toward the bed. I took off all my clothes and lay on the bed and watched my boyfriend finish undressing her. He asked her to go down on me, which she did. He always gets very excited watching this; by then, I was coming all over the place. She then turned around and went down on him while I sort of got underneath her—she was on her knees—and started playing with her clit. Well, after that, I can't remember exactly what we all did to one another, but I guess you could say just about everything. It sort of ended with him fucking me while at the same time manipulating her. All this went on for about three hours and when it was over, we were exhausted.

DOROTHY L., 23, teacher: The most thrilling sexual experience I ever had happened one night last summer after a party. I had been dancing a lot and was really feeling good. The guy I go with was kind of loose that evening and I could tell by the way he was dancing he was getting turned on. Later, when we got home, we put on some music and lit a couple of candles in the bedroom. I know he likes to watch me undress, so I did it very slowly and deliberately without saying anything. He was lying across the bed watching me with his eyes half closed, and then he asked me if I'd like to have a little smoke. Well, for me, grass with sex is like whipped cream on strawberry shortcake. So I lit one while he started undressing. He took his time, which turned me on, too. I love to watch a man take his clothes off when I know he's getting ready to fuck me. The anticipation is maddening. We started off by very slowly and gently giving each other a massage from the finger tips all the way down to the toes. While he was doing me, I was lying on my stomach and he started licking my lower back and down around my thighs and it felt so good that I was about to come. I started to resist because usually when I have an orgasm that's it and I didn't want it to be all over so soon. But then something happened and I just didn't care anymore. I felt my inhibitions being released and my responses were uncontrolled and coming from somewhere deep inside me. I opened my legs and raised up so that I was on my elbows and knees and he started fucking me with his tongue from behind. I started coming and this time the feeling didn't subside. Then he held on to my hips and started fucking me with his cock. It seemed excruciatingly hard that evening. I was slick from coming so much, but still my cunt seemed to grip his cock spastically. I just kept having orgasms one after another until I felt him come with me and then we both collapsed. It was the first time I had gone beyond my self-set sexual boundaries and been multiorgasmic. It was heaven.

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Illustrations by Michael Trossman

REVUE

Mano is horrified

I want to sell this one. Let me give you what the Frogs call *les points de suspension* first: "It's a little classic of horror . . ." or "By comparison, *Rosemary's Baby* was a commercial for Pampers. . . ." To take myself out of context further: "It'll scare you $#1% less. . . ." No, that wouldn't work on an East Side theater marquee. How about this one: "I didn't need a laxative after seeing it. . . ." Dots aside, it's also very good, well acted, with editing tighter than a 1939 jar of plum preserves. The suspense is unremitting. You might as well have a permanent truss on. Enough. It makes me feel noble to watch other people get rich quick. I'm not jealous. Especially when I've been—goddamn it—entertained.

A title might be useful at this point. The film is called **It's Alive,** written, produced and directed by Larry Cohen, who has both talent and courage, otherwise he would have changed his name to something more catchy and salable—say, Jack Smith or Larry Bogdanovich. I'll give just a teaser's worth of plot, more than you deserve. It's midnight, Lenore (Sharon Farrell) has just broken her water. Off to the hospital with middle-class Frank (John Ryan). Doctor can't get the baby out with shoehorn or ice pick, never mind forceps. Deliveries this size U.P.S. couldn't make without a new union contract. Frank paces. Doctor comes staggering out, throat eaten away. Frank rushes in. Could be the emergency room at Harlem Hospital on a Saturday night. Lenore still alive; the medical corps, corpsed. A blonde next to me, a stranger, grabbed the inside of my thigh in panic. And I hit her hand off. It's that kind of scene.

OK, so the weird-baby thing's been done before. OK, so we're all tired of flicks shot in the L.A. sewer system, apparently a logical successor to MGM's back lot. There are traps along the way, clichés, sentimentalism, but Cohen skirts them as if he directed with a mine detector. Ryan's controlled performance helps. Now that Jack Palance has gone from *Attack* to soup commercials, Ryan could step right in: same very big, toothy mouth out of which come very small, jagged words. As Los Angeles sets up its massive child hunt, his transition from a father whose reaction has been "There's nothing like that on my side of the family" to just a father is as excellent as it is difficult. This one could—should—really go. If Warner Bros. doesn't promote *It's Alive*, it should go into another business. A sizzling film that transcends its genre. Also a fine argument for vasectomy.

Paul Morrissey, however, doesn't transcend the horror-movie genre, he drags it down to his own level. **Andy Warhol's Dracula** is a custom-made subject. After all, bloodless people are typical of the Warhol and Co. film *oeuvre*. They never exercise or sweat; one blush requires a transfusion. The women have epicene breasts: shallow soup plates turned upside down, nipples that a kitten couldn't get ahold of. Joe Dallesandro is the too obvious exception: a Humphrey Bogart in advanced stages of paralysis. He mopes around like some stagehand caught oncamera. Among other turgid foreign accents, Dallesandro says "hooers" for whores. In both *Dracula* and the classier, more amusing, 3-D **Andy Warhol's Frankenstein,** he represents, God help us, man in health. It isn't that Dallesandro can't act—who knows if he can?—he just refuses to act. If he did act, he could be arrested as an accomplice in this film.

There's one poor, beleaguered joke. Count Dracula (Udo Kier) needs wirgin blood. But, in 1975, you could find a crewcut more readily. So he travels to Catholic Italy with coffin and wheelchair strapped atop his limo, like a New York policeman driving to the Poconos for a Labor Day weekend. Dietary laws strictly observed: He can eat only wirgins and certain wegetables. Being a vampire in Italy is more inconvenient than being Jewish and orthodox in a Chinese restaurant. Every jugular he fangs has had its cherry popped and he ends up gargling blood back as if it were a mouthwashful of Lavoris. Gross but not engrossing.

Morrissey has told us (OUI, March) that Warhol—and, by implication, he himself—rediscovered character in film. A slight misrepresentation: Warhol made characters, fashioned them. Irving Thalberg was never so blatant. The correct word is personae: people larger than life, as landscaped and interior decorated as Disneyland rides. Holly Woodlawn, Viva, Ondine—those are names of things, not characters. They say little, do little: They just are. Works of art, no more real than a Warhol silkscreen. *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* aren't sellouts to commercialism, they're merely an explicit emblem of the craftsman's self-conscious work. People are metamorphosed into *objets d'art*, mostly monstrous. Factory products. Cosmeticized. Costumed. Artificial. Used.

—D. KEITH MANO

Divine is divoon

And in this corner, Divine. Three hundred pounds of transvestite star—"I'm only 250, come on!" In the underground comedy film *Pink Flamingos*, Divine ate dog shit, which made her famous. Between movies, she shoplifts, swims and eats—and has been known to down three plates of lasagna, a whole chocolate cake and then go out to dinner. Say hello, Divine.

"Hi, honey."

Pink Flamingos, which cost director John Waters $12,000 to film, has now grossed over $1,000,000. Since 1972, people have been returning to it at midnight, the usual time of a *Flamingos* screening, to chant the lines in unison. Divine, of course, is a cult goddess. She

stops traffic in Washington, D.C., when she signs autographs. In Philly, she pops out of a cake and the fans rush the stage. And in Passaic, New Jersey, Divine-o-maniacs hail the star with a rain of 50 or 60 bags of excrement.

"And they were chanting, 'Eat shit, eat shit.' Getting real ugly. So I said, 'Now, now, I've already done that. Let's move onward. . . .'"

Divine (nee Glenn) used to be a hairdresser but got himself a look. "My face is a painting." Thanks to make-up man Van Smith, Divine wears the flaring face of a demon imp. She is the glamor Frankenstein of director Waters, who writes all her lines, and of Van Smith, who also designs the star's peekaboo costumes, which *Variety* says "make Frederick's of Hollywood look like Sears Roebuck!"

The image Waters has created for her remains long after her midnight screening. We see Divine forever wiggling through the wilds of Baltimore in a hot-pink flamenco gown and va-va-va-voom bazooms. Her hair begins at mid-skull. Her smile betrays clenched teeth. She is, in short, Anita Ekberg as a Zeppelin. And, yes, as she journeys across the screens of hippie theaters, through the marijuana smoke and the kids retching up 'Ludes in the aisles, Divine is sexy somehow, deliriously sexy, a *provocatrice* of degradation.

At the end of *Pink Flamingos*, Divine earned the title Filthiest Person Alive when she scarfed down that runny dog dung. "Now I know I *am* insane," Divine confided afterward, for the scene was not faked. It is one continuous take from defecation to digestion. That night, after filming, a distraught Divine phoned the hospital and was referred to Poisons:

"Yes?"

"Well, um, my little boy just swallowed dog feces."

"What?!"

"You know, dog doodie."

"How . . . old is the victim?"

"Umm, twenty-six. He's retarded, sort of."

Divine was told that if the stomach hardened, the victim had white worm. So Divine poked herself every 15 minutes for 24 hours. Next day, the stomach was a rock. A lot of screaming then. A lot of wet mascara. Doctors diagnosed her condition as harmless. "Do you believe it? I had *hysterical* white worm!"

Offscreen, Divine lives in the Hollywood hills. No make-up. No Jayne Mansfield drag. He wears only mechanic's overalls and—his one concession—Spring-O-Lator shoes. "I like the way they go smack, smack when I walk." On the street, Divine is as low profile as a 250-pounder with shaved forehead can be. With his sparse, albino hair circling a natural bald spot, he resembles a demented monk.

But since *Pink Flamingos*' limousine-strewn premiere in Los Angeles last December, Divine has accumulated aboveground movie offers. She is also discussing a stage revue—"sort of Las Vegas gone berserk"—with Gerome (*Hair*) Ragni and Tom (*Sgt. Pepper*)

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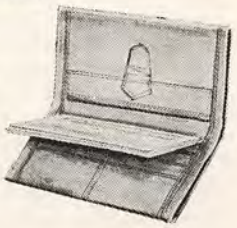

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O'Horgan. Yet a Divine without Waters seems unholy. She is only believable in Waters' world, where sleaze and murder rule. At the end of *Female Trouble*, Waters' latest film, Divine goes to the electric chair joyously. "In my chosen career of crime, getting the chair is like getting an Academy Award."

"Murder," Waters explains, "is the quickest way to become famous overnight."

Shit eating having already been covered. —JOHN CALENDO

The state of the novel

It's hard to think of Robert Stone as the white hope of American fiction. On the other hand, it's hard not to. Unless Tom Wolfe makes good on his threat to write a "realistic" novel, the field of hopefuls is pretty sparse.

Only Stone writes from the intersection of television, pop music, gossip, movies, the New Journalism and the traditional novel. In 1967, *A Hall of Mirrors* established that Stone knew something about the nasty taste under both the earnestness and the hilarity of the image-conscious Sixties. No one else but Bob Dylan seemed to. Recently, **Dog Soldiers** (Houghton Mifflin) developed the evidence: John Converse, Everyhippie stuck in immobility with the Vietnam blues again, figures fuck it, I'm gonna *act*. He rips off his correspondent's disguise, buys three kilos of heroin and arranges to smuggle it out of Vietnam via his bruiser buddy, Ray Hicks, a seaman. Hicks's problem is that he's a real man of action, a potential hero in a world of Everyhippies, corporate bores and economically motivated violence. His fee for transporting the smack is $2500, but, of course, the money is not his mistress. He reads Nietzsche, thinks about the meaning of fear, yearns for the chance to commit an act of valor. In San Francisco, where he delivers the heroin to Converse's wife, a Didionesque lady trembling on the brink of angst, he discovers that Converse's dope connections—CIA operatives—are so loathsome he has to kick out their jams. He grabs Converse's wife and they try to outrun the CIA dealers and sell the heroin themselves. Before he's killed, Hicks sort of falls in love; the wife is too far gone to reciprocate; the CIA men love only violence and profit; Converse is so alienated he justs wants his ruined old lady back so that anti-life can resume as it was before he got into all this—he no longer cares about heroin, money, love or the ability to act.

Out of these elements, Stone spins his vision of the way things are: It took Vietnam to show us to ourselves, a nation that hasn't dealt with its basic drives for fear of destroying its basic adolescent dream. We've arrived at a point where panic is part of the national personality, as Nixon showed us, and heroism is not even the ability to turn the television off, just to switch channels. Hicks dies like a *Gunsmoke* victim or a Peckinpah hero, with the bogus drama of a Harry Chapin song; Converse drives off into the desert like Hunter Thompson—unresolved. The novel ends in a chatter of semideveloped banalities, as if Stone knows that pop imagery is both the source material of future writing and the thing that's killing it.

•

A few pages more:

Nothing in Moderation (Drake), a biography of Ernie Kovacs, by David Walley. The most interesting thing about Kovacs was his persistent spontaneity in the face of commercial pressure to be practical—work out a schedule, stick to a budget, etc. It's what made Kovacs funny and it's what killed him. Walley can't write, but he faithfully records the evidence of Kovacs' genius.

Far Tortuga (Random House), a novel by Peter Mathiessen. I usually resist inspirational prose, but this book stings you

PREVUE: Carlos Saura, who is best known outside Spain for *The Garden of Delights*, was a small boy living in northern Spain during its Civil War. His latest film, *Cousin Angelica*, which won the jury's special prize at the '74 Cannes Film Festival, is set against the background of that war of ideals that turned out to be a dress rehearsal for the world war to follow.

But *Cousin Angelica* is not about war; it is about people. The war affects their lives. It is as simple, and as big, as that.

The movie has aroused strong passions since its opening in Madrid. On the second-night showing, a group of young Falangists—Spain's equivalent to Germany's Neo-Nazis or Italy's teenage Fascists—took over the projection booth and destroyed as many film reels as they could. A week later, members of the same group invaded the moviehouse with stink bombs.

In the film, middle-aged Luis (José Luís López Vazquez) goes back to the house in which he lived during the war with his aunts and uncle and his nine-year-old cousin—the object of his first sexual-awakening fantasies. Luis relives events of his childhood, but as his present-day self. So there he is—bald, paunchy, sitting in a classroom, like a stunned rabbit, listening to the pin-pointing whistle of a bomb that is about to kill a dozen of his 12-year-old schoolmates.

So far so fey?

Maybe in print, but on film, *Cousin Angelica* is a haunting fusion of past and present, that rare kind of movie that makes you remember things you never experienced.

Rafael Azcona, who helped write *La Grande Bouffe*, co-scripted *Cousin Angelica* with Saura. He is probably responsible for the subtle, blackly funny touches in the movie—such as the sequences in which the Franco-supporting uncle, dressed in his Fascist black, appears with a broken arm boarded up into a permanent *Heil*!

And in case you wonder why the movie is dedicated to Oona and Charlie, it is because the Chaplins are Saura's unofficial in-laws. Geraldine has been his lady for the past eight years or so. —PATRICIA JOHNSON

gently into submission, like sea spray. Men on a boat search for food and dreams, as men on boats have always done and always will, both on this planet and off it.

Sex and Magic (Simon & Schuster), by David Farren. The practical application of the latter to the former. For example: Write NAQID, AQORI, QOROQ, IROQA, DIQAN on a square of parchment and touch it to the bare skin of a woman you want to seduce. Let us know how you make out. —JOHN LOMBARDI

PREVUE: *F for Fake* is a fabulous semidocumentary, a multilevel film about fakes and fakery, directed by that master fakir himself, Orson Welles. The film is ostensibly about Elmyr de Hory, the world's greatest art forger (a major museum with 22 paintings by impressionist masters actually has the largest collection of De Horys in the world—all 22!). From De Hory ranting elfishly about experts and their total lack of expertise ("Never has one of my paintings been rejected as a forgery"), the film progresses to his biographer—none other than Clifford Irving. "I had Elmyr paint me a Picasso and a Braque," Irving says, "and I took them to the Museum of Modern Art to be authenticated. After two hours, the museum experts assured me they were absolutely genuine." The next leap of

faith is a dead giveaway—on to Howard Hughes. Welles reveals that the original tycoon he was going to base his *Citizen Kane* on was Hughes but that he switched to William Randolph Hearst because Hughes's life was too unbelievable. Welles pauses to do a few magic tricks while pondering aloud about fakery. He goes on to talk about his own fakes; notably, his *War of the Worlds* broadcast. "Someone did the very same thing in Spain later and was arrested. I didn't go to jail, I went to Hollywood." Old master Welles ends his new piece by telling a colossal story of 20 faked Picassos, then tells us that the story is a fake. Gee, then, maybe Clifford Irving. . . .

—STEVEN FULLER

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SATELLITE

Great performers of the Paris subways

PARIS—The English call it busking; Americans refer less charitably to it as panhandling; here what you do is *faire la manche*—roll up your sleeves and blaze away on the guitar, harmonica or violin while standing in one of the acoustically superb passageways of the Métro, the extensive subway system that transports 6,000,000 musically discriminating listeners to and from their jobs

Arnaud and Gaël (joined by a flutist) play romantic French songs at Châtelet.

each day. During the two hours it takes the average nasal twang to start fraying at the edges, a good country picker can earn himself 60 francs (roughly $12), in addition to numerous fringe benefits like tasty smokables and the occasional invitation to dine with a seductive Parisian *minette*.

At rush hour, sweating hordes of Paris office workers elbow their way past the following extraordinary performers:

· A female accordionist who plays *Malagueña* with her left hand, *Waltz of the Toreadors* with the right and keeps time to *Bolero* on a drum attached to her foot.

· A dancing/whistling Englishman who accompanies himself on a 12-string guitar while crooning *Kisses Sweeter than Wine*, then affects a brief Irish jig to "catch their eye—you have to catch their eye."

· A skillful trio of African mambo drummers from Ouagadougou.

· An all-girl Dixieland band with top hats, tubas and French horns—students at the Ecole d'Architecture: Every Saturday night, they conduct a jam session at St. Germain des Prés.

· One particularly inspired blind violinist who, with the aid of an ancient horned gramophone built into his specially designed chair, plays Mozart duets with himself.

· One old sport who functions as a sort of below-ground disc jockey at Concorde station, serenading his fellow Parisians with recordings of the *Marseillaise* and other patriotic tunes from a small portable phonograph.

Add to this assortment of styles a sprinkling of black horn players, glitter-faced would-be Dylans, an occasional Japanese country-and-western singing yodeler and numerous bereted accordion players, and one has a fairly good idea of a typical early evening's Métro entertainment.

The show goes on despite the main occupational hazard of the Métro musician—goon squads and tough Paris *flics* hired by the transit authority to enforce the no-singing-in-the-Métro regulation. Empowered to clap buskers in irons for up to a month and levy unamusing fines, the officers are, in fact, charmingly French in their arbitrariness. As one *chef de station* put it, "We work down here on nine-hour shifts. When the wounded veterans or the old-timers come down to earn a few francs, we don't mind. If a fellow plays well, we don't mind. But these youngsters who make noise with guitars—it's insupportable. Then we call the police to get rid of them."

Richard is an Englishman who plays the flute—quite well—at Concorde.

Raphael de l'Orza on guitar, Bruno Cossart on the violin—at Concorde station.

One insupportable flute player commented, "The police know it's too expensive to put us in jail, so normally they just put us out on the street and threaten us. Sometimes we have to bribe them ten francs to let us go." But any busker worth his professional salt will testify that the advantages of playing the Métro far outweigh the liabilities. "I've been tipped with hashish, foreign money and girls' addresses," declared one guitarist, "plus people come up and offer me good deals to play at their parties."

For the exceptionally talented Métro musician, the promise of stardom is never too far down the tracks: Paris record execs ride the subway, too. Pat Woods and Kathy Lowe, for example, joined forces three years ago and perspired in the subterranean corridors of Montparnasse to perfect an act that later propelled them to recording contracts and fame. They are Americans and they *(Continued on page 125)*

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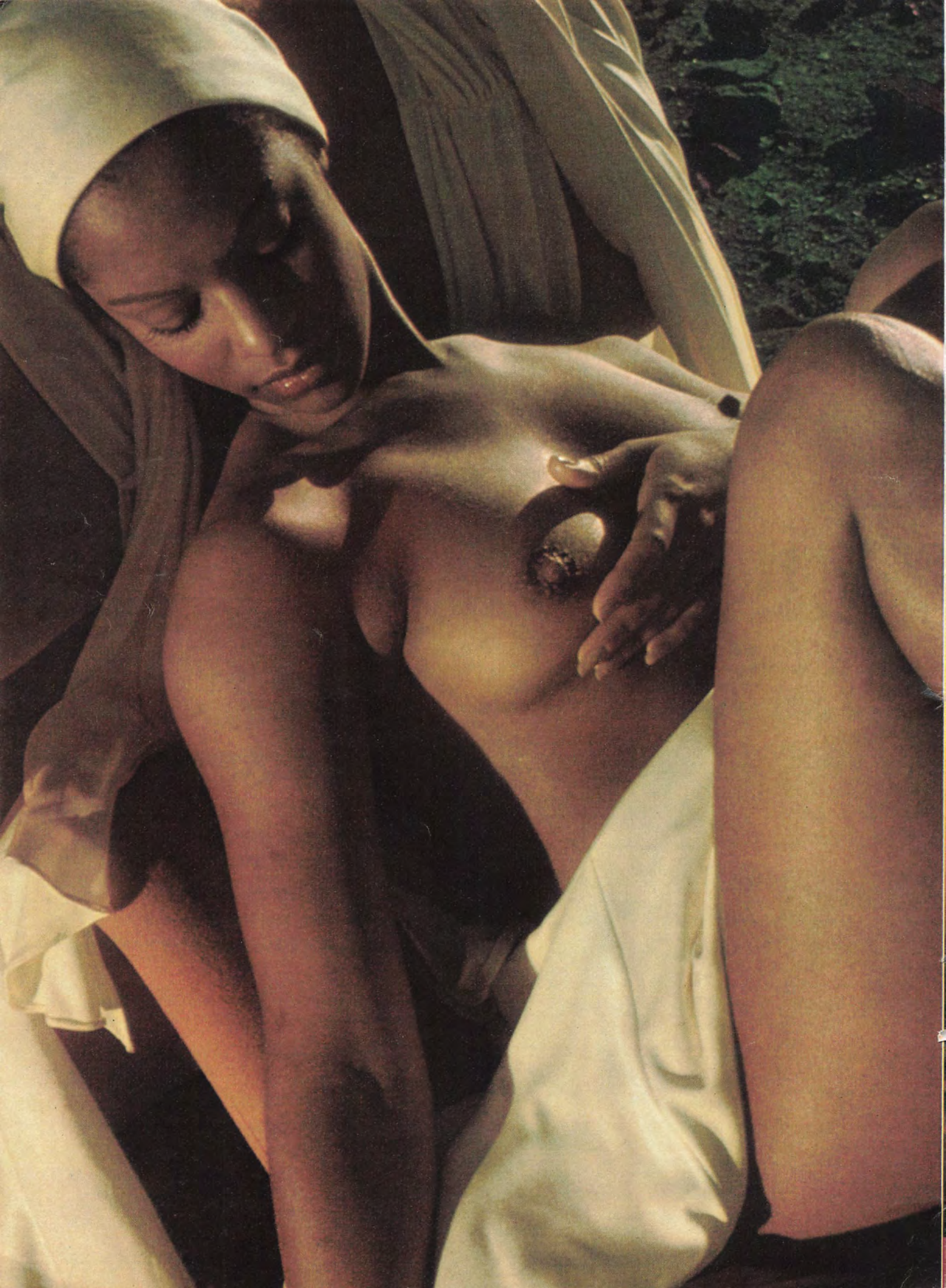
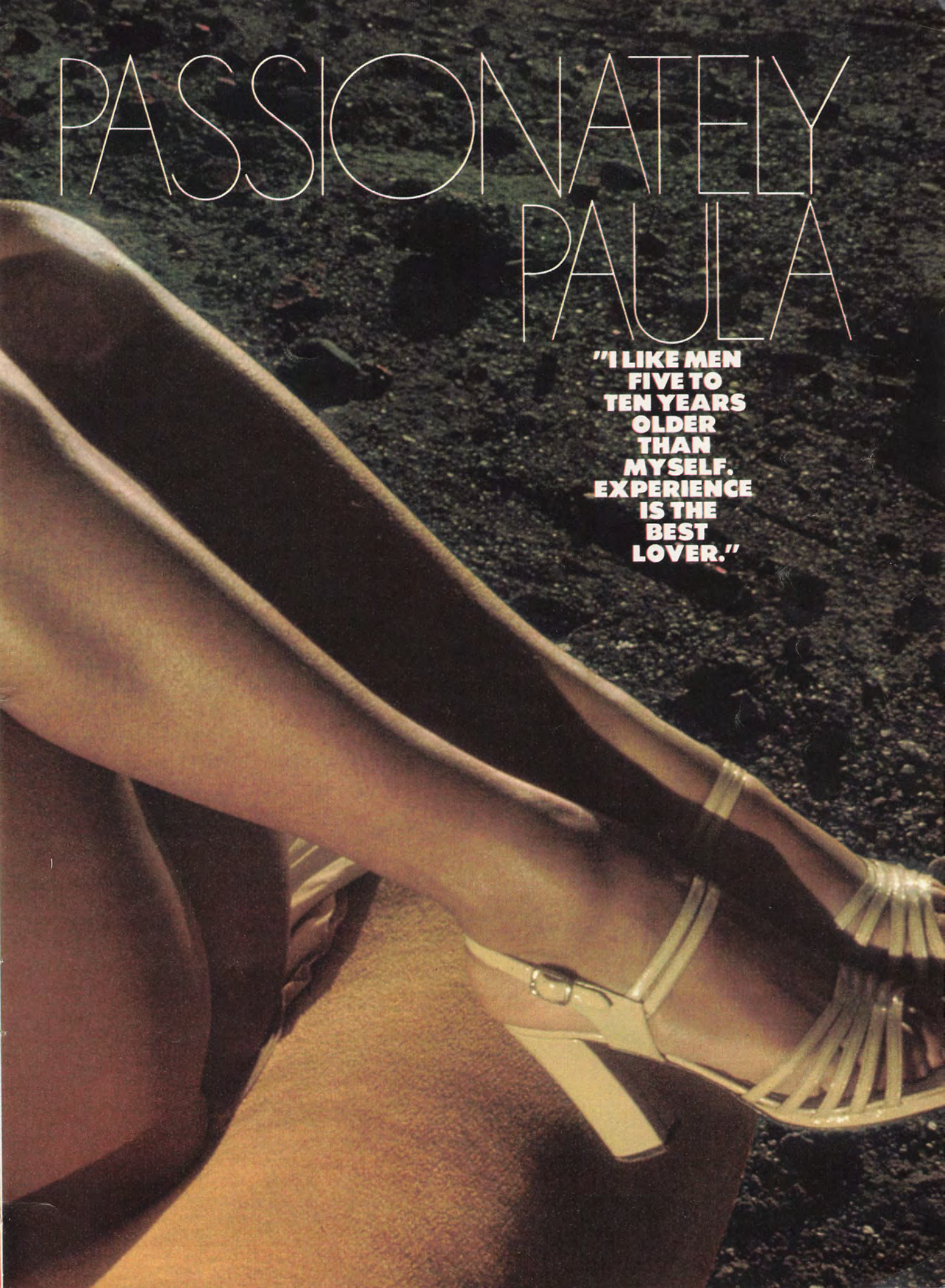



PASSIONATELY
PAULA
"I LIKE MEN FIVE TO TEN YEARS OLDER THAN MYSELF. EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST LOVER."

"AMBITION IS GOOD IF A GIRL KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS. AND I *KNOW*."

Paula Sills is just what you would expect her to be on first glance: a young and lovely model, who in her own way has done as much for black liberation as a clenched fist raised high. "I'm very ambitious. I want to be at the top of my profession in as short a time as possible. Magazines, commercials, movies—I want to be at the top in all of them, make oodles of money and live like an A.A.P. That's an African American Princess," she says, with a laugh. And we believe her. She works very hard at her goals. "I've been in a number of plays locally [*A Raisin in the Sun*, *Blues for Mister Charlie*, *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*] and a movie [*Night Train*], and I sing with a group. If I get enough exposure, the big break will come that much sooner. Ambition is good if a girl knows what she wants. And I *know*." One would think that such a schedule would put a stop to social activities. "Not really. I'm an extrovert sexually, and men love it when I just come right out and say what's on my mind. It cuts short all the bullshit. Usually, I like men five to ten years older than myself. Experience is the best lover, don't you know?" Of course. But are there any other requirements? "Well, he should be well off. You know, I've got this idea of the perfect date. We get into his Learjet here in L.A. in the morning and fly to New York for lunch—maybe at the Plaza. Then we fly to the French Riviera for a day in the sun and finally

"I'M AN EXTROVERT SEXUALLY. MEN LOVE IT WHEN I JUST COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY WHAT'S ON MY MIND."

hop up to Paris, which is my favorite city in the world, for dinner. And I wear the diamonds he bought me after lunch." Sounds like fun, except for the jet lag. Has she anyone particular in mind for this journey? "Well, if I had my choice, I'd pick who I think is the most exciting man in the world—Henry Kissinger." Who else? He has his own plane and he's used to the jet lag.

Empty Echoes from the Age of Aquarius

WHEN THE SIXTIES LET UP, WE WERE LET DOWN, AND MOST OF THE ANSWERS ARE STILL BLOWING IN THE WIND

ARTICLE BY JO DURDEN-SMITH

On the wall opposite me is a photograph of a young couple garlanded with ferns, daisies and lilies of the valley. The woman is wearing a paisley gown, and her long blonde hair, under its crown of flowers, is looped up at the back into a flounce of lace and satin ribbon. The man, who is younger than she is and less at ease in himself, has on an embroidered, puff-sleeved blouse—from Afghanistan, perhaps, or Mexico—and his hands are drawn together in front of the flowers on his breast in an attitude of prayer and greeting. It is spring 1967 in the photograph, just a few months before the "summer of love." The young couple is being married at Millbrook, the New York estate lent to Timothy Leary and his League for Spiritual Discovery by members of the Mellon family. They are smiling in the photograph, as is natural, and the picture they make together *should* be one of innocence and hope. But the eye of history is a cold eye, and there seems now, eight years later,

Illustration by David Wilcox

to be something ambiguous in their faces, something stagy. The woman, for example, if you look closely, has the blank expression of a sleepwalker, as if she isn't sure where reality ends and dream begins. And the man has an antic, knowing air, the air of someone who has found the answer to a riddle but won't tell it. Both have that fixity of stare that cats and infants have. And so it is that the photograph speaks now not of innocence and hope, as it may have then, eight years ago, but of fakery. Two lovers, it says now, dressed up as Lovers; or two children at a fancy-dress party, believing, for one breath-catching moment, that their costumes are everyday wear and that their life before this moment was a drab excursion they will soon forget; or two put-on artists, perhaps, suddenly seeing themselves through the eyes of the audience they are deceiving, and liking and falling for what they see, just as the audience is. No one where I live can remember whether the young couple is still married, or what became of them. So they have no history for me beyond this photograph. They just stand against my wall, caught by a camera, as so many were then, doing what those who came of age in the Sixties encouraged them to do. They are maintaining their illusion.

Day by day, the returns on the Sixties are still coming in, to change our memories, just as it seems the photograph on the wall has changed: one day, an article about Timothy Leary as renegade priest, allegedly betraying himself, his message and his friends to FBI inquisitors; the next, a magazine picture of Rennie Davis kissing the feet of a teenaged bliss merchant. Open a paper and you will see that Lennon is as gaunt and mysterious as a priest, Mailer has too much light on him for the strain and puffiness not to show and Dylan, shrinking and suspicious, is holding up his hands before the camera to protect himself against the theft of his face. What was promised, they say now, could not be delivered.

The message is as true for the private people: the actor whose toughness and cynical brilliance were once aped and who now flounders in a marriage and a middle age he was not prepared for; the handsome young writer whose talent and looks bought him good times and whose good times dried up the sources of his talent; the revolutionary, still fierce for truth and change, who now dreams in the night of old comrades who wish him dead. Their photographs are on the wall next to the young couple, and, like them, they seem to me to carry within themselves a part of the legacy and the meaning of the Sixties. For it was the special quality of the Sixties that we lived our lives with a keen sense of drama, the conviction that we represented something or someone. Whether Radicals, Flower Children, Hippies, Beautiful People, Acid Visionaries or Revolutionaries, we experienced and performed these roles with all the self-importance the capital letters convey. Private and public, we were the illusion builders. We became real for ourselves in the eyes of others and in the mirror of the media. And for a while, our illusions were believed; they looked like the real thing. But when they were tested and failed, when countless others, encouraged by our performance, took on the roles we had marked out for ourselves and looked silly playing them, all we could do—because that was all we knew—was to up the ante, to build more dangerous illusions and write more exclusive roles. And when these, in turn, collapsed or ran out of meaning, we had nowhere left to go. We had ended up where we had started, in the void of adolescence. Nothing, not even we, had been changed. The war continued. Injustice continued. Writers, actors, revolutionaries and young couples—we had grown *old* without growing *up*.

•

The Sixties (which was our youth and our myth, as opposed to the decade, which was born and died routinely, on schedule) began with a bullet, one of those few moments in our lives we will always remember distinctly. President Kennedy was dead. Suddenly, we acquired a new sense of history that had nothing to do with the past. For, in the instant of Kennedy's death, we forgot the past. We forgot the Bay of Pigs, the manufactured Berlin crisis and the melodramatic days of eyeball to eyeball over the missiles in Cuba. We consigned to the study of old men the fact that his domestic programs had been nothing but a windbag of words. We chose instead, as we gathered round our radios and TV sets, to grieve for the dead President's style, the flat televised image of him that we had somehow been able to flesh out with our own hopes for ourselves. He became for us, in the moment of his death, not so much a historical figure as the first of our totem heroes, the fixed symbol of a future without innocence. Whatever happened after that day, we knew even then, would be nothing like what had happened before it.

There was something else, too. We began to sense, for the first time during those November days, the presence around us of all the other people in the world who were seeing what we were seeing and hearing what we were hearing. We had become a part of one another, not only of those who were with us where we were, watching and listening and looking at us silently, but also of others unseen, who were each of them, in their separate ways, sharing our inexplicable feeling of loss. The images of the *(Continued on page 98)*

Seminal Moments in the Sixties

IN RETROSPECT, REDEMPTION WAS HARD TO COME BY

HUMOR
BY JOHN LOMBARDI

STEAL THIS KOOK

Woodstock was supposed to have been portentous. Kids became aware

that they had a group identity, lots in common: language, philosophy, hair, good hearts, etc. Music was central. It got you high, set you free and could even be used politically to radicalize straights and other strangers. Most people preferred to ignore the business side of things. Not Peter Townshend of The Who. When Abbie Hoffman climbed onstage and tried to co-opt The Who's act, use it as background music for a boring revolutionary sales pitch, Townshend simply knocked him down. In the interest of brotherhood, the event went unremarked.

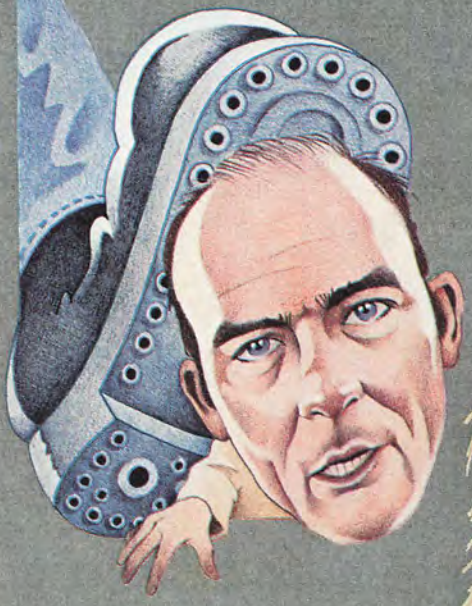
THE ARMIES OF THE SLIGHT

Norman Mailer hadn't had a best seller in years, so he wrote *Why Are We in Vietnam?* That caused so much commotion, he took advantage of the 1967 march on the Pentagon to keep the country's attention: He got busted for crossing the line of guards surrounding the big P and wrote about what it felt like to be a civil disobedient. Liberal intellectuals, who'd always felt a little nervous about liking Mailer because of his bizarre behavior, suddenly felt vindicated: Norman had a perfectly good *reason* for being naughty this time. Then Mailer's fans, ignoring

Truman Capote, claimed that Norman had invented the nonfiction novel. Next, Gore Vidal began writing about *his* personal life and calling it fiction, too. So did Jimmy Breslin. America's big-name writers had found a way to deal with the death of the novel at last!

THE BIRTH OF GONZO JOURNALISM

In 1966, Hunter Thompson was stopped by the Hell's Angels when they learned he'd been riding with them in order to write a book. He was savagely pummeled and kicked in



the body and the head. Was there or was there not brain damage?

THE PARAMILITARY/ FEMINIST COMPLEX

In 1968, Gloria Steinem began

appearing in shooter's sunglasses, like the ones the Georgia Highway Patrol wears, and American men understood that American women were *serious* about their rights.

THE TRUTH SHALL DRIVE YOU LOOSE

In March of 1969, during a rock concert in Miami Beach, Jim Morrison, lead singer of The Doors, exposed himself to the audience. "I just decided to give them what they really wanted," he explained later. No one rushed the stage.

SAY YIPPIE AGAIN AND I'LL BUST YOU IN THE MOUTH!

When he was found guilty and sentenced to prison at the Chicago conspiracy trial, Jerry Rubin broke down in tears. He was the only one of the Chicago Seven who did.

CALL ME A STAR AGAIN AND I'LL *REALLY* GIVE IT TO YOU!

Valerie Solanas, a militant feminist, shot Andy Warhol in the belly because, as she revealed later, he exploited women.

THE OLD-BOY NETWORK LIVES!

Former West Point football star Lieutenant Pete Dawkins was awarded the Silver Star for calling in artillery fire on his own men in Vietnam when their position was being overrun by the Viet Cong. Dawkins escaped uninjured, but half of his command was wiped out.

NAG, NAG, NAG!

After a few nights of sharing a cell with Jerry Rubin during the Chicago conspiracy trial, Tom Hayden abruptly asked to be transferred. Officially, he gave no reason. Unofficially, he let it be known that Jerry was just talking his *ear* off, and that they didn't really have much in common.

HARD ROCK

One of the events that best summarized the Sixties took place, appropriately enough, in 1971, when Leslie Harvey, a guitarist with Stone the Crows, was electrocuted onstage by his microphone. His death signaled a disenchantment with technology that eventually resulted in the scrapping of the SST.

A STAR IS BORN

On May 20, 1969, Timothy Leary, who'd always advocated dropping out, announced his candidacy for governor of California, and a newspaper revealed that Tim's lecture-series bookings and political campaign were being handled by National Talent Associates, the same outfit that did publicity and booking for Ringling Bros. Circus.

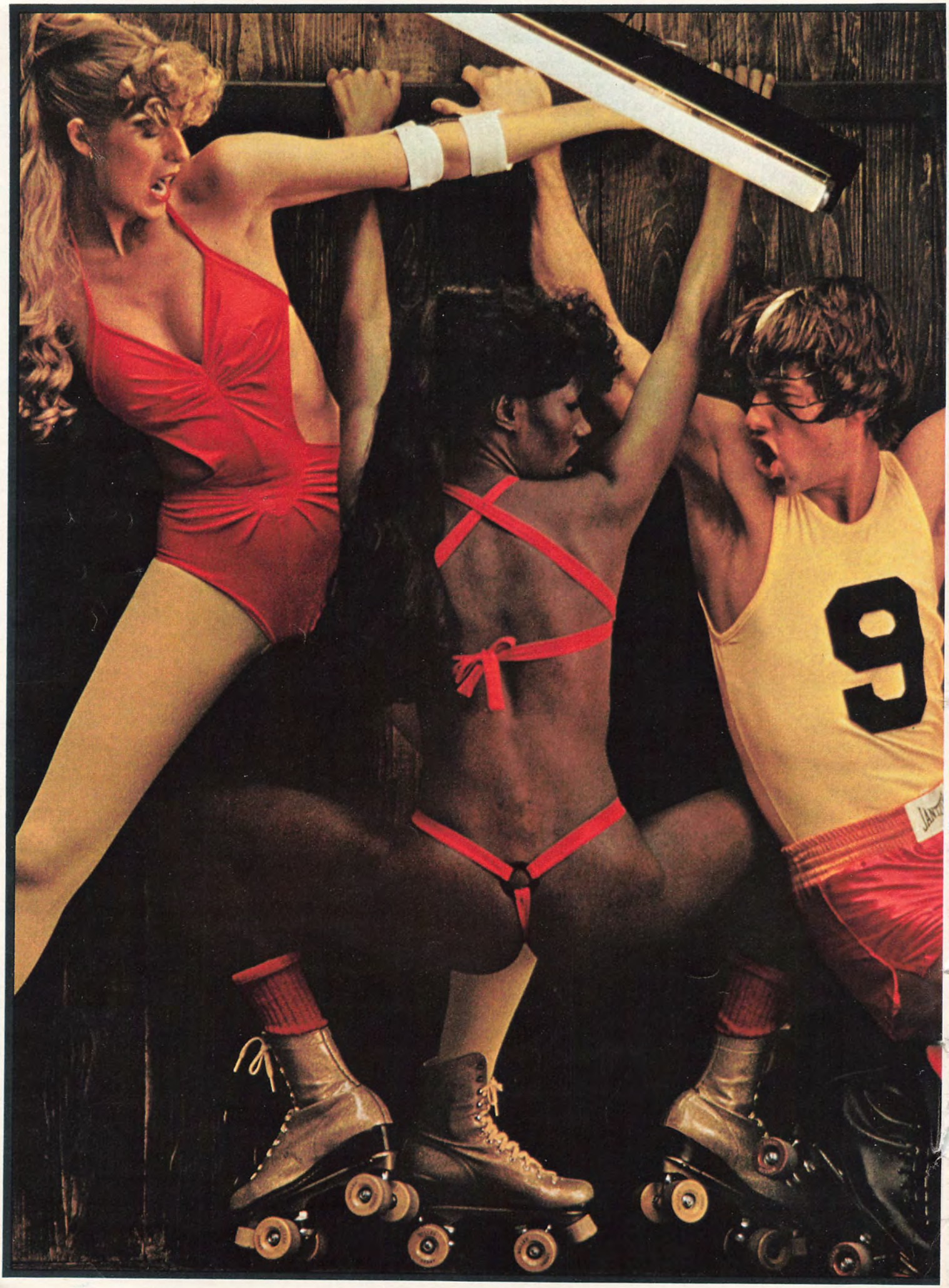
ANOTHER STAR IS BORN

In 1962, the Kennedy Mafia decided that Jackie Kennedy was underexposed and could be of great use politically. So it arranged Jackie's White House tour on national prime-time television, on Valentine's Day. Jackie, glamorously coifed and immaculately chic, spent an hour saying things like "And *this* . . . is a *chair*!" Nielsen pronounced her a winner, politics as showbiz got another shot in the arm and Camelot rocketed to the top of the ratings.

A SCAR IS BORN

After undergoing abdominal surgery, L.B.J. insisted on showing reporters the mark the doctors left on his belly; later, he called a member of the Presidential staff into the Presidential bathroom while he was using the toilet and lectured him for ten minutes on the proper way to conduct his duties. Fullest flowering of Executive privilege until Richard Nixon.

Illustration by Bill Nelson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rolling ON the fast track of fashion

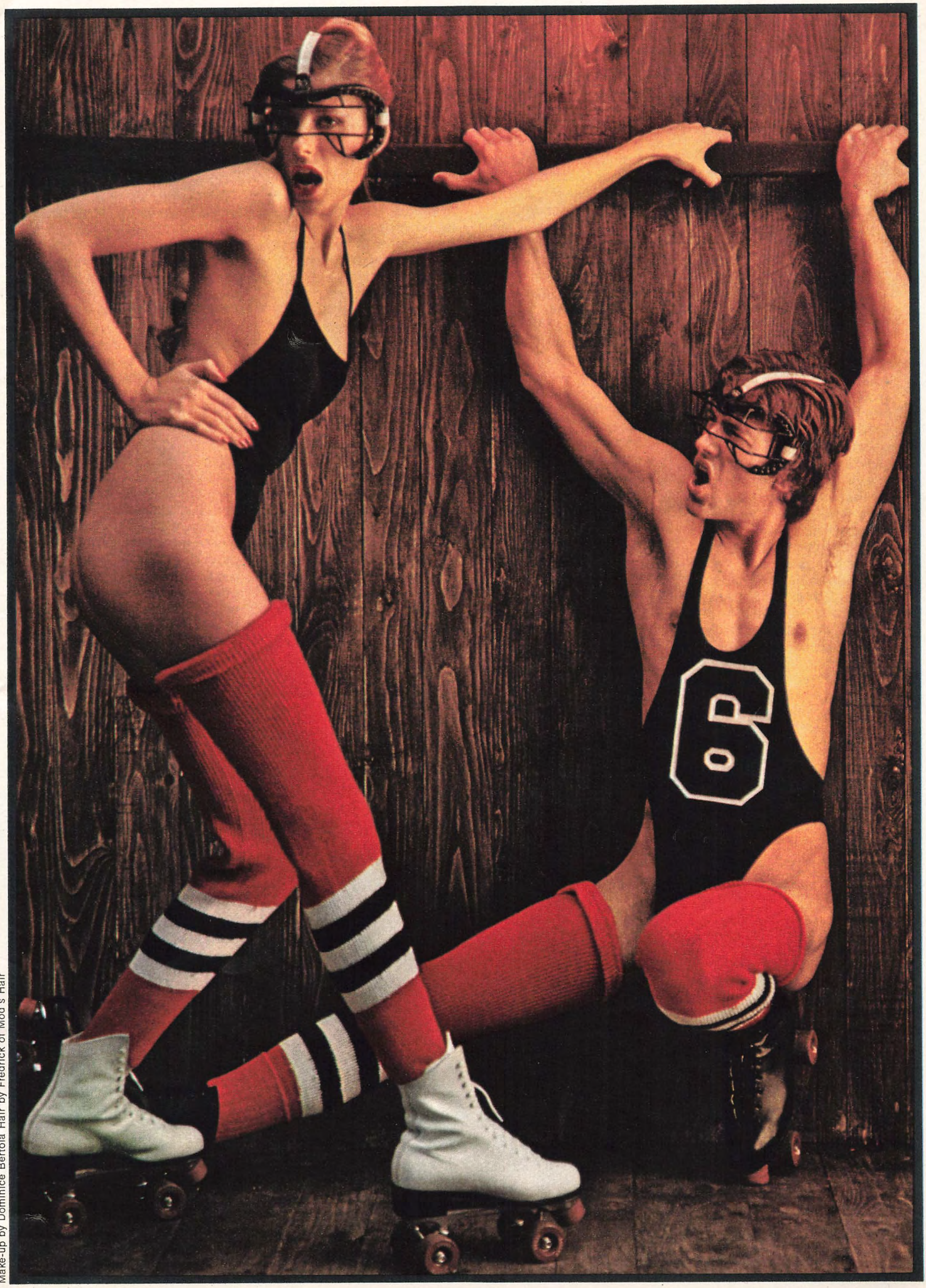
The roller-derby stars weren't the first to fashion their own personal style out of high speed and intense competition. But they gave us a vivid lesson in getting the loudest fashion message across in the smallest amount of space: shorts and tops. Designers have taken a cue from professional athletes' uniforms and come up with sportswear that incorporates both the bright, color-TV hues and the functional fit and fabric. The athletic look is now being styled into a new swim-trunk shape. This summer, the look for men on the beaches is no longer just the teeny-weeny stretch bikini—but any one of a whole range of jazzier, more comfortable swim trunks, similar to those worn by basketball players, boxers and roller-derby stars. **First period, left:** The referee blows the whistle for the one-minute jam period, and it's time to score by lapping the pack. But Ramona and Frederick argue about who plays jammer, and derby star Margie takes advantage by trying to destring Ramona. Ramona's glamorous Rio-inspired string bikini ($60) and Margie's lustrous-orange second skin ($80) are both by Giorgio Sant' Angelo. Frederick's hot-red satin boxer trunks ($11) are by Jantzen, his tank top ($6.50) by Eminence. **Second period, below:** Frederick takes the pivot-man position in silk shorts ($35) by Don Robbie and a green Paragon tank top ($11). He's trying to whip jammer Ramona through the pack in her hot-pink Jantzen top ($15) and acid-green shorts ($11). Margie's playing defense in a pink Gottex suit ($34) from Israel. Suits and trunks on these pages are punched up with accessories from sporting-goods stores, good sources of jazzy accouterments.

Third period, left: Mayhem on skates erupts as the referee takes a break. Frederick calls for order in sporty green trunks ($14) by Pierre Cardin and tank top ($6.50) by Eminence. But Ramona just keeps digging her long, sharp nails into Margie's shirt. Ramona's black terrycloth top and bright-green bikini ($44) are by Calvin Klein. Margie gets caught in the middle, wearing Calvin Klein's terrycloth shirt and bikini bottom ($44); her hand-carved skate key (silver, $75; gold, $400) is custom-made by Walter E. Verri, New York
Fourth period, below: Ramona is down but still kicking in an electric-blue suit ($30) from Rothhammer International, matched up with Margie's red one. Their striped tights ($5) are from Hot Sox and their bathing caps (89¢) from Sunwear. Falling on your tail is the most common derby injury, so Ramona takes it in stride

Frederick's Olympic-competition-style purple bikini ($15) is from Rothhammer International, his tank top ($11) from Paragon.
Fifth period, right: They may look like they're dancing the Bump, but it's actually a tug of war between Frederick and Ramona. Margie, in a black polka-dotted Gottex suit ($36), plays kneesies with Ramona; Ramona resists in racy stripes by Jantzen ($27); and Frederick keeps on keepin' on in red polished-cotton trunks ($20) by Bill Blass for Gates Shirts.
Sixth period, below: Frederick wears Robert Bruce's classic gym trunks ($8.50), a Paragon tank top ($11) and a look of abject fear. He's caught in the middle as the derby dames get into another cat fight. Ramona, in a stretchy red Catalina JRS suit ($19), grabs Margie's ponytail and Margie starts to tumble in her navy-blue suit ($28) from Ron-Ly of Sunwear.

Seventh period, below: Black and white and bruised all over, the trio wheels into the closing minutes of its little game. Margie sets the pace in a black suit trimmed with small white buttons ($27) by Catalina; Ramona follows in a white Catalina suit with black piping ($24); and Frederick brings up the rear in honest-to-goodness satin basketball trunks ($5) from Paragon with an Eminence cotton tank top ($7). **Eighth period, right:** Margie and Frederick thought that bottomless roller derby would be just the ticket for 1975, but the referee has ordered them off the track. They're each wearing the unisex The Thong bathing suit (hers, $30; his, $36) recently created for Bob Cunningham by Rudi Gernreich, the man who brought us the topless bathing suit 11 years ago. Like the Brazilian-styled String, The Thong makes for maximum exposure while remaining just barely legal. Unlike the String, however, it has a unisex hair style named after it, by Vidal Sassoon. The brightly colored tights ($4.25) on these pages are from Capezio and Danskin. The snazzy striped socks come from Paragon Athletic Goods. The thigh-high striped hockey socks ($4.60) and the calf-length striped sports socks ($1.75) can be combined for a supersock, superstripe look. Paragon also supplied the elbow pads and the felt team numbers. The roller-derby fashions were photographed in Paris: make-up by Dominique Bertola; hairpieces of Elura by Leon Buchheit; hair styled by Frederic of Mod's Hair. All skates on these pages from the Roller Derby Skate Corporation, the manufacturer of the United States roller-derby-team skates. The game of roller derby was a child of the Depression; brightened up, it's just the thing for 1975.

suiting UP for a long hot summer



Make-up by Dominice Bertola Hair by Fredrick of Mod's Hair

HOW FEMALES ARE VICTIMIZED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN OBSESSION WITH LARGE BOOBS. TAKE A FLAT-CHESTED WOMAN TO LUNCH THIS WEEK!

ARTICLE BY JOYCE DUTSON

Men think they know a lot about breasts, but they don't know what it's like to grow up with them. More important, they don't know what it's like to grow up *without* them. But all flat-chested women do.

A girl might be excused for thinking that her brains are located in her breasts; they have so much to do with her future life. It's during her early teens that a girl realizes her bosom is her single most important personality trait. Despite her parents' indifference to the subject, someone will be kind enough to confirm her suspicion that breasts affect the way the world relates to her. A chummy uncle may snap the elastic on her bra and remark that she's getting to be quite a big girl, or a salesclerk might cop a furtive feel. She's grateful, of course; many girls might get to be 16 or 17 without realizing breasts are sexual appendages, were it not for such attention.

Unless they're fortunately endowed, most girls find themselves disappointedly watching over their developing breasts, like little soufflés in the oven, willing them to puff up and become appetizing. The steps taken to remedy any faults in the female genetic recipe are drastic. Even today, slender teenaged girls throughout America are nightly trying to break down a bodily resistance the Gestapo would have admired, alternately dunking their chests in icy and steaming-hot water. Sometimes, as comedienne Joan Rivers suggests, they put sugar water or molasses on their chests and hope that mosquitoes will bite them. Before retiring, many more ritually fling back their elbows and chant rhythmically, "We must! We must! We must increase our bust!"

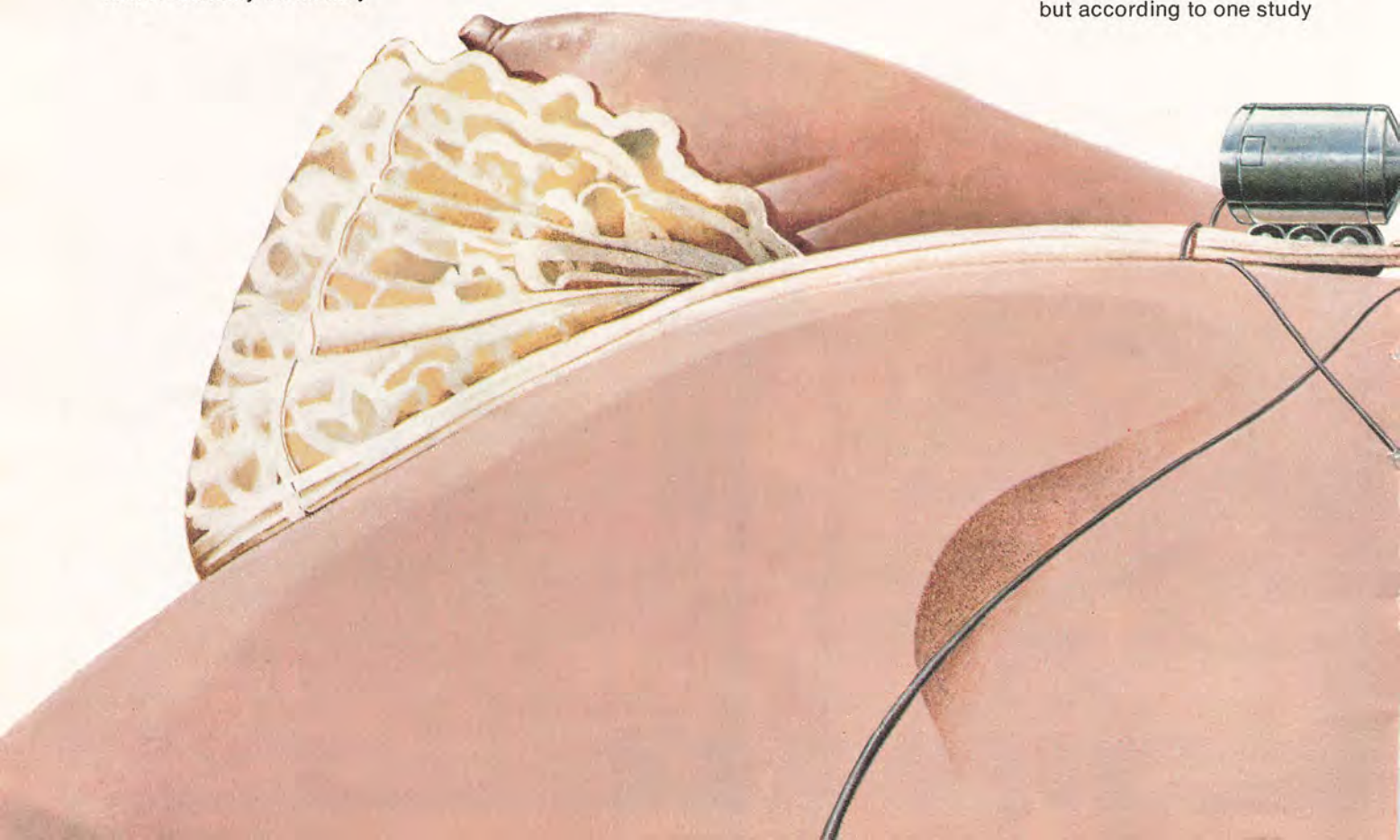
The most anxious girls massage themselves with whatever cream or oil is available. (Often it's bacon fat.) They take only mild consolation in the accidental discovery of one more erogenous zone, but they probably get more out of it than their sisters who are Scotch-taping lead drapery weights to their breasts at night. The wonder is that nothing's changed.

When self-treatment fails, the final recourse for girls with private, undiscussable personal problems is the friendly purveyor of mail-order miracles. Lurking in the smudgy back pages of movie and confession magazines and throughout those women's magazines that see men as the central force in a girl's life are ads offering to cure what ails them. No man can understand how a flat-chested woman feels on reading one of those ads—unless he once had sand kicked in his face.

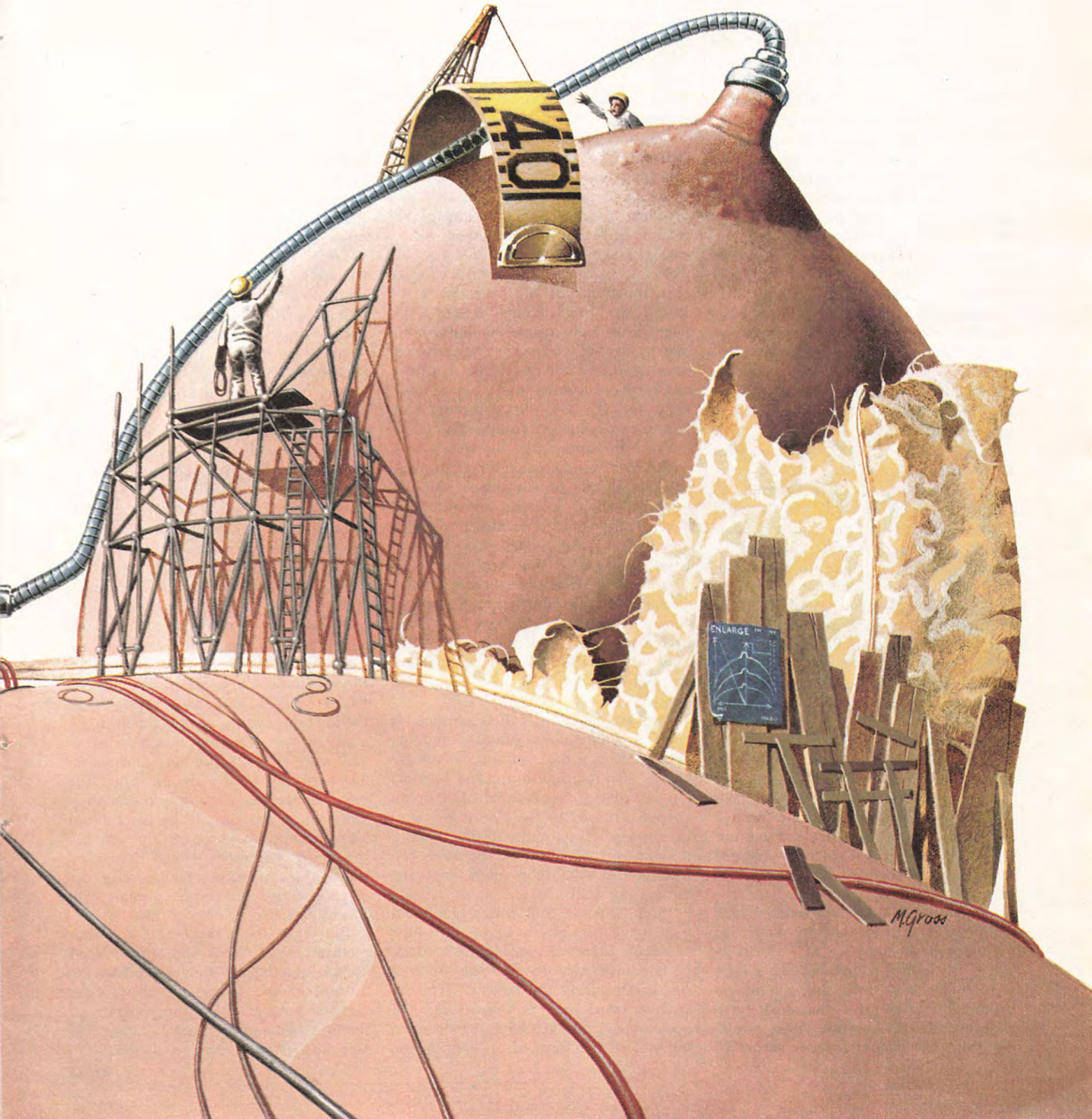
"New Swedish discovery adds inches to your bosom during sleep! 'I increased my bustline from a small 33A to a full 39D,' says Mrs. L. S., Stockholm, Sweden." With Living Lotion, one is promised a gain of "up to five or more inches in only 21 quick days!" Promises range from up to (always up to) three inches in eight weeks to six inches in 21 days; prices from $1.25 to $19.95.

These ads are not new, of course. One ad in a turn-of-the-century Sears Roebuck catalog offered a bust-development device that looked much like a plumber's helper and, through an 1897 mail-order catalog, our grandmothers could have bought "The Princess Bust Developer and Bust Cream or Food to Enlarge a Lady's Bust from two to three inches" for only $1.46. But the idea that overwhelming feminine attractiveness equals disproportionately large bosom equals equivalent libido has been spreading at about the same rate as the all-American philosophy that bigger is better.

It may be conditioning, but according to one study



BUILDING A BIGGER BUST



BUILDING A BIGGER BUST *My Mark Eden Bust Developer arrived by mail. It looked like a little pink toilet seat or, from the side, like an openmouthed alligator that had eaten a spring.*

of 132 women after breast-enlargement surgery:

"Seventy-nine percent reported that the increase in breast size had been followed by an increased interest in sex—53 percent reported increased frequency of sex, 69 percent reported a better quality of sex, 52 percent had an increased frequency of orgasm and 78 percent had an increased desire for breast play."

So maybe there's a reason for our dread of flat-chestedness and, to a large extent, men are it. Women will try anything to please, which is why breast-development devices constitute such an incentive for mail fraud.

The one relevant fact about breasts, on which even the hucksters agree, is that the female breast is made up of fat-connective tissue and glands, but contains absolutely no muscle. Therefore the size of the breasts is determined genetically and can be affected only by puberty, pregnancy, lactation and hormones. However, underneath the breasts lie the upper-torso muscles: pectorals, latissimus dorsi group, parascapulars and intercostals. Most bust-developing devices address themselves to the moot point of whether development of these muscles will raise the breast platform, giving the appearance of a bigger bust. Of the products taking this tack, the one we all know best is, of course, the famous Mark Eden Bust Developer.

This marvel was first offered to women in the United States in the early Sixties. Marketed by the Eileen Feather health salons (no, Virginia, there isn't a Mark Eden), it is the prototypal clam-shell-type unit. According to Grant Leake, food and drug coordinator for the fraud unit of the California Department of Health, complaints about the device were loud and clear by 1968, when his office filed suit; medical authorities were brought in to testify that the developer couldn't possibly work, as it did not increase the workload on the muscles. The Mark Eden people defended themselves in litigation the same way they sell their gadget. A stream of "satisfied customers" was paraded through the courtroom, a cry of acclaim was unleashed, the court was somehow blinded to the medical authorities' opinions and the case was lost.

My Mark Eden device arrived by mail in a small corrugated box with the cryptic return address "M. E. Enterprises." It looked something like a little pink toilet seat or, from the side, like an openmouthed alligator that had eaten a spring. There was not much craftsmanship: ten dollars for two pieces of loud pink plastic, a hinge, a spring and a small strap—to keep it from opening too far? A child could construct one and, indeed, the instructions warn right off that it is not a toy. All the same, it has a malocclusion. Its little mouth doesn't shut properly.

Relatives of the Mark Eden device include the Iso-Tensor and the Beauty-Breast of Paris, both marketed by Betty and Joe Weider; the Scandia Developer; and the NuArt Company's Deluxe Bustline Measurement Increaser. They all take off from the chest-muscle theme. And in every case, the gimmick is the same: The hopeful developee must, in effect, change her life before she can expect results.

Consider the Iso-Tensor, for example. Betty Weider's Iso-Tensor System Bustline Increaser bears a similarity in construction to the gadget that holds a roll of toilet paper. It is two blue-plastic tubes, one fitting into the other, with a spring inside, made in Taiwan. One works it by pressing the ends toward each other against the pressure of the spring. At $10.95, complete with a 48-page instruction manual, it looks a lot like a bargain, and it may be returned after ten days for a refund. Unfortunately, the customer must use it faithfully for 30 days, says the booklet, before expecting any results. The booklet also proposes a diet for weight loss, a diet for weight gain, an anatomical diagram of the female breast and lots of hints about exercise, posture and clean living. "Before we present our system to you," the manual says, "it is of great importance that you are made to fully realize that it is a three-part plan. Certainly proper nutrition and weight control, posture enhancement, added to the habit of regular exercise is the only . . . way of . . . realizing the fullest bustline potential just as nature intended."

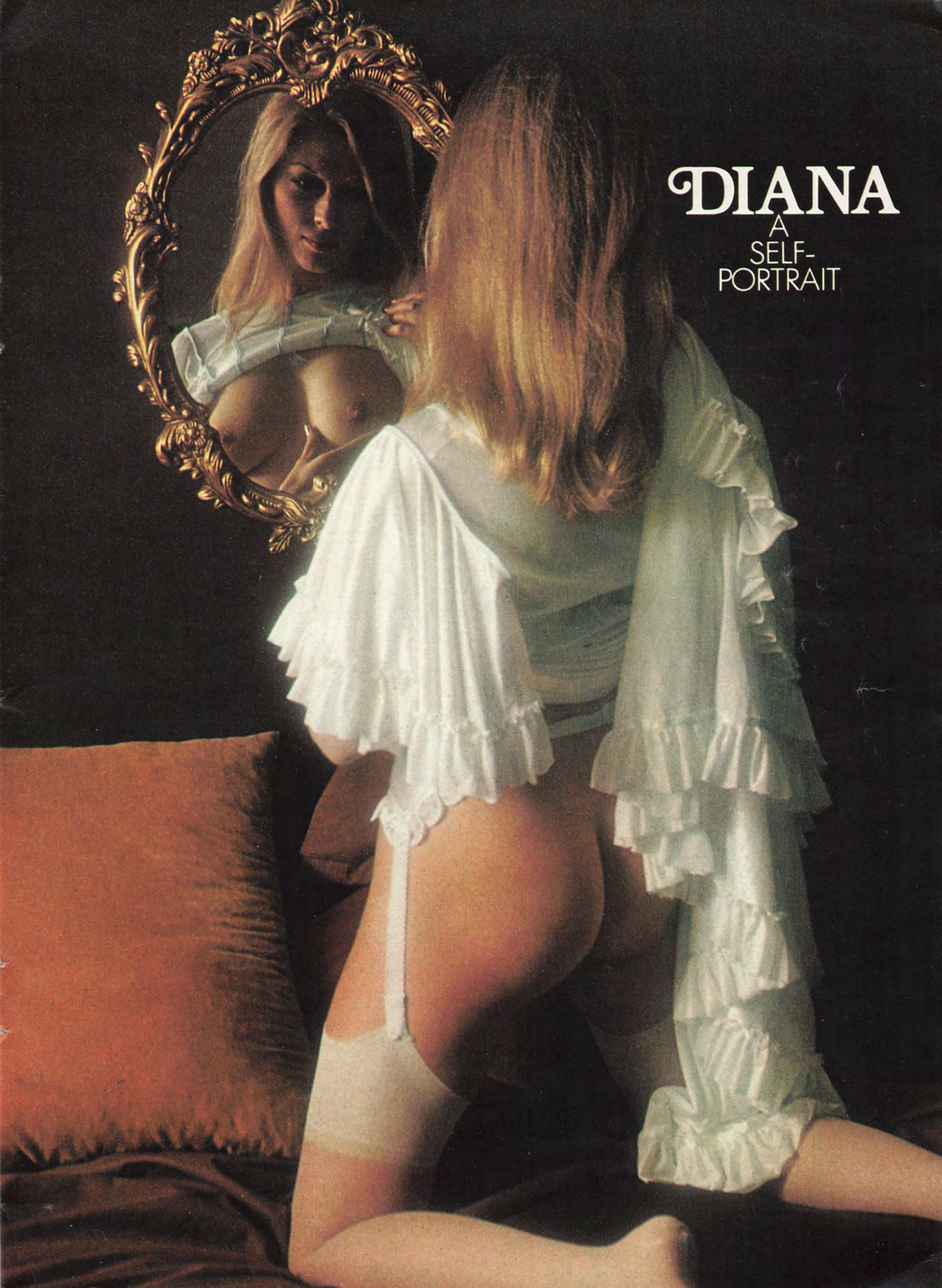
The exercises are called crushes. If you follow directions, you're soon doing *504* of them a day—plus six other exercises, including push-ups and jogging. No one but a professional athlete can keep that up, so the Iso-Tensor goes into the back of the closet; you don't return it and demand a refund because you feel, guiltily, that you never gave the thing a fair trial.

Months pass: Still miserable about your figure, you give in again—this time to Beauty-Breast of Paris, "the effortless, no-nonsense way to increase bustline size and beautify the breasts." The seductive word here is "effortless." Off goes a check for $19.95 and help is on the way in the form of a "hydronamic contour cup" and three tubes of goo: Massage Creme (*crème de massage*), Gel Pack (*masque gel*) and Softening Emollient Gel (gel emollient). That's about it for Paris. The gadget itself is made in Taiwan. It is a four-foot hose and a blue, breast-shaped bell—large enough to accommodate a melon—fitted inside with white plastic tubes. Exciting. Just a few short minutes with the instruction booklet, hook up the hose and blammo! Forty-four E! The ad promises "up to three inches in just 14 days!"

But, alas, Betty and Joe Weider have sold us another bill of goods. The operative contents of this carton are another batch of exercises, another diet, another plan for improved posture. The "unique Beauty-Breast Hydrolator" itself does nothing but "stimulate" the breasts by splashing water around. And, if this is not enough, the booklet states that Betty Weider will soon send another booklet, free, "outlining more advanced chest-and-bustline-development exercises." It continues, "By then, I hope you have obtained your Beauty-Bells that famous models use to keep their bodies in sculptured shape." These weights can be purchased from the Weider Fitness School.

The really amazing thing is that the Beauty-Breast exercise number five, "an 'Anytime' Bosom Strengthener," is the same one that's done with the Iso-Tensor, but this time no Iso-Tensor is necessary! The lady in the pictures is simply pressing her hands together, pretending to "crush a nut" between them. ("Later," the manual says, "you may try to 'crush' a rubber ball.") The Iso-Tensor, it's now obvious, is completely useless. Betty as much as says so herself. And about that "gentle, pleasure action" of the pulsating minijets inside the big blue bell: Think of it as a boob shower and ask yourself if it's worth $20. If you mix the water to the icy temperature directed, you might easily shrivel whatever bosom you began with—if you *can* mix the water. The whirling plastic things inside the bell spin around like a little dishwasher, with the result that water spurts out from around the hose fitting, soaking the entire bathroom. Betty should be sued, if for no other reason than her assurance that the hose coupling will fit any faucet.

But what about the before-and-after pictures? Well, legal authorities aren't certain exactly how they are made. But no one seems to believe they're authentic. Most likely, a combination of lighting techniques, plastic surgery or silicone *(Continued on page 108)*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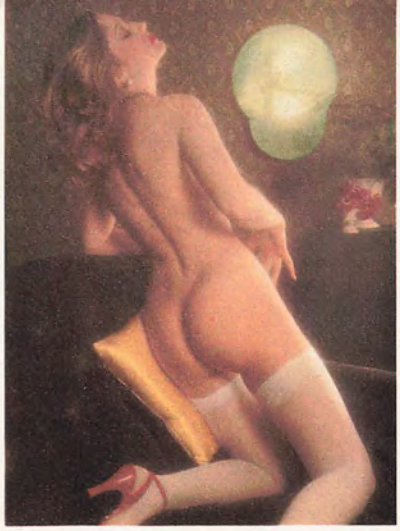
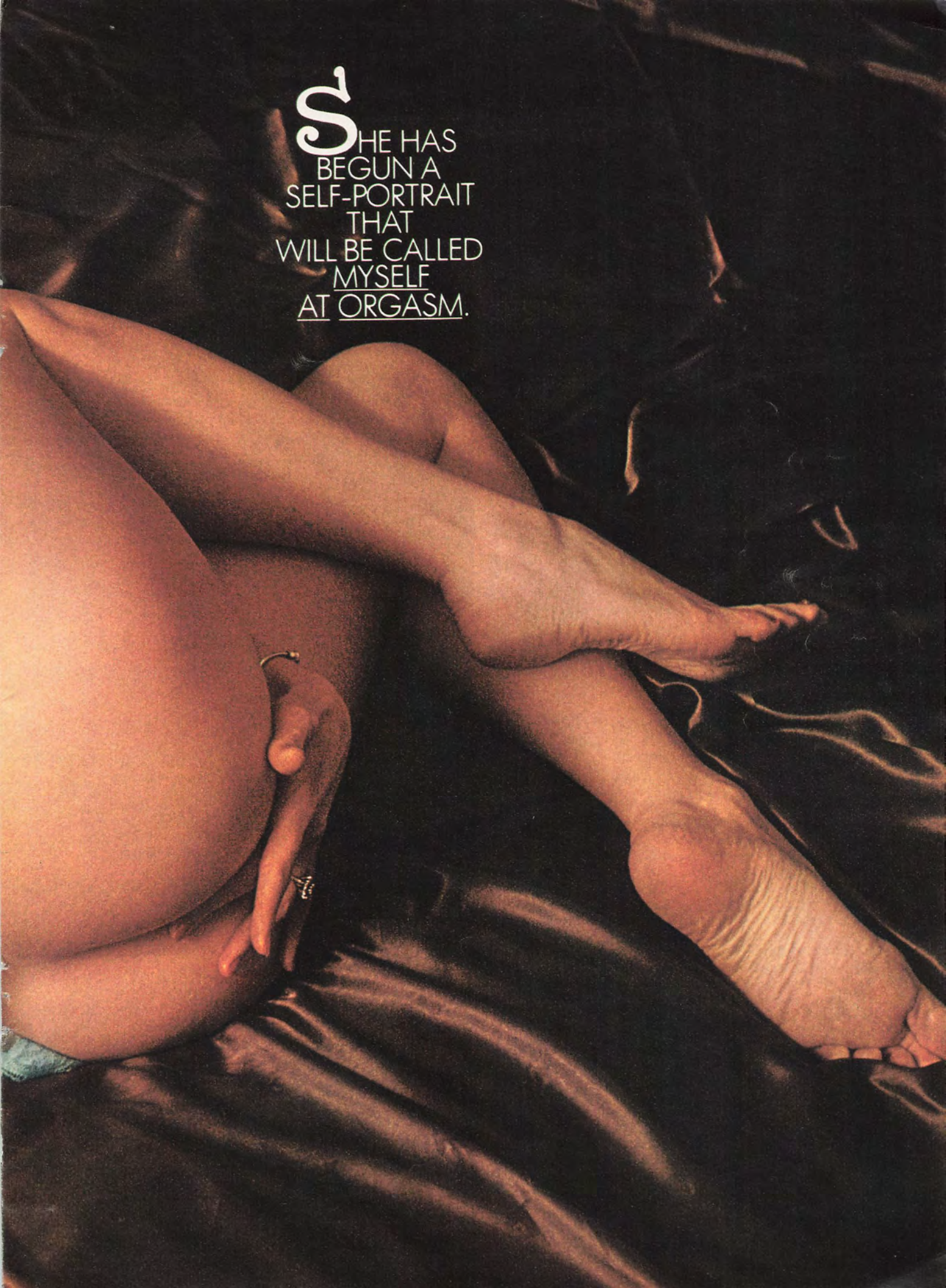
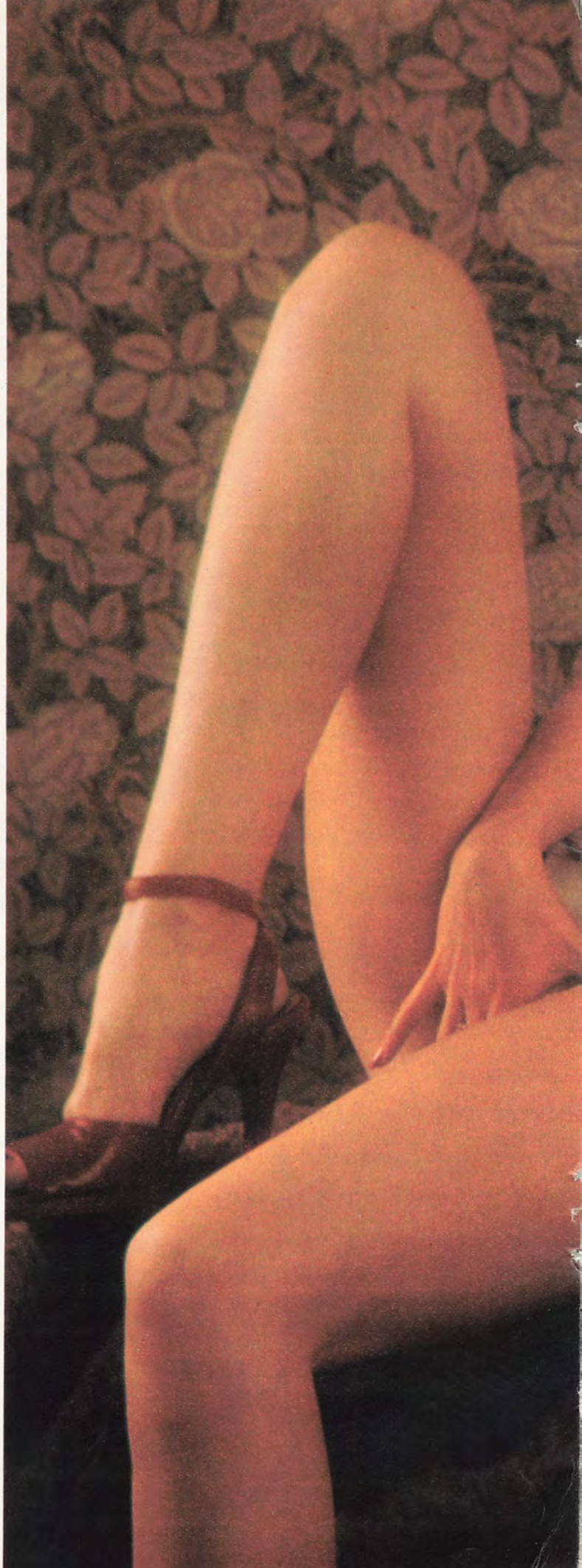


"PAINTING FULFILLS A NEED IN THE SAME WAY THAT MY LOVERS DO."

She signs her work Diana, only that, and is becoming somewhat known in her city of Marseilles. She paints, of course. "I have studied the human form in the stages of its ecstasy and I paint what I see." Which is enough, apparently, to sell most of her work. "Yes, I do well. I sell my canvases in the street market for a high price. If they were photographs, they would be called pornography, but this is art, which makes sex legitimate, does it not?" she asks, smiling. "And I like what I do. It fulfills a need in me in the same way that my lovers do. I call it orgasmic art." Properly named, for she is surely her own best model. In


SHE HAS
BEGUN A
SELF-PORTRAIT
THAT
WILL BE CALLED
MYSELF
AT ORGASM.



"I MUST AROUSE MYSELF CONSTANTLY TO ACHIEVE THE PROPER EFFECT."

her chalet of flocked wallpaper and antique mirrors, she has begun a self-portrait aptly titled *Myself at Orgasm*. "It is very difficult to paint, but much fun to pose. I must arouse myself constantly to achieve the proper effect," she explains, smiling again. The men in her life (there are quite a few) are part of the creative process, she would have us believe. "They help me to understand the lust I try to express in my paintings." An ingenious work ethic but not without its problems. "Oh, it is difficult to find women models to pose, and equally hard to find a male model who can keep an erection for hours on end. So I usually take a photo of the pose I want and paint from it. My paintings sell very well. Usually, it is single men who buy them, but I think that the see-through blouses and the very short skirts I wear help the sales." Undoubtedly. "And why not? I sell a little bit of talent and a lot of sex, and that is what they pay for. And my boyfriends all approve. They think that my being around sex all the time improves my own technique in bed. It is the same thing in the magazine business, is it not?" To which we emphatically agree.

Photography by Brian Hennessey

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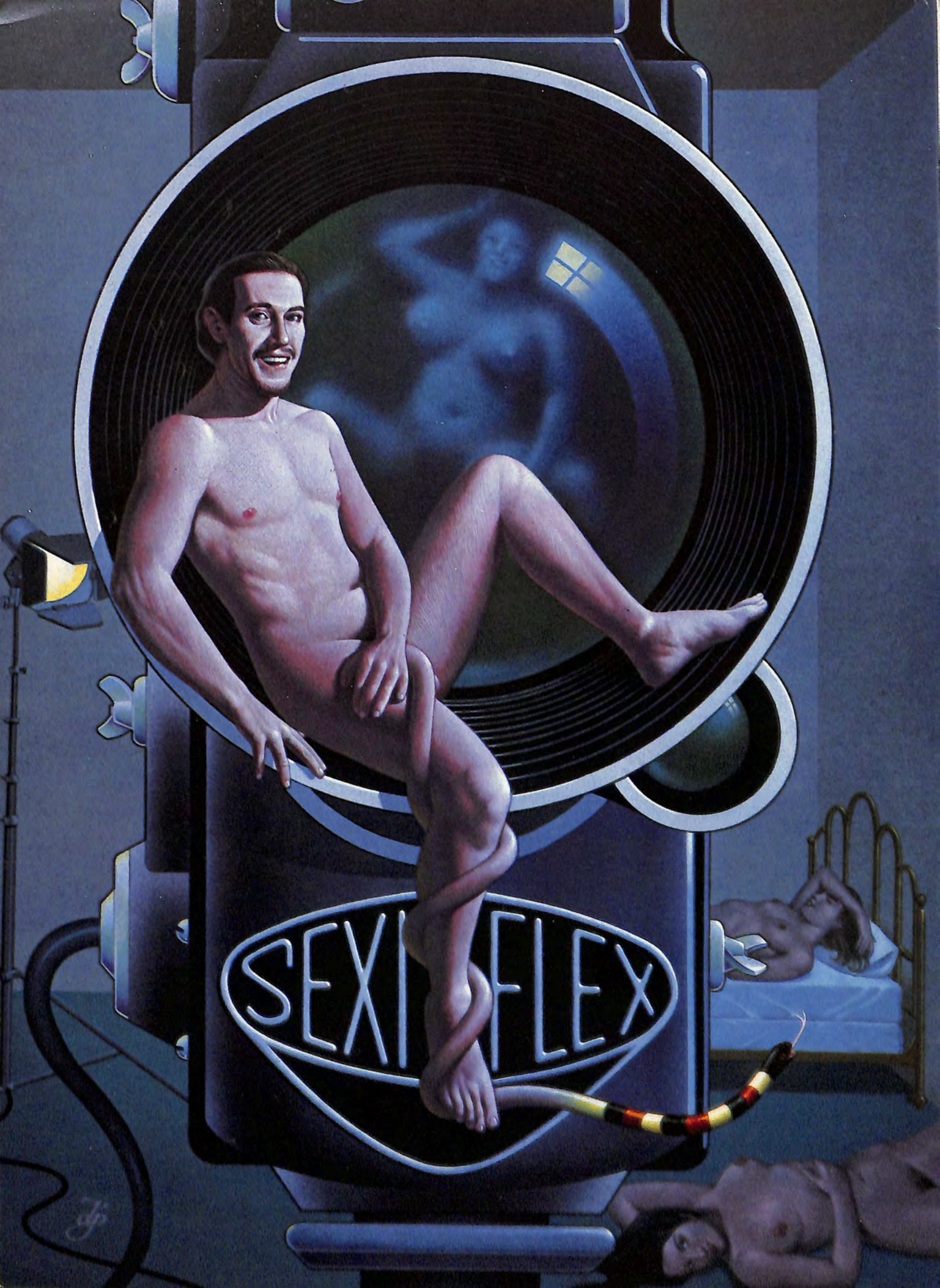

SEXI FLEX

CONVERSATION WITH

JOHN C. HOLMES

America's best-hung stud reveals how he uses his unique endowment oncamera, as a porn star, and offstage, as a hustler

A recently published cartoon shows two rather shapeless matrons standing in a museum in front of a huge painting. A stoutly erect penis takes up the entire canvas. "I don't know much about art," one woman says to the other, "but I know what I like." An accurate representation of female fascination with penises—especially large ones? A wry deflation of the conventional wisdom that penis size does matter, if only psychologically or aesthetically? Probably both. For, contrary to modern medical wisdom, the size of the cock is becoming as important to women as breast size has been to men (see "Building a Bigger Bust" in this issue).

Certainly, porn star John C. Holmes (alias Johnny Wadd) thinks his cock is important. And his millions of fans around the world—who feed quarters to the little boxes in adult-bookstore coin booths, who collect his films to show at their weekend swing parties or who send him personal photos with erotic messages scrawled in ballpoint across their nude bodies—would have to agree.

Because of an accident of nature that endowed Holmes almost to the point of caricature, his penis has earned him a living and made him famous—but, large as it is, it is still overshadowed by its owner. The star of more than 1000 hard-core features and 8mm loops, Holmes has become a prodigious phallic symbol to women as well as to men. Both sexes find his cock amazing, but while women react with either embarrassment or desire, some men respond with an ambivalent mixture of fascination and resentment. Though their girlfriends and sex experts tell them otherwise, they sometimes suspect that bigger might be better after all.

According to Holmes—who certainly has a vested interest—it is. Passed from relative to relative in his youth, he has led an absurdly randy life that—to hear him tell it—sounds like a male version of "Fanny Hill." A sexual child prodigy and a tireless adolescent seducer, Holmes turned pro at 18 with the one-reeler that christened his career as a hard-core superstar. Almost a decade later, his erotic adventures offscreen are even more frenetic than the plots of his raunchiest films. At 27, he is one of the 25 busiest and highest-paid male prostitutes in the world. Using some of the many round-trip airplane tickets he receives in the mail each week, Holmes services moneyed swingers, movie stars and widowed dowagers from Maui to Majorca. "But I always take my arrival day off," he says. "I never let jet lag interfere with a performance."

Is having a superschlong a mixed blessing for Holmes? What's it like being—or having—a living legend? What does he think about all day? OUI *sent Los Angeles free-lancer Barbara Cane to find out. Here is her report:*

*"*DO NOT URINATE ON THE FLOOR, *the sign on the wall read,* IT WILL TRIGGER AN ELECTRONIC SENSOR THAT SETS OFF AN ALARM. *After two days of talking into my tape recorder, Holmes had invited me on a cock's tour of Los Angeles' finer adult bookstores, to see for myself the source of his fame. At each stop, the king of the coin booths led me past the respectful proprietor with the nonchalance of a star sweeping into Scandia. Threading through clusters of middle-aged men thumbing furtively through the racks of stroke magazines, we would part a curtain and grope our way into a dark partitioned area at the back of the store.*

"The embarrassment I had expected to feel about being with Holmes while watching him pump away on film somehow never materialized. Ever cheerful, constantly chewing sugarless gum, he has a breezy wholesomeness that makes him seem more of a boy-scout camp counselor than a porn performer. 'Ugh,' he said with a grimace as we watched him come all over a girl's face onscreen. 'Isn't that disgusting?'

"His life, he insisted as we walked back to the car, isn't centered on his penis. 'It's centered on my mind,' he said.

" 'Then you must have a very dirty mind,' I replied. Frankly, it was difficult to believe that the possessor of the salami I had just seen being devoured by an eager bed partner isn't as obsessed with it as she had been. And it occurred to me that I had yet to see the real thing; glancing at his crotch periodically during the past two days, I had caught sight of no suspicious bulge whatever, not even a small one. 'Where the hell do you keep it?' I asked finally.

" 'Oh, I just tuck it between my legs and then stuff the tip in my back pocket.' "

OUI: Your penis has been reported to be anywhere from 11 to 15 inches long. Exactly how large is it?

HOLMES: I hate to disenchant my fans, but I must confess that it's only eight and a half inches long. Of course, that's when it's soft. Erect, it's 12 and a half.

OUI: And how big around?

HOLMES: I've never measured, but I have a large wrist and it's thicker than my wrist.

OUI: Do you claim to be the biggest in the world?

HOLMES: Well, I've been to bed with quite a few women and I've never had anyone say she's been to bed with anyone larger. A few girls have said they've known somebody who's bigger around, but not as long. I know about one guy who had an 18-inch cock, but he couldn't get an erection. It was too heavy.

OUI: Do you have trouble buying condoms?

HOLMES: I can't wear them. They don't make them in my size.
OUI: There are animal prophylactics that might fit.
HOLMES: Sorry, but I'm not going to wear a horse condom. That would be too humiliating. A few years ago, I saw a three-and-a-half-foot prophylactic in a German porn film. A girl put it on a horse and then masturbated him. When the rubber bloated up with about half a gallon of come, she tipped it upside down and poured it all over herself. It was incredibly gross.
OUI: Do you think it's important to be as big as you are?
HOLMES: I don't care if someone's larger. What *is* important is that I satisfy sexually whoever I'm with. But even that's only 50 percent of making love; it's important for me to be satisfied, too.
OUI: But do you think size makes a difference to a woman?
HOLMES: I can't look at it from a female's point of view, because I don't know what a cock feels like inside a vagina. From what women have told me, however, I can say that size definitely does make a difference. In fact, it's a must—at least among those women who are into vaginal intercourse.
OUI: So it's not what you do with it but how much you've got that counts?
HOLMES: It's both. But among women who have any experience—whether or not they'll admit it—bigger really is better.
OUI: But isn't a penis as big as yours more of a conversation piece than a functional organ?
HOLMES: Well, my size has never prevented me from making it with a girl. I've had them say that guys half my size hurt but I don't. On the contrary, they say it feels fantastic, because for the first time, it fills them up completely. The secret is to be romantic. I like to be gentle and I don't like to fuck for at least the first hour. I prefer to talk, kiss, caress and give head—and I don't even make love right after head. I just stop and then start all over again. By the time the girl is ready, she's *really* ready.
OUI: And how about you?
HOLMES: I've never had a problem getting a hard-on or keeping one. I can fuck comfortably for maybe four or five hours without getting soft or taking my cock out.
OUI: Or coming?
HOLMES: No, during that time I'll come maybe once every hour or so. I just keep stroking after each climax and it stays firm. After a while, of course, if the girl isn't used to me, she'll get sore and then I'll quit. But I've never hurt anyone or made anyone bleed. And I won't use Vaseline on my cock; if a girl doesn't get turned on, it's because she's not ready to accept it.
OUI: Can anybody accommodate *all* of you?
HOLMES: Half the women I go to bed with can and the rest can take almost all of it. But only about half of the women I meet are into vaginal climax. The other half don't care about cock—even mine—and prefer clitoral friction instead. So they can get off on a tongue as well as on a cock.
OUI: How many women can take you anally?
HOLMES: About 30 percent, if I'm with them long enough and do it slowly and gently. Sometimes women will say they've seen me ass-fuck in a film and they'll want me to try it with them. I've had a lot of tricks who'd never had it in the ass before but now are really crazy for it.
OUI: Which do you prefer, the rectum or the vagina?
HOLMES: The vagina. That's what it's made for. And it tastes better, too.
OUI: Do you like getting blown?
HOLMES: Yes. I can achieve just as good a climax from oral sex as I can from vaginal copulation. But no one has ever been able to deep-throat me. Most people do well to get just the head in. I got together with the deep-throat champion of San Francisco, and even she couldn't accommodate me. I keep looking, though.
OUI: Have you tried Linda Lovelace?
HOLMES: Never met the lady.
OUI: Care to? It would be a historic confrontation.
HOLMES: Maybe so, but she's just not my type. I never make it with anyone who isn't, when I'm not working.
OUI: How many women have given you blow jobs?
HOLMES: Maybe 9000.
OUI: Nine *thousand*?
HOLMES: It would be more, but some women just aren't into giving head.
OUI: How many women have you made love to—with or without getting head?
HOLMES: Let's see. I make it with a minimum of one girl per film, but usually two or three, and in the majority of porn features, there are three, four and five girls. Since I've done around 2200 shootings—for magazines as well as films—that's at least 4000 right there. And, in a lot of them, some guys can't get a hard-on because it's too hot on the set, so I'll do stand-in shots for them, since I never have any trouble getting it up. So that's another 1000 or so, which brings the total up to 5000. When you add another 5000 from swinging—at least ten new people a week since I was in high school—plus maybe 1000 from tricking, I imagine altogether I've fucked more than 11,000 women.
OUI: And how many men?
HOLMES: None. I'm not bisexual. But I think some guy gave me a blow job at a private orgy once. It was dark and there were about 30 people on this giant $9000 wall-to-wall mattress. One of the guests had been bugging me all evening to let him watch me do his wife, so I finally said OK. Well, she and I were really moving when, all of a sudden there were two more people on me—one giving me head and someone else licking my balls. And then a third person was sucking on my toes. After a while, I didn't know how many people were doing what to me—or what sex they were. If they were all female, all I can say is that one of them was very hairy.
OUI: Are group scenes your favorite kind of sex?
HOLMES: I like to go to orgies about twice a week for fun, but I prefer a one-on-one situation with somebody I really like. The girl doesn't have to be beautiful, but I need warmth and rapport.
OUI: What kind of reactions do you get from women when they're faced with your penis for the first time?
HOLMES: Most of the women I make it with know ahead of time who I am. They've made it a point to take me to bed, so they enjoy it. Sometimes, if I'm not as turned on as they are, I'll sit back like a horny old man and watch them. They get so excited they can't keep their hands off it. But occasionally I'll pick up someone who doesn't know who I am. We'll go out to dinner or something, but I won't push sex really hard. If we do wind up in bed, it's always the same reaction—even the same lines: either "Oh, my God!" or "Jesus Christ!" Always something religious.
OUI: What's the strangest reaction you've ever gotten?
HOLMES: It was from a young stripper I picked up on the beach in Florida. We were in bed and I was giving her head, but I still had my blue jeans on. She kept saying, "I want sixty-nine, I want sixty-nine," so I took off my pants. It was pitch-black in the room and I already had an erection. We turned around into the position, she reached her hand out, grabbed my penis and went limp. Passed out cold. Nearly broke my neck. My head was between her legs at the time.
OUI: What did she say when she came to?
HOLMES: "Oh, my God!"
OUI: What about reactions from men who've heard about you?
HOLMES: I *(Continued on page 80)*

BILL COSBY'S REMEDIAL TENNIS

Does your partner call you Fat Albert when you know you're Arthur Ashe? Take the advice of a man who, in only four years, went from a C to a C plus player

Humor by Bill Cosby

Each day, thousands of you, wearing the best shoes and the best shorts and carrying the best racket with the most expensive gut, walk out onto the court and proceed to abuse every tennis lesson you ever took. Is it possible that professional tennis instructors are teaching all wrong? Do you have a deep fear of making the correct moves? Do you enjoy looking retarded? Do you cultivate flaws in yourself? Of course not.

You have probably read 100 tennis-instruction books and looked beady-eyed at 1000 "How To" pictures; gone from wood rackets to metal, back to wood and back to metal again; gone from white balls to green to yellow, only to find yourself sobbing into the net, "Why, O God, am I not one of the chosen people?"

Now you can be one of the chosen people. This article was written for you: you who have taken lessons three times a week for 157 weeks and are still doing just the opposite of what you were taught; you, the player with no subtleties. (I don't mean no intelligence, I mean no subtleties. You can be a stupid player, too, but it is not essential.)

Since you have refused to follow your teacher's instructions, you may reap some benefit from the advice of a dedicated tennis nut who has also wept at the net, also slept with tennis books under his pillow and who eats everything Arthur Ashe eats in the vain hope that one day he will be able to return one of Arthur's serves.

Listen to me, the only man in the world who managed to *catch* an overhead shot in the open throat of his Head racket. Picture me, the Unchosen, responding to the most frightening thing on earth—a tennis ball coming *straight at me*!

Take the advice of a man who, after four years of constant tennis playing, the best pro instruction, the finest opponents and thousands of dollars' worth of tennis clothes and equipment, moved up from a C player to a C plus player and has more than 100 tennis rackets.

Why? Well, let me tell you how it all started. My interest in sports began at the *(Continued on page 104)*

© 1975 by Bill Cosby
Illustration by Dennis Magdich

HOW EUROPE STOLE OUR JAZZ

WITH MONEY, TALENT AND RESPECT.

AMERICA, ARE YOU LISTENING?

ARTICLE BY CHARLES CHILDS

Warsaw, Poland: October 24, 1974, inside the 3000-seat Sala Kongresowa, Stalin's grotesque Palace of Culture and Science. In a moment, the Jazz Jamboree, one of Europe's oldest jazz festivals, will begin. Tickets to the seven-day festival have been sold out for two weeks, and the East/West audience is impatient for sound.

The Stan Getz Quartet appears onstage, as fastidiously dressed as four partners in a Wall Street

L.Corugati

HOW EUROPE STOLE OUR JAZZ *To be an American jazzman in Europe these days is to be idolized even more than a pop star. American jazz musicians play 40 percent of their dates outside the U. S.*

law office. They've just come from playing a free concert for workers and students and are delighted to be greeted by still more enthusiastic applause here. Blue denim is everywhere in the audience; somebody in the top balcony is even wearing a bootlegged Yale sweat shirt.

To be Stan Getz—or any other American jazzman in Europe these days—is to be idolized even more than a pop star. It's no wonder, then, that American jazz musicians play about 40 percent of their dates outside the U. S.

Despite all the talk of revival, jazz has been important to only a small coterie in the States since the heyday of bebop, Birdland and Charlie Parker, now claiming only four or five percent of the record market. Some observers think the reason is that jazz abandoned its audience. These are mostly sing-along-with-Mitch types who feel that lyrical mainstream jazz has wrongly been displaced by Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp and other black-and-proud musicians whose free-form style bullies the listener.

Other observers point to sexual hang-ups and racial fears. Morroe Berger, a professor of sociology at Princeton, says: "The basic reason for the lack of serious acceptance of jazz is the identification of the music with crime, vice and greater sexual freedom. What's more, there is a stigma attached to the music because, in the main, it is produced by black people, who represent a low status group in the United States."

Voice of America disc jockey Willis Conover agrees: "White Americans have tended to seek a sense of respectability from music. Since America is a young culture, it did not have the musical criteria to judge its own culture. As a people, we tended to borrow our musical standards from Europe. By doing this, we elevated European classical music, leaving jazz to the poor, as a kind of happy-on-Saturday-night, low-class preoccupation."

The American idea that jazz is merely "the rattle in Negro bones" hasn't kept Europe from adopting the music. "On the contrary, we think of jazz as America's major cultural contribution," British musicologist Valerie Wilmer has stated.

Before World War Two, good jazz groups were heard in Europe rarely. Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Coleman Hawkins and Louis Armstrong were among the few who went over early, as was Benny Carter, who wrote material for the original BBC dance orchestra. In the early Thirties, Ellington sailed back to America with a glow only partly due to cognac and champagne. "We were absolutely amazed by how well informed people were in Britain about us and our records," he recalled later in his autobiography. "The esteem our music was held in was very gratifying."

Feeding this appetite for jazz was not easy in the Thirties, however. Short-wave radio couldn't do justice to the Harlem Cotton Club's famous live broadcasts. And a European tour was expensive. So, inevitably, it was the gramophone recording that provided Europeans with their jazz education.

In the Thirties, jazz record collecting became a major fad throughout Europe. Even the Duke of Windsor was caught up in it. According to Jean-Louis Ginibre, former editor of the French magazine *Jazz* and now Co-Editor of OUI, "Europe produced jazz critics and scholars who were way in advance of their American counterparts. A number of French writers—people like Hugues Panassié and Charles Delaunay—were writing intelligently about jazz at a very early date. *Jazz Hot*, their magazine, came into existence a year before *Down Beat*, and even now, such magazines as *Jazz Journal* in England, *Orkester Journalen* in Sweden, *Musica Jazz* in Italy, *Jazz Podium* in Germany and *Jazz Forum* in Poland are flourishing."

In the annual *International Jazz Quiz*, organized by a consortium of European broadcasting networks, finalists from several nations vie to see who can recall the most obscure events of jazz history. In last year's high drama, Anselmo Boldrini, of Italy, won the crown when he was able to identify the cornet player in Bessie Smith's 1929 rendition of *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*, and immediately he became a hero to the thousands of almost equally knowledgeable jazz devotees who had been following the fight blow by blow.

Art Taylor, the lean Mr. Nonchalance of drumming who, at various times, was sideman to Miles Davis and Bud Powell, expresses amazement at the level of scholarship of European jazz collectors. "I've played dates where European fans will come up and remind me of a specific record I was supposed to have played," he said recently, over a cup of coffee in his Paris apartment. "If I say, 'No, I don't think I played the date,' these collectors will often show up the next night with the liner notes where my name is mentioned. Well, you know, it's not difficult to guess who's been made to feel slightly stupid!"

Taylor has become a fixture in Paris—a resident of ten years' standing—but is only one of an increasingly large number of American jazz musicians living abroad. Brass and reed musicians Don Cherry, Tony Scott, Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon, Art Farmer, Bill Coleman, Hal Singer, Benny Waters, Slide Hampton; bass players Red Mitchell and Jimmy Woode; drummers Kenny Clarke, Ed Thigpen; even pianists Memphis Slim, Rhoda Scott, Kenny Drew and Horace Parlan—all have made their homes in Europe.

Bebop nostalgia freaks may well recall Dizzy Gillespie's 1948 band, with its earsplitting trumpet section, and particularly the extraordinary Ernest "Benny" Bailey, of Cleveland, Ohio. A veteran of stints with Lionel Hampton, Jay McShann and Quincy Jones, Bailey now lives in Geneva. "Here I can do anything I want," he says, "and I think I've found a happy medium. I don't care about recognition, really. The main thing I care about is to satisfy myself musically. That's what everybody has to do in the end. If I felt I was losing touch with what's happening, I'd go back in spite of everything, but I don't. The styles are just going 'round, it seems. Nothing *really* new is happening, like when Bird came on the scene."

Trumpeter Art Farmer, now a contract soloist with the Austrian Broadcasting Orchestra, agrees. "I had been going to Europe on and off since 1964," he says, "but about 1968, I got fed up with the race hatreds and tensions in the States, so I decided to leave the country. Years ago, it wouldn't have been possible—there wouldn't have been any decent sidemen to play with—but now everything's changed. Regardless of where I am—Paris, London, Amsterdam—I can put together a group of European cats, and in the middle level, there's no longer much difference in quality between European and American musicians. One of Austria's best piano players is Joe Zawinul, whose group, Weather Report, made a big hit in the States."

With jazz schools in Bern, Munich, Stockholm and Graz, Europe is today producing its own crop of jazz virtuosos—musicians whose high art is now accepted more as the rule than as the exception. Indeed, the bands organized by Belgium's Francy Boland are judged by many critics to be superior to the Buddy Rich band in America.

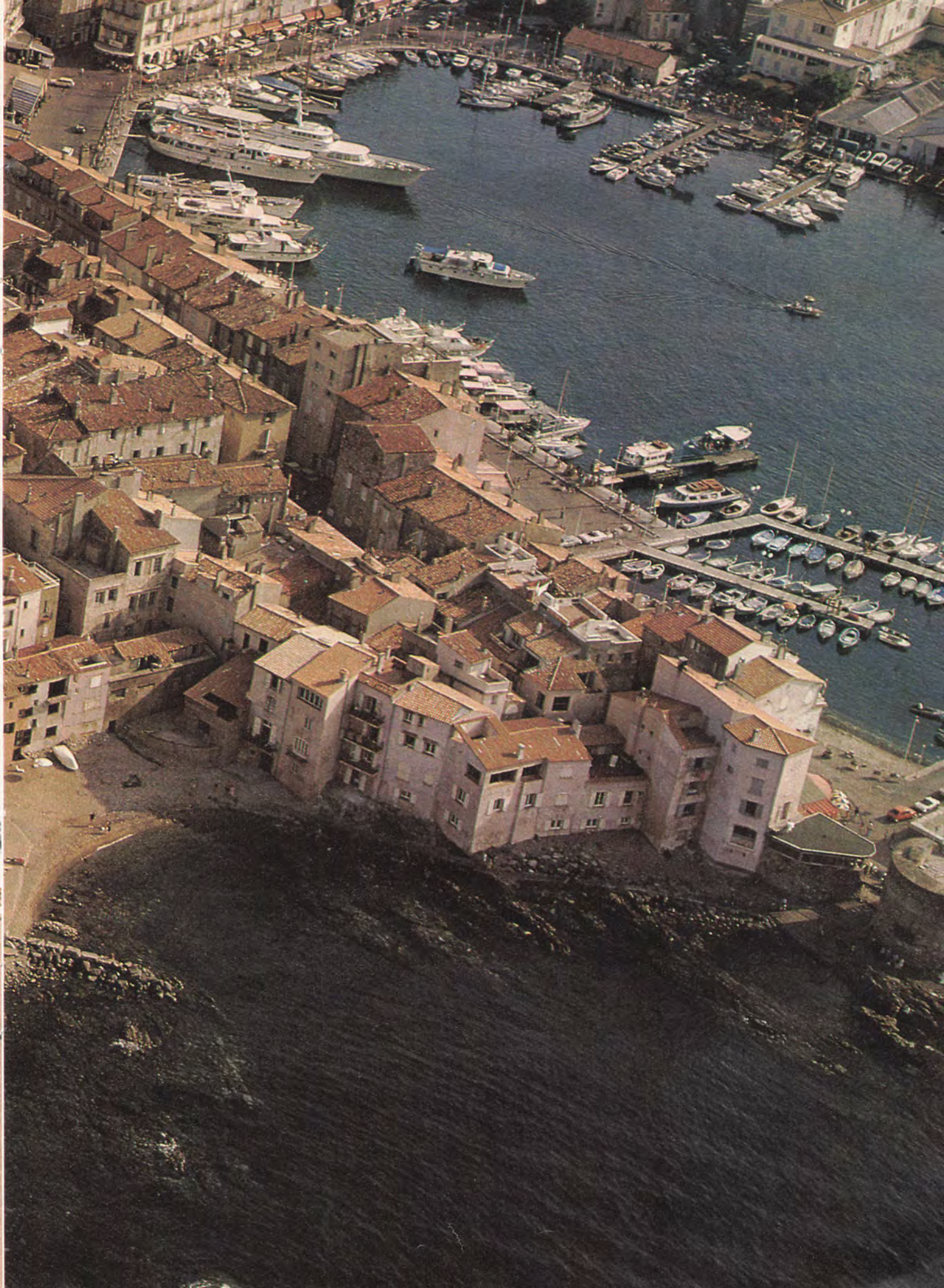
In Sweden alone, there are more than 30 big bands. Admittedly, most of them are heavily dependent on Count Basie's arrangement book for material, but the best of them—the Gugge Hedrenius Big *(Continued on page 92)*

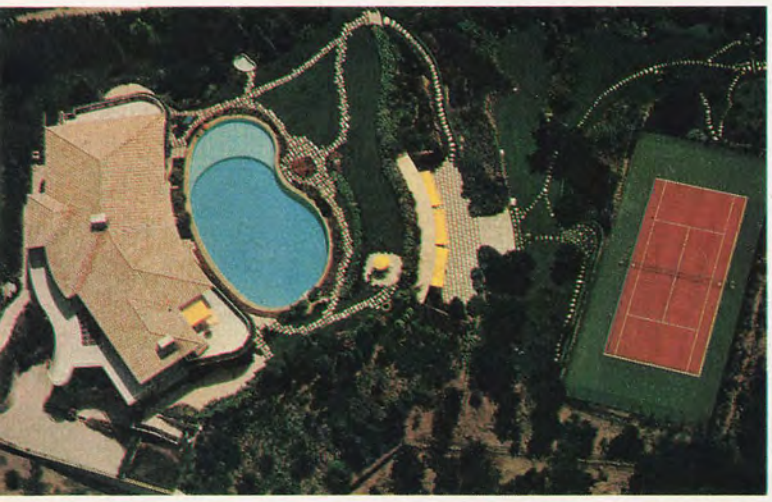
THE WORLD'S SEXIEST BEACH

Viewed from above, St.-Tropez is as lush and seductive as it is from sea level

We flew the helicopter up here with no more elevated purpose than to find pretty girls sunning themselves naked on exotic maritime vessels (above and following pages), and then we caught a glimpse of the "charming 18th Century church"—or so the guidebooks condescendingly call it (shown in the photo at right). God inhabits *here*? Maybe. But even hard-core revivalists complain of having a hard time locating persuasive evidence of *Him* "under a sky so limpid." No question about it. A place this secular has to be St.-Tropez. But who, then, is the Creator? If Bardot hadn't existed, would it have been necessary to invent her? A case is out there, begging to be made, for even at this heady altitude, distilled essence of Bardot and plenty of unseen presence are unmistakable in the atmosphere. Before her (as the pink-stucco vestiges of antiquity remind us), this was a peaceful fishing community, basking in the Mediterranean sun as unfashionably as a Marseilles wino. Then, in 1956, Roger Vadim directed the movie *And God Created Woman*, in the opening

Photography by
Francis Giacobetti





sequence of which Bardot lies cock-teasingly naked on one of the St.-Tropez beaches—experience proclaiming herself as innocence (it is still the fundamental mystique of the place)—and thereby initiating a now nearly 20-year-old struggle between sun-loving naturists and the forces of public decency as manifest in a tiny and sometimes comic police force.

We shall return presently to the struggle between *flics* and nudists, since it constitutes the whole historical dynamic of St.-Tropez, but, for the moment, let us simply

Far left, bottom: One of the most popular villas on the Riviera—its latest occupants, painter Bernard Buffet and his wife, Annabel. Above it, an example of the Seventies style in St.-Tropez architecture: A compact organization of house, tennis court and swimming pool. Left above: These people don't even notice as our helicopter nearly joins their party. Below center: Similar inattention on the part of two swimmers. Could everyone be wearing earplugs? Below left: The *quai* (doubling as Main Street) in the old part of the town.

think of Bardot as the indifferent prime mover (long since retired to a walled villa) and take advantage of our height to survey the world she set in motion. The port is crowded with vessels of Panamanian and Monegasque registry—notable among them, the Doña Pilla I and the Doña Pilla II, a floating his-and-hers set, like other people's hairbrushes. Authentic St.-Tropez luxe: These two yachts steam in at the beginning of the summer social season, parcel the parties between them, then steam out in September. Farther back, there are the great secluded villas of the rich and famous: designers and movie moguls and painters of the kind whose names are household words wherever people have money enough to think of art as an investment. Swooping in, we can pick out the Hotel Byblos, with its free-form fantasy of a swimming pool and granite statue of Leda being raped by the swan (rooms in season edging upward toward $80 a night). Then there are the vast democratic camping grounds

and, beyond them, the diadem of beaches: Tahiti, Pampelonne, l'Escalet and La Bastide-Blanche.

In town, in the evening, svelte *Parisiennes* wear tight T-shirts inscribed with the slogan of the year: LA LIBERATION DES SEINS ("breast liberation"), which is as close as St.-Tropez is likely to come to politics. Who needs politics here? The daily bare-breasting on the beaches (plus bare-assing, wherever privacy can be gathered) has taken on the coloration of religion. It is the quintessential expression of

French narcissism. A tribute to Bardot. The proclamation of self as worshipful object. The police have never been amused. As bikini gave way to monokini, then monokini to nothing, they have, in fact, staged a series of stunning summer offensives, sometimes gathering their evidence from hiding places on the decks of fishing boats, other times from rented helicopters, then levying fines of 500 francs and even an occasional suspended jail sentence. In summer 1975, the traditional social conflicts promise to be warmed over. The only problem: where to observe from. Apart from the obvious vantage point of beaches, OUI recommends a breakfast coffee at Sénéquier tearoom on the old port, a lazy afternoon at the Café des Arts or the Renaissance on the Place des Lices and then evening and early-morning hours at Papagayo, the Caves du Roy *discothèque* in the Hotel Byblos or Régine's New Jimmy'z. Hotels, aside from the Byblos, are the Yaca, La Ponche, the Résidence de la Pinède and a mere half-dozen others. ▣

Near right, above: The Château Schneider, with its tiny solarium and massive turrets, is a legendary survivor of the St.-Tropez of the turn of the century, the era of Segonzac and Colette. Near right: The tents that Gunther Sachs has pitched on a manicured lawn at the edge of a swimming pool. Far right, above: Three locals maintain a tight defensive formation. Bottom right: The Coppertone crew takes turns watching for the police helicopter. Our helicopter didn't bother them, either.

JOHN C. HOLMES *I know some people regard me as a freak, so I have to have a good sense of humor about myself. Bob Hope is confronted with jokes about his nose; I have to take jokes about my dork.*

(Continued from page 68) get mixed reactions. Gays ask for my autograph or want to talk shop. Straight guys who collect my films come up to me on the street and say things like "Really glad to meet you. I've got every one of your movies. Someday they're going to be worth a lot of money as collector's items." Swingers usually come out with something like "I'd like to kill you" or "My old lady can't get it on until she watches your goddamn films." And a lot of guys have told me I've given them a case of penis envy or that they have a really bad complex when I'm around. But it's cool, because they're laughing the whole time.

OUI: Have males ever acted genuinely hostile toward you?

HOLMES: Only when I've been caught fucking their wives. It sounds like a cliché, but once I actually got shot in the leg by a jealous husband on my way out the window. Apart from that kind of situation, I've met only two or three guys who were really hostile. Usually their wives or lovers had seen my films and they had had a really fantastic sex session together after watching me and they were jealous because they suspected that their partners were fantasizing about fucking *me* rather than them. The way I look at it, they should be grateful for whatever help they can get. I heard about a swing group that showed some of my movies at one of its weekly parties and the girls refused to get it on; they just wanted to keep on watching.

OUI: You sound a bit conceited.

HOLMES: I don't mean to, but facts are facts. I was born with a very big cock; that's nothing to congratulate myself for, but it's made me very well known and very popular with women. Maybe I know how to use mine better than most guys use theirs, but I've had a lot more experience than most guys. After all, it's what I do for a living. But it's not just one big ego trip for me; because I'm built the way I am, I know some people regard me as a freak, so I have to have a good sense of humor about myself. Bob Hope is confronted with jokes about his nose; I have to take jokes about my dork.

OUI: Did it cause you any embarrassment while you were growing up?

HOLMES: Oh, yes, especially in the shower room. I used to get a terrible razzing from everyone: "What have *you* been doing?" or "You should be in a side show." I guess I did look a little weird, because at the age of ten, I had very short legs and my cock hung down almost to my knees. After a while, I got so embarrassed about it that I preferred to smell bad all afternoon rather than take a shower.

OUI: Had you started masturbating by that time?

HOLMES: Are you kidding? I'd been fucking for three years. When I was seven, I was sent to Florida to live with a wealthy aunt who traveled most of the time. She left me in the charge of my nursemaid, a gorgeous 18-year-old. She would give me a long, hot bath every night and while she was washing me—especially my genitals—she'd go into explicit detail about every facet of sex: how to give and get head, how to fuck, how to masturbate. Everything! Then, one night in the tub, I got an erection and she sucked me off. Afterward, we went to bed, I got another erection and she showed me how to make love to her. It was fantastic.

OUI: You seem to have had an active imagination as a child.

HOLMES: What do you mean?

OUI: We mean that what you're telling us sounds more like a bad porn novel than a true story.

HOLMES: I know it does, but I had a pornographic prick, even then. My whole life has been as improbable as my cock. Anyway, from then on, we bathed together, slept together and made love almost every night. And during the day, we'd go down to my aunt's private beach and fuck there.

OUI: Did she ever say, "John, you're going to go far"?

HOLMES: Well, she used to laugh and say I had three legs and two feet. It didn't mean anything to me then, but I remember the expression.

OUI: When did you first realize how big you were?

HOLMES: When I was about ten—but before I started taking showers at school. My aunt had just married a very wealthy engineer from England who was a total ass. He made a pass at the nursemaid, my aunt found out about it and fired her and I got sent to Michigan to an aunt and uncle who were considerably poorer; I was used to having allowance money in my pocket, but in Michigan that wasn't possible. I was also used to making love every day and I was horny as hell. Anyway, I started gardening for the wife of a school official and one Saturday, while I was working in her yard, she walked naked past the bedroom window. Then I saw her peeking out from behind the curtain, watching me watch her. When I went into the kitchen later for cookies and milk, she was wearing a housecoat with nothing underneath. I had on tight swim trunks, so it was impossible for me to disguise my erection even by crossing my legs. It was a short walk down the hall to her bedroom.

After that, we had regular Saturday-morning sex sessions while the school official played golf. She was insanely paranoid, though, and always talked about child molestation. Every five minutes, even while we were making love, she'd keep whispering, "Don't mention anything about this to anyone." And I'd keep telling her, between moans, "Relax. Don't worry. I'm not going to say a word." Here I was, a ten-year-old, reassuring a grown woman. She was the one who told me I had a very large penis.

OUI: How big was your penis when you were ten?

HOLMES: About eight inches long—and larger than her husband's. And she told me I made love better than he did, too. She was probably right. After all, I gave very good head to my nursemaid when I was nine. Anyway, our affair ended when I was 12. My wealthy aunt's asshole husband died and she took me to Europe to live with her again. She put me in a private school, where I immediately started to establish a horrible reputation. I must have seduced every girl in my class, with the exception of maybe one or two who were incredibly ugly. Eventually, I got into a regular thing with a pair of sisters from school. Both of their parents worked all day, so every afternoon after classes, I'd go over to their apartment and we'd fuck till dinnertime. We threw a group party once and it was great, but one of the boys told his parents about it and I almost got expelled.

OUI: Did you ever get it on with your aunt?

HOLMES: No, but I used to masturbate about once every other week thinking about her; she was very beautiful. But she had an endless supply of lovers.

OUI: When did she find out about you?

HOLMES: About two years ago. A collection of my films was shown in Cannes in 1973 and she saw some of them there. She wrote me a letter, saying, "You bastard! All those years of giving you an allowance when I should have been collecting your services in exchange." She keeps inviting me to come back to Europe, but I know what's going to happen if I go back, so I don't.

OUI: You've tried everything else; why not make it with your aunt?

HOLMES: Well, I'll admit I'm into a lot of scenes, but incest just isn't one of them.

OUI: How did you get started in porn films?

HOLMES: I was balling a stripper who lived next door to me in L.A. and she asked me if I'd like to earn an easy $100. I'd been driving an ambulance after my hitch in the Army and was low on cash, so I said sure. The next afternoon, when I went to her apartment, the camera and the lights were all set up. I was shocked as hell and it

"Give me a good script around that!"

JOHN C. HOLMES *I love to climax—but I can control it. When I'm shooting and I need a hard-on, I think a hard-on. When I need to be soft, I think it soft.*

took her about two hours to convince me to do it. Besides making some quick cash, I guess the idea of getting on film and becoming an actor is what pushed me into it. Since that first shooting, I've never lacked work. Usually, people who buy pornographic magazines or films to masturbate by want to see new faces—or whatever—so there's a constant turnover. But no producer has ever told me that I'm overexposed.

OUI: Is it true that you can ejaculate practically on cue in front of the camera?

HOLMES: Yes. I love to climax—but I can control it. When I'm shooting and I need a hard-on, I *think* a hard-on. When I need to be soft, I think it soft. And when the scene calls for a climax, I tell the producer to let me know when he's got 45 seconds of film left. Then I wait 15 seconds, climax and the film ends within seconds.

OUI: How do you think a hard-on?

HOLMES: When it's a single shot and I'm alone, I think of someone I've been with. But I don't usually fantasize. When I'm in a scene with someone else, I try to focus on her, so that there's some sort of emotional involvement, so that I'm doing it *with* her rather than *to* her. But if she doesn't turn me on, it's a matter of psyching myself up, so to speak.

OUI: So you've never had trouble with impotence on the screen?

HOLMES: Once. We were shooting in a redwood forest in Northern California. I had already done three come shots when the director spied this 500-foot granite cliff and shouted: "I've got to have a sex scene on that rock!" Well, we had to simulate it. With my knees bleeding and the mosquitoes biting my ass, I couldn't have gotten a hard-on if we'd stayed up there all week.

OUI: How many times have you come in one day?

HOLMES: A few years ago, I had a shooting in a remote mountain cabin. There were five other guys on the set; each of us had one come scene, and the producers wanted to shoot the whole thing in one day. Unfortunately, the five other guys were so stoned they couldn't get it up, and when they did, they couldn't climax. I didn't like working on that flick, because I'm not into dope at all; I don't even take aspirin. Anyhow, the director, who was a woman, was going insane and asked me to do their come shots for them. So I did my come scene, their come scenes and then went out on a trick that night—for a grand total of seven. It turned out to be a very profitable day—$100 for the trick, $300 for a day's shooting and $250 for the five extra comes.

OUI: Are all of your assignments that profitable?

HOLMES: That was an exception. But, generally, I earn more than other porn stars. As a rule, the girl makes twice as much as the guy on a picture. So if she's making $100—which is average—he's making $50. But when I work, I usually get $500 a shooting. And if I don't earn more than the girl, I won't go onto the set. I feel I do more than most of the girls I work with, because often I have to show them how to perform. Therefore, I've got to be worth more. Also, my films sell. That's not bragging; that's just statistics.

OUI: There seems to be a set scenario of domination in most of your films. The girl gives you head, you have intercourse, you withdraw, she gives you head again and then you come all over her face. Are you acting out a latent hostility toward women?

HOLMES: Oh, no. That's the director's trip, not mine. If you see a scene you think is terrible, it's usually an amateur director who's putting his bathroom-masturbation fantasy on film.

OUI: Recently, in an interview for *Screw*, Richard Von Brunt claimed he introduced you to the Hollywood gay hustling scene and accused you of being asexual and a lousy lay, offscreen as well as on.

HOLMES: All I can say is that my whole life is sex and I've never had any complaints. And most of my trade is repeat business.

OUI: But do you *enjoy* it?

HOLMES: When it's purely social—or totally romantic—I *love* it. It's what I live for. But when I'm working, it's mostly just a job—though I'd rather be doing what I do for a living than, say, working at a goddamn desk job. Come to think of it, however, I had this great desk job the other day. I was balling this secretary in her office and——

OUI: Spare us.

HOLMES: OK, but I want to say something about that guy Von Brunt. In that article for *Screw*, he wrote that when I screwed his wife I wore boxer shorts. Not only have I never met him *or* his wife but I've never worn boxer shorts in my life.

OUI: Are you part of the Hollywood hustling scene?

HOLMES: Not the street scene. And my gun is for hire only to women. I can appreciate the male body as the counterpart of the female body, but I wouldn't want to take something like my body to bed. And I don't need the money that badly, either.

OUI: How much do you charge?

HOLMES: Whatever the woman can afford, but generally $100 a hit. Usually, they don't pay me immediately but send a check in the mail a few days later. As a general rule, I don't like to trick working-class girls, because they've got furniture payments, car payments and rent to keep up with. They'd have to dip into their pin money to take me to bed.

OUI: So you do it for free?

HOLMES: Yes, if I like a girl well enough. But, basically, my type of trick is the older, independently wealthy woman. There *is* one older woman I'd take to bed for free, though. She's the judge who refused to try a film-related oral-copulation case on the grounds that she and her husband engage in similar activity in the privacy of their home. I don't even know what she looks like, but I don't care.

OUI: How much do you make per week from those you *do* charge for your services?

HOLMES: The important thing isn't how much I make but how much pleasure I bring to those I serve. And it's none of your fuckin' business, anyway.

OUI: How do you connect with your tricks?

HOLMES: I get a lot through friends and referrals. Wealthy women will be sitting around, talking about their sex lives, and one of my clients will say, "Listen, I'm tired of your being so fucking miserable with that jack-off husband of yours. I've got a lover and, believe it or not, I pay him." The other woman is shocked, she asks how it came about and she'll usually be having dinner with me a few nights later.

OUI: Don't the women you make love to ever get jealous and try to keep you to themselves?

HOLMES: A few do. But they make things so heavy for me that I have to drop them.

OUI: Is it always bad marital sex that brings you business?

HOLMES: No. A lot of my clients are single, divorced, widowed or just bored. And many are prominent people who simply want to avoid publicity. They use me in private, because if they're linked with any man in public, the happy couple's picture appears in next month's scandal magazines. Then again, some of my women are so rich and powerful that they don't give a damn about their reputation.

OUI: What's the age group you trick most?

HOLMES: That's hard to say, because they run the gamut. The youngest trick I ever had was 21, and she almost got me killed. Her father, who's half owner of a casino hotel in Las Vegas, flew her from Boston to Vegas to celebrate her birthday and gave her $5000 credit in the cage to *(Continued on page 114)*

BROTHELS of the WORLD

Photography by James Baes

FIVE GOOD REASONS WHY THERE SHOULDN'T BE A LAW

The whorehouse is an ancient institution, as venerable as it is venereal. It has weathered puritans and progressives alike and survived sexual, as well as political, revolutions. It flourishes in prosperity and endures hard times. It is as universal as sex itself (which means that all bawdy houses are essentially alike); yet, as pasta differs from rice, it reflects the individual character of nations. Mixing fact and fantasy, photographer James Baes re-created five of the world's great brothels for us in his studio. First stop: the banks of the Seine.

PARIS: Here we are on the Rue St.-Denis; it's every American boy's dream of risk-free promiscuity. There are no pimps noising around in dark glasses and Chrysler Imperials—no ugly social forces. The girls seem to choose this life of their own free will, and the cops would sooner die than see them lose the right to sell their bodies—if that's what soothes their vanity. Until recently, the Paris central markets were only a block away; now they're in a suburb. Chic restaurants have replaced them. We're seeing a neighborhood in transition. The hookers lend continuity.

THESE ROMAN
HOOKERS
ARE HIGHLY
SKILLED
PROFESSIONALS

ROME: Now we're at the Baths of Caracalla. Once, 1600 bathers could crowd in here together. But in the Sixth Century, the Goths cut off the aqueducts, and a lot of Romans got stuck with soap all over them. Gibbon says that the baths contributed to the decline and fall. What did Gibbon know? Today, the baths are the world's grandest outdoor bordello. In crisp weather, the girls set fires in rubbish receptacles, which is one way of disposing of rubbish and, at the same time, staying warm enough for an occasional flash. Customers come in cars. Romans are a good-natured people who laugh a lot and eat their pasta with gusto. That's why Roman prostitution is so much fun.

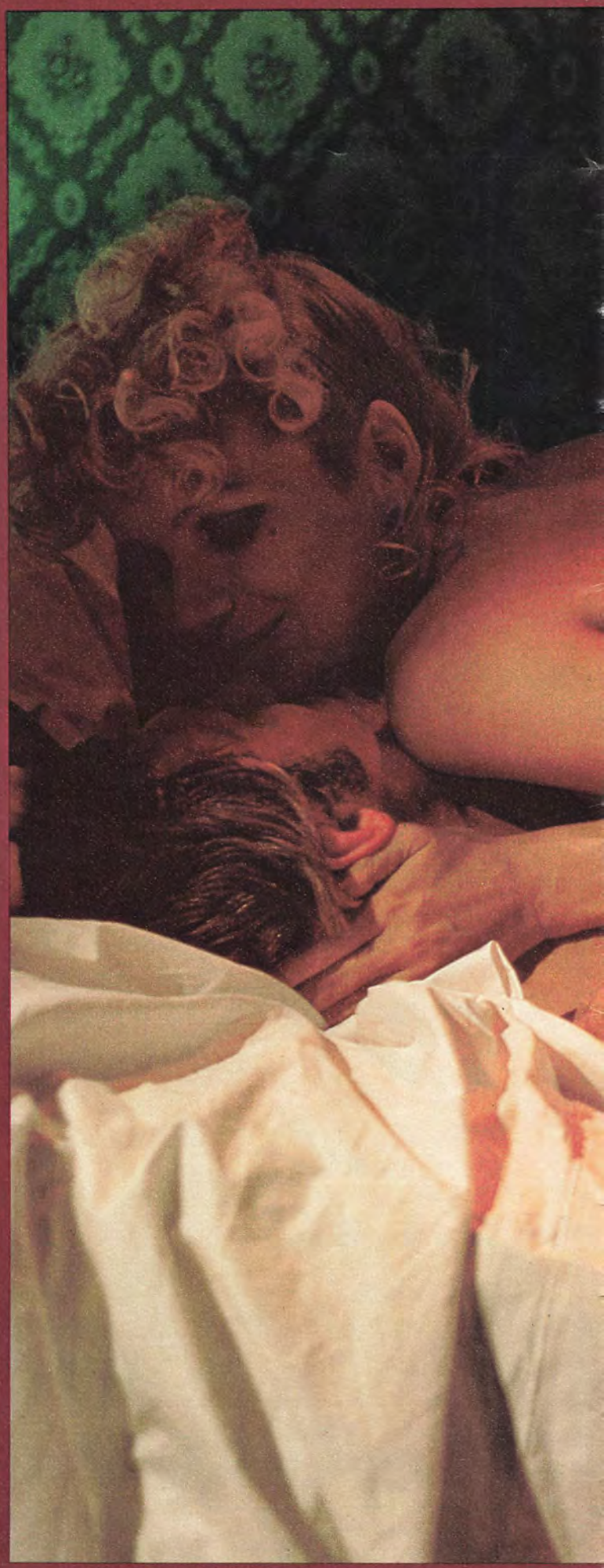
BOMBAY is shown at left, and we should thank the tommy-rot British for what we see. They came with an armful of Kipling and got the *Kama Sutra* in exchange. It was a good deal, though they didn't know it at first. (The Brits were a little high-minded, wot?) It took some decades of contact with an alien culture to get them out of the noonday sun and into the boudoir, where they were happier. Well, India had time to kill. It was already working on its third millennium—and the girls have always been patient. The three lovely courtesans on this page, for example, are just hanging around the shop, waiting for customers. In their minds, the fierce Indian struggle between sensuality and asceticism rages, and asceticism is down for the count. But they don't chatter about it, because their religion says that sex is a yoga and yoga is discipline. These girls deliver.

HOLLAND (right) is a funny little country, about the size of New Jersey. The houses here have giant picture windows. This is not so that insiders can see out but so that outsiders can see in and be assured that nothing untoward is going on. It's a voluntary submission to social control, and it means that the more sinister forms of same can be dispensed with. But wait. Here we are on the Oude Zijds Voorburgwal, in the old commercial city of Amsterdam. Behind us, there is a canal. In front, a plate glass

IN BOMBAY AND IN AMSTERDAM, MANY OF THE GIRLS HAVE DEGREES IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

THIS IS HOLLAND, BUT IT'S NO DUTCH TREAT; PROS CHARGE FOR THEIR SERVICES

window and a cozy Dutch interior. Everything's clean as a whistle, and the pattern on the wall is regular enough to have satisfied the craving for order of certain neurotic 17th Century painters. Clara, a prostitute, sits in a comfortably padded armchair. So do her neighbors up and down the quay and even into the narrow Begijnensteeg Alley. We are tempted to conclude that this is a colossal joke at the expense of the middle classes—a huge goof, like pop art, meant to turn the middle-class mind into scrambled eggs. But we are crediting our little Clara with more mischievousness than she's likely to be guilty of. She's only a humble working girl, dreaming of star dust and silver skates. She's got no ideology, no social theory. She just wants her customers to feel at home. This is how business works in Holland: Our Clara sits at her window, being watched by the passing world. Gentlemen strollers ogle her and sometimes stop to make an obscene gesture or two. Clara doesn't rile. She waits patiently for one serious shopper to signal his interest. She rises. She comes to the door. For a moment, they bluff and haggle. The gentleman steps inside, and Clara shuts the curtains. With so many flower children still climbing freely into and out of sleeping bags at the Vondelpark, the O.Z. Voorburgwal would dry up and die if there weren't a thrill in paying for it.



THIS THAI GIRL IS AN EXPERT IN DOUBLE-ENTRY BOOKKEEPING

BANGKOK: Patpong Road is the greatest fleshpot in the Orient. The girls here really know how to take care of a man. They don't just take him from soft through hard to soft again, then send him on his way, as if that's all there is to a commercial transaction. They know that a man is more than a penis. And that's why they start with steam, then throw in some precious oils, massage a little and even walk on a man's back if they have to. The girl on this page has reduced her visitor to raw sensation; now she's ready to get down to business.

HOW EUROPE STOLE OUR JAZZ *With its superior critics, superior jazz magazines and numerous festivals, Europe has become an essential part of the promotional build-up for any American star.*

(Continued from page 72) Blues Band, the Hässleholm Big Band and the Umea Big Band—work from their own material and turn out musicians good enough to compete with the Americans—in some cases, replacing them.

Example: Stan Getz says that the sidemen he has played with in Europe—Frenchmen Eddy Louiss, Henri Texier and Bernard Lubat, on organ, bass and drums, respectively, and the late René Thomas, of Belgium, on guitar—are among the best he's ever known.

Example: Tony Bennett was one of the first big-time stars to hire a British pianist—Ralph Sharon—and he traveled with British drummer Kenny Clare.

Example: The great Oscar Peterson hired Briton Ray Price on drums and Dane Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen on bass, calling the latter the greatest bass player in the world.

About 11 years ago, when European jazz musicians realized that they were making an impact in their field, they began to form an organization called the European Jazz Federation. A member of the International Music Council of UNESCO, the federation is made up of educators, journalists, musicians, composers, publishers and producers, who feel that it is no longer important to distinguish between American and non-American jazz and even less between so-called black and so-called white music.

The members represent every major country in Europe and are responsible for a number of useful publications—a guide to European jazz clubs, a series of educational textbooks and the magazine *Jazz Forum*. In addition, the federation's education division has achieved substantial success in its efforts to promote jazz through the public schools of the various countries.

Lance Tschannen, founder and president of the federation, told *Jazz Forum* magazine, "We have already established a community of people of the same spirit who have become friends, in many instances close friends, to the extent that when they have questions or problems they do not hesitate to call one another. Bridges are being built between one country and another, bridges of information, too, because it is easier now to find out what is happening in jazz for a man who lives in Italy, if he can simply call on a colleague in the European Jazz Federation in Finland, and have him say a few words about what is going on—and maybe send him the latest record."

Sadly, no organization of equal clout exists in the U. S., where jazz advocacy is left to loose-knit and poorly financed organizations, such as the Jazz Interactions and Jazz Museum groups of New York. Additional support is negligible.

In Europe, state subsidies for jazz musicianship are common—in England, through the Arts Council; in France, through the local houses of culture; and in Sweden, through the Institute for National Concerts. Of course, there still isn't enough money to go around, but many European musicians at least get a crack at financial stability. "And don't forget socialized medicine," adds Art Taylor. "Hell, that's subsidization, too."

Even the grudging support the U. S. Government gives to jazz is felt more in Europe than in America. According to George Wein, a chunky Buddha of a man who alternately manages festival projects in Mexico, Japan and Newport and all-star tours of a half-dozen European countries, "The State Department defrays some of our costs because it knows jazz helps America's image abroad. The viability of the tours can be found in the tremendous receptions we receive, especially in the eastern countries. In this respect, Government support of jazz has proved to be really worth while."

Of course, it isn't the propaganda value of jazz that interests European governments but, rather, the fact that it is a means of attracting tourists. European jazz fans will travel great distances to hear an American star and, like any other tourists, they spend money in the places they visit. In contrast to the United States, where there are only three or four major jazz festivals a year, Europe, quick to seize a new money-making opportunity, has more than 50, most of them staged with tourist-bureau sanction and assistance.

Only last summer, Wein, in collaboration with French International Show Enterprises, organized a week-long Grande Parade du Jazz in Nice, pulling into that seaside resort more than 30,000 food-buying, hotel-sleeping, casino-gambling visitors, much to the delight of the local merchants.

Holed up in Marbella, Spain, of all places, is Victor Ogilvie, who once managed drummer Chico Hamilton. He, too, has found the European demand for jazz highly remunerative: He now has his own booking agency and is virtually in a competition-free situation. "There's no question that the Europeans have the money," he says. "Last summer, I held a two-day festival in the bull ring and we sold out. Here on the Costa del Sol, there are all kinds of millionaires and vacation people. They can afford any talent I can find. If Liza Minnelli can get $150,000 for three days—which she did recently in Marbella, with seats selling for $90—then the territory is wide open for good jazz performers."

Historically, jazz has made big money for everyone but the performers, and Europe seems to be correcting even that. With its superior critics, superior jazz magazines and numerous festivals, Europe has become an essential part of the promotional build-up for any American star. In recent years, having the line "Recorded at Montreux" on an album, for example, has made the difference between an average-selling recording and a hit. Indeed, the Montreux festival has, in just eight years, become *numero uno* in Europe, if not in the world. Credit belongs to Claude Nobs, the enormously talented former assistant director of the Montreux tourist office. Like Newport, Rhode Island, Montreux experienced maximum affluence around the turn of the century. After World War Two, it was visited mostly by old English ladies and retired couples and needed something to attract younger tourists. So Nobs started talking about his dream of a jazz festival and, eventually, it won acceptance—though the town coffers were unable to support the event. To help raise the required capital, Nobs brought in television and recording companies, which today sponsor on-the-spot taping sessions, thereby taking on a considerable part of the festival costs. In addition, indirect promotional support came from Swissair, which now has the reputation of being the hippest airline aloft, offering its passengers an audio channel devoted exclusively to jazz, frequently from Montreux.

"I've tried to make Montreux slightly different from other festivals," says Nobs, whose friendly resort town has never known a beer-can-throwing riot like the one that forced jazz out of Newport in 1971. "We're attempting to create a total atmosphere for jazz with lots of additional activities. Besides the concerts, we have a record collectors' exchange, a musical-instruments fair, old jazz films and TV footage from past festivals, as well as art and photo exhibitions. We hope to make the city a 24-hour happening every festival day."

And a happening it is.

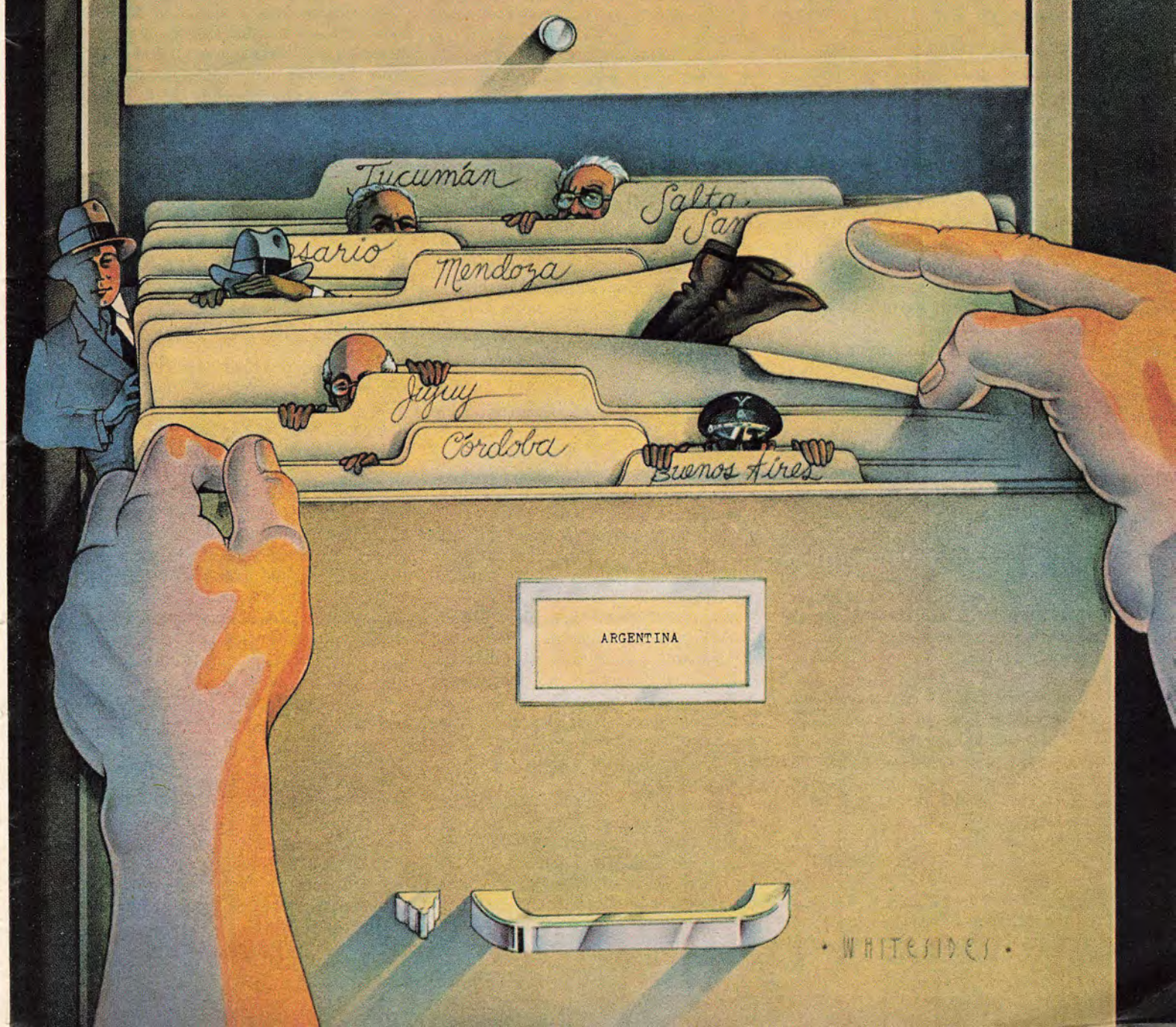
Last summer's festival opened with four days of blues and Gospel performed by the Stars of Faith, Champion Jack Dupree, singer Helen Humes and others. Then came a string of jazz greats: Earl "Fatha" Hines, Eddie Vinson, Jay McShann, Cecil Taylor, Roland Hanna, Randy Weston, the Thad Jones–Mel *(Continued on page 116)*

THE ODESSA FILE REOPENED

THE MAN WHO GOT ADOLF EICHMANN STILL HAS A SCORE TO SETTLE: HE WANTS THE BUTCHER OF RIGA AND EVERY OTHER LIVING NAZI

ARTICLE BY ALAN LEVY

First, let us hear the testimony of Lord Russell of Liverpool in Frederick Forsyth's novel *The Odessa File.* "Have you ever heard of Simon Wiesenthal?" he asks. "He lives in Vienna. Jewish chap, came from Polish Galicia originally. Spent four years in a series of concentration camps, twelve in all. Decided to spend the rest of his days tracking down wanted Nazi criminals. No rough stuff, mind you. He just keeps collating all the information about them he can get; then, when he's convinced he has found one, usually living under a false name—not always—he informs the police. If they don't act, he gives a press conference and puts them in a spot. Needless to say, he's not terribly popular with officialdom in either Germany or Austria. He reckons they are not doing enough to bring known Nazi murderers to book, let alone to chase the hidden ones. The former SS hate his guts and have tried to kill him a couple of times; the bureaucrats wish he would leave them



ODESSA FILE REOPENED *Like many Austrians, Silberbauer couldn't understand what the fuss was about: "Why pick on me after all these years?" he wanted to know. "I only did my duty."*

alone, and a lot of other people think he's a great chap and help him where they can."

No fiction: In the past three decades, the real-life Simon Wiesenthal has been responsible for the court trials of 1100 important Nazis—among them, Adolf Eichmann; he's made a lot of other Nazis uncomfortable. More about Eichmann later.

This is how Wiesenthal got into the novel: In his 1967 memoir, *The Murderers Among Us*, he had devoted a chapter to the *Organisation der Ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen* (the Organization of Former SS Members): ODESSA. A few years later, ex–Reuters correspondent Forsyth asked to base a thriller on it. Wiesenthal agreed, but on a condition—"Use a real Nazi," he said, "so that not only Simon Wiesenthal is searching for him but the readers of your book are, too." In the end, Forsyth walked off with the file of Captain Eduard Roschmann, the Butcher of Riga concentration camp, and incorporated the man's real crimes into the fictional diary of Salomon Tauber. Roschmann is on Wiesenthal's list of the 50 most wanted Nazi criminals and is now living in South America, which is just about where Forsyth's closing pages leave him.

Wiesenthal explains his cooperation with Forsyth this way: "While Roschmann's crimes rate a volume or two in themselves, if one did a historical book about him, it would be read by a maximum of 5000 people and 4000 of those would be Jews. But, through a thriller, we put across all that we knew about Roschmann and reached an audience that normally refuses to hear about such things."

The result: Readers—and now moviegoers—occasionally recognize Roschmann, as he travels about South America. In La Paz, Bolivia, an American woman recently asked him for an autograph. Wiesenthal would be happier to see his man in custody, but, for the moment, he is reveling in the misery he's caused.

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Rudolfsplatz in Vienna, the home of Wiesenthal's Jewish Documentation Center, is an undistinguished inner-city square with an unappetizing playground at the center of it and no children evident. On one side, the yellow letters SILBERBAUER spell out the name of a clothing store. They are no relation, the textile Silberbauers, to the Gestapo officer who arrested Anne Frank in Amsterdam and dispatched her to her death at the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. But the sign is a constant reminder to Wiesenthal—this time of a success—and Wiesenthal, in turn, stokes up the conscience of the world.

In 1958, in Linz (the town where 12 years earlier Wiesenthal had founded the Documentation Center), a riot broke out during a stage performance of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. High school students in the balcony of the Landestheater shouted "Traitors! Swindlers!" and showered the audience with leaflets. "This play is a fraud," their manifesto read. "Anne Frank never existed. Jews have invented the whole story because they want to extort more restitution money. Don't believe a word of it! It's a fake."

In an argument with one boy, Wiesenthal felt especially frustrated. Parents and schoolteachers apparently had been saying that Nazi gas chambers were used only for disinfecting clothes. It was a cowardly, but effective, way of coming to terms with their past. Wiesenthal wasn't going to be able to prove that Anne Frank had existed unless he produced the man who arrested her. But the only lead was Paul Kraler's vague mention of "a Viennese SS man named Silvernagl" (Kraler had sheltered the Frank family in the attic of their own export firm). And even this didn't help much, because the Austrians pointed out that Silvernagl isn't an Austrian name.

Over the years, Wiesenthal tracked down more than 100 Silbernagels, a somewhat different spelling, and then he turned to Silbertalers, also to no avail. In 1963, however, on a flight from Amsterdam to Vienna, he was thumbing through a 20-year-old phone book of the Gestapo in the Netherlands—it is one of his habits to read local telephone directories, whenever he's on the road—and there, under IV B 4, Eichmann's special section for rounding up and transporting Jews, he came across a name that engaged his interest: It was Silberbauer.

Wiesenthal knew that many officers in IV B 4 had been recruited from police departments, so he started with the half-dozen Silberbauers on the police force in Vienna. And in late 1963, inspector Karl Silberbauer was suspended from the force for his role in Anne Frank's arrest—"pending investigation and possible prosecution."

Like many Austrians, Silberbauer couldn't understand what the fuss was about: "Why pick on me after all these years?" he wanted to know. "I only did my duty. We've just bought some new furniture, on installment, and now they suspend me. How am I going to pay for the furniture?"

A Dutch journalist asked Silberbauer in an interview: "Don't you feel sorry about what you did?"

"Sure, I feel sorry. Sometimes I feel downright humiliated. Now, each time I take a streetcar I have to buy a ticket, just like everyone else. I can no longer show my service pass."

"And what about Anne Frank? Have you read her diary?"

Silberbauer shrugged. "Bought the little book to see whether I'm in it. I'm not."

Silberbauer had been denazified in 1952 and, in any case, had merely obeyed orders, so the Austrian authorities exonerated him of official guilt and transferred him to a less visible police post in the identification laboratory. That was all right with Wiesenthal. "Silberbauer doesn't matter at all," he says. "He was the smallest needle in that haystack of Nazis I live with. Compared with the other names in my files, he is a nobody, a zero. But the figure before the zero was Anne Frank, and, by finding Silberbauer, I convinced that boy in Linz that Anne Frank actually existed."

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When the U. S. Army liberated him in May 1945 from the death block at Mauthausen, Wiesenthal weighed 90 pounds. "I've been liberated seven times," he says. "By Cossacks, Ukrainians, Poles, Germans, Austrians, the Red Army and the U. S. Army." The German liberation was the nastiest. The Russians had demoted him from architect to mechanic in a bedspring factory; next he was shuffled off to a concentration camp, then back to the east Galician town of Lvov to do forced labor in a locomotive works. When the so-called "final solution of the Jewish question" was imminent, he smuggled his wife, Cyla, into civilian life in Warsaw, but his own troubles were only beginning. By the end of the war, he had survived a dozen concentration camps and a death march across Central Europe as an SS hostage. He had also tried to kill himself twice, after being singled out for "special treatment" by a German sadist who called him "my little child." In 1943, he had stood naked at the rim of a sand pit, while a machine gunner mowed down Jews around him—54 of them, to celebrate Hitler's 54th birthday; Wiesenthal was excused at the last minute because he hadn't finished painting a sign reading WE LOVE OUR FÜHRER. But then he was told by a fellow prisoner that Cyla had died in a German flame-thrower attack, after the Warsaw uprising.

In fact, *(Continued on page 119)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAIN LESAUX

LOVE SOUNDS

English-speaking women in the throes of orgasm say such things as "I'm coming, I'm coming," or "I'm going, I'm going," or "Buzz off, creep." What do other women say in similar circumstances? Are love sounds universal, or does each language have its idiomatic specialties? Finding the answers to these challenging questions was clearly a job for OUI's crack team of far-flung correspondents. Here are their un-far-flung reports.

GERMANY • *I'm going to come soon! Screw! Fuck! Shoot one into me! I'm dizzy! I'm dying! I'm. . . not . . .on . . . the . . . pill!*

FRANCE • *Don't stop! Don't stop! Harder. You're doing it to me, you're doing it to me, you're doing it to me!*

KOREA • *Darling! Darling! I don't understand this, I don't understand this. Oh, I'm dying!*

DENMARK • *What a nice prick you have. You are, cancer eat me, a wonderful fuck. Thanks for the fuck.*

RUSSIA • *Fuck me, my wild one, deeper, faster, I want more of it. Don't come!*

HOLLAND • *Fuck me, fuck me, fucking with you is like bicycling to the moon. Fuck me high and hard, please, I'm going to break your pencil.*

BRAZIL • *Ah! What a hard thing! You're going to kill me! Yes, put it all in! Yes, yes, yesss! What a tasty fuck! Don't stop now! Wait for me, wait for me! More, more, more. Now!!!*

CZECHOSLOVAKIA • *Come here, I want to smoke your bird. Fuck me, fuck me, comrade! I will get you a job at the train station. Faster, faster! Make it, make it! Come, come! Ah, ah, ahhhh!*

ITALY • *You're so big! Stay in deep, split me, let me feel your cock in my fig, you shit! Harder still, still harder, my love! Oh, God! I can see stars! My God, I'm coming!*

INDIA • *Ohhhh. Please stop! Mother, please stop! That was good. Very good!*

AGE OF AQUARIUS *That was the message of Kennedy's death. History was something close to us, and we were close to one another. We could make history.*

(Continued from page 46) time all pointed to the same thing. The stricken face of Jackie Kennedy, the caisson, the bier, the sudden yelp of pain from Oswald as Jack Ruby's bullets slammed into his belly: These pictures and the emotions that went with them drew us together and made us self-conscious. They made us begin to realize that a new community (a community to whom the styleless figure of Lyndon Johnson was already an affront) had been born.

That was the message of Kennedy's death. History was something close to us, and we were close to one another. We could *make* history. Within a year, we started to. The Mississippi summer project, the free-speech movement, swinging London, Dylan, the Beatles: They were all expressions, we believed, of our will to change, our drive to drag history out of the past and make it a thing of the future, our thing.

What kind of change we wanted—cultural or political—we didn't really know. But it didn't seem to matter. Nor did it matter that the music and the movements weren't really made by us at all but by the talented and the driven among us. We thought of ourselves by now as The Young, a sort of government in exile, and everything done by someone young, we assumed, was done for and by and in the name of all of us. It was only natural to appropriate for ourselves what we saw around us: the fierce liberalism of those who went South, the militance of those who would not be "spindled or mutilated" by Berkeley and the gaiety and brass of *Roll Over, Beethoven* and *The Times They Are A-Changing*. We wanted no part of the disgusting special-interest politics that had snuffed out Kennedy, whatever the time-serving Warren Commission said to the contrary, and had snuffed out with him the hopes that, in death, we had made him carry for us. We wanted no part of our parents' cowardly business as usual, which had created a world with no place in it for us except as apprentices to their conformity. We sure as hell, we said, weren't shopping at *that* company store. And to demonstrate that we meant to be what the media said we were, to show that we had the courage of our borrowed convictions, we became tough-talking rebels, not above a profanity or two. We grew our hair a few careful inches. And we turned up the volume on our record players. We were making ourselves visible to Us; we were throwing down the gauntlet to Them.

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I was a young television reporter in London during those days. In that capacity, I should have seen that swinging London, which was the first place the

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SIXTIES a high score means you're living in the wrong decade

answers on page 100

1. Who or what are the following?
   A. Patricia Krenwinkel
   B. The Grand Boo Hoo
   C. Mescalito
   D. *The Sot-Weed Factor*
   E. The Hog Farm
   F. Hela, Goddess of Death
   G. Whiteman and Fritz
2. What are the original names of the following?
   A. Imamu Ameer Baraka
   B. Tiny Tim
   C. Viva
   D. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
   E. Baba Ram Dass
   F. Ringo Starr
   G. Queen Palden Thondup Namgyal
   H. Pelé
3. With whom do you associate the following weapons?
   A. Cattle prod
   B. Silver hammer
   C. Sawed-off billiard cue
   D. Carcano mail-order rifle
   E. Ax handle
4. What do the following have in common?
   A. Rita, Sadie, Prudence, Lucy and Michelle
   B. *The Great Speckled Bird*, *The Kaleidoscope*, *The Distant Drummer*, *The Open City* and *The Georgia Straight*
   C. James, Pat, Jimmy, Rap and Norman O
   D. Ramona, Corrina, Gypsy Lou and Peggy Day
5. *Black Power.* Who said the following?
   A. "Violence is as American as cherry pie"
   B. "When a Negro marries a white, the children are usually spotted"
   C. "Say it loud. I'm black and I'm proud"
   D. "I waited around till the lunch counter finally integrated . . . and then they didn't have what I wanted"
   E. "You can't wait for them to call you up to bat. You just step up there and say 'I want to bat, sumbitch' "
6. *The women's movement.*
   A. Who said "The only alliance I would make with the women's liberation movement is in bed"?
   B. What would-be assassin wrote "Women . . . don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy"?
   C. What famous meeting broke up when a Black Panther made a speech about pussy power?
   D. Who said "The only position for women in SNCC is prone"?
   E. What famous bomber said "I never trust a man unless I've got his pecker in my pocket"?
7. *Interlude of ems.* Who or what are the following?
   A. Mr. Kite
   B. Mr. Laffs
   C. Milo Minderbinder
   D. Merkin Muffley
   E. MIRV
   F. The Up Against the Wall: Motherfuckers
   G. Charlotte Moorman
   H. The Marigold initiative
   I. Mic-Mac
8. *Gone and forgotten.* Who are the following?
   A. Sandy Shaw
   B. Clay Shaw
   C. Virgil Grissom
   D. James Meredith
   E. Billy Sol Estes
   F. Rudi Gernreich
   G. Emmett Grogan
   H. Mario Savio
   I. Max Yasgur
9. *Dope.*
   A. Who sang "It's my life. It's my wife," and what is *it*?
   B. Who said "Chemistry is applied theology"?
   C. What is a Jones?

young took over, carried in the heart of its good times a warning. It was only partly real. What had happened was that American expatriates in the early Sixties had discovered how cheap and merry the city was, compared with Manhattan. And they had taken to writing such persuasive accounts of all the hip virtues of the place that even the English finally believed them. By 1965, if you were in London, there was nothing to do but swing. The young and the media, in other words, quickly became parasitic on each other.

This didn't mean that it wasn't fun. The young had money, and because there were a lot of them, they had clout. They could make things happen. They could make record stores, for instance, and *discothèques* and cellar clubs and Carnaby Street and copy. But it was fun of a rather self-conscious kind. How you presented yourself became important. Mary Quant's store on King's Road was always full of people looking for a new fancy dress for their Saturday-afternoon *passeggiata* before the cameras of German and Japanese television. And by the time the media gave to the young of London the focus they needed for their sense of alienation—the idea of the counterculture—the pattern was set. What was one day an individual's ingenuity and invention became a universal cliché the next, adulterated by imitation. "I was you and you were me and we were all together." When I came to America in 1965, with my long hair and my fancy duds, I was everywhere asked if I was a Beatle or what. And it was hard not to give in to the temptation to autograph books with the signature John Lennon or Mick Jagger. My offstage performance was as good as theirs, and the brittle passion of their music said as much about my state of mind as it did about theirs. Besides, we were guests at the same feast and wore the same costumes.

The trouble with London's revolution was that it was one of style alone. It was all London had to offer. After a while, it could no longer accommodate the media, which were always mutely urging the revolution to be like it was, *only more so*. And London could no longer accommodate its own young, who were clamoring for new roles to satisfy both the media and their own demands for real, rather than imaginary, change. So the scene inevitably shifted to a place of political substance, to the United States, and the young of London and elsewhere learned to write into the heart of their performance two American subroles, those of the radical and the hippie.

These were the days of the death of Malcolm X, the destruction of Watts, the Berkeley Vietnam Day Committee, the SDS Economic Research and Action Project, the San Francisco Tripps Festival, the busting of Ken Kesey and the canonization of Timothy Leary. At first, America had, for the most part, followed the English mode; the mass of America's middle-class young had fought no more than battles of style. Now history or the media had given us new arenas: the universities and the ghettos (the impulse to change society) and dope (the impulse to build communities of our own). All were in the news increasingly, and from the archetypes the news made of them, we borrowed what we wanted to confect the particular elements of our own individual style. What this meant in practice was that the rich (those who hadn't been left behind in the role of young and beautiful, endlessly preparing for a grand entrance at places like Ondine's or Le Club in New York) took to the exclusivity of acid and guru worship; the young on the next rung down the money ladder took to politics, if they admired their own intelligence, or to the festoons and fringes of hippiedom, if they admired their own looks; and the blue-collar young, who had, for the most part, more important things to think about—like survival—promoted the things that separated them from the ferment going on among the children of the middle class. If they were not part of the movement, they became marauders and toughs, boozers and pill freaks, the celebrants of *machismo*; and if they were, they fell naturally into the role of The Most Authentic among us, the jealous keepers of our conscience.

These were our rites of passage, the people we chose to be. Each carried within himself a demand for change. Each had his own supportive community. All, we thought in the spring of 1966, stood more or less on the same side. We were New Men, a New Model Army: That was the message McLuhan brought down from Media Mountain and that was the way we thought of ourselves—as new and as models. Everything we did that year, from listening to the Beatles to demonstrating, was charged with meaning. Hippie, radical, actor, writer, militant and flower child, we had started the countdown for the

D. What does STP stand for?
E. Who said "In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms"?

10. *Movies.* Who played the following?
A. Octavian (in *Cleopatra*); and who was the original choice for the part of Anthony?
B. The Magnificent Seven
C. Rooster Cogburn
D. Cool Hand Luke
E. Otley
F. Willie Boy
G. Cat Ballou
H. The Left-Handed Gun
I. Irma La Douce
J. Spartacus
K. Dr. No
L. Mickey One
M. John and Mary
N. Tom Jones

11. *Miscellaneous.*
A. What famous Sixties film ended with the words "We blew it"?
B. Who sang "Things they do look awful cold./Hope I die before I get old"?
C. Whose *Homage to New York* destroyed itself?
D. Who asked "How does it feel to be without a home, like a complete unknown?"
E. Whose middle name is Bishara?

12. *Vietnam.*
A. Who said "People ask me who my heroes are. I have only one. Hitler. . . . We need four or five Hitlers in Vietnam"?
B. What brotherhood sent a telegram to Lyndon Johnson, offering to fight behind Viet Cong lines?
C. What U. S. officer sent Christmas cards with the message "Peace on Earth" over a picture of dismembered corpses?
D. What was the name of the young Quaker who burned himself to death on the steps of the Pentagon?

13. *Art and fashion.*
A. Who originated the LOVE logo used on a stamp and found in every headshop?
B. Who invented the miniskirt?
C. Who originated the white boot?
D. Who was Betsey Johnson?
E. Who made a kapok hamburger?
F. Who started fun furs?

14. *Film music.* Who recorded the following sound tracks?
A. *For the Love of Ivy*
B. *Goldfinger*
C. *You're a Big Boy Now*
D. *Never on Sunday*
E. *In the Heat of the Night*

15. *In flickering black and white.* Who are the following?
A. Steve Kiley
B. Todd and Buzz
C. James T. Kirk
D. Della Street
E. Richard Kimball
F. Jed Clampett
G. Joe Cartwright
H. Ernestine

16. *Last interlude.* Who or what are the following?
A. *V*
B. M
C. H
D. *a*
E. O
F. *Z*
G. Sam the Plumber
H. Laszlo Kovacs
I. Kerista
J. John Froines
K. Saruman
L. Bao Dai
M. Michael Hollingshead
N. The Establishment
O. "In the basement, mixing up the medicine"

—JO DURDEN-SMITH

separate revolutions that each of us inchoately wanted. History, one way or another, was ours.

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What we didn't see, of course, then or for a long time afterward, was that the interests of the radical and the hippie and the rest never really coincided. This meant that, as time went on, it became easier and easier for the media to split the communities and push each of them further and further into the roles they had chosen for themselves. About that time, I was involved in making three films that illustrate pretty well, I think, the way the media worked this intensification and separation of the youthful roles. The first film was with Stokely Carmichael, who, a few months after a visit to Hanoi, was to swing through the universities of the South, leaving turmoil in his wake. It was a simple film. He wasn't raising a militia, he was merely addressing a conference. And yet I sensed in the audience—which was largely white—and more especially in myself, who was trying to make a film that would get some attention, something that wanted him to be extreme. Be the avenging black of our fantasies, we seemed to be saying. Be a star.

The same was true of the film I was making with the Berlin SDS, which by that time had the reputation of being the most militant student group in Europe. I had spent a whole afternoon trying to get a simple statement of aims from its leaders, and I remember the next day, May Day, walking in front of these same people, as they marched through a working-class suburb of Berlin, at the head of a multitude carrying N.L.F. flags and chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh." It was a loud, extravagant procession, with violence on its mind. I was scared, yet I wanted something to happen, some action to offset

ANSWERS TO SIXTIES QUIZ perfect scorers should go directly to Haight-Ashbury

1. A. One of Charley Manson's family.
   B. The big cheese of the Neo-American Church: His name is Arthur Kleps.
   C. The familiar spirit of Don Juan, the Mexican shaman, as recorded in Carlos Castaneda's *Teachings of Don Juan*.
   D. A novel by John Barth. You'll have to read it if you want more than that.
   E. A peripatetic commune from Los Angeles, founded by ex–coffeehouse comedian Hugh Romney. Hog farmers were a familiar sight at rock festivals all over the U. S. They trained the civilians who kept order at Woodstock.
   F. The Mighty Wonder, a character from Marvel's *Thor*.
   G. Characters from the underground comics of R. Crumb. Whiteman is a white man; Fritz, a cat.
2. A. LeRoi Jones, poet and playwright, who led United Black Brothers in a voter-registration drive that put Newark under black political control.
   B. Herbert Khaury.
   C. Susan Hoffman, sometime Warhol superstar, now writer.
   D. Lew Alcindor, UCLA record breaker.
   E. Richard Alpert.
   F. Richard Starkey.
   G. Hope Cooke, who married the king of Sikkim.
   H. Edson Arantes do Nascimento, the greatest soccer player of our time.
3. A. Bull Connor, Alabama sheriff.
   B. Maxwell. "Bang, bang. . . ."
   C. The Hell's Angels at Altamont.
   D. Lee Harvey Oswald.
   E. Lester Maddox, who went from a restaurant to a governor's mansion to enshrinement by Randy Newman.
4. A. *Lovely Rita, Sexy Sadie, Dear Prudence, Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, Michelle*. You knew all along.
   B. Underground newspapers, R.I.P.
   C. They're all Browns. Singer, governor, football player, black firebrand and—well—philosopher.
   D. All are from Dylan songs, early and late.
5. A. H. Rap Brown, onetime president of SNCC, now in jail.
   B. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad, leader of the Black Muslims, now dead.
   C. James Brown. He sang it, really.
   D. Dick Gregory, now skinny.
   E. No, not Hank Aaron, not his style. Eldridge Cleaver, once a Panther, now a Parisian.
6. A. These are the good old days, remember? And that was Abbie Hoffman talking.
   B. The one you forgot. Valerie Solanas, founder and manifesto writer of SCUM, the Society for Cutting Up Men. Andy Warhol still carries the scars.
   C. The SDS annual meeting in June 1969. From the chaos emerged the Weathermen.
   D. Good old days, Mark II. Stokely Carmichael, another onetime president of SNCC. We think he meant supine.
   E. Lyndon Baines Johnson.
7. A. "Being for the benefit of Mr. Kite,/ There will be a show tonight . . ." from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.
   B. One of New York's first singles bars.
   C. The wheeler-dealer who bombs for the highest bidder in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*.
   D. *Dr. Strangelove*'s president, played by Peter Sellers.
   E. Multiple Independent(ly) (Targeted) Re-entry Vehicle (Military). Lots of bombs on one missile.
   F. Crazy element in SDS. Foes of Bill Graham.
   G. Self-proclaimed avant-gardist. Organized New York's Avant-Garde Festival last year. Best known as Sixties' first (only?) topless cellist.
   H. A Vietnam peace initiative, organized by Giovanni D'Orlandi, the Italian ambassador to Saigon and Yanusz Lewandowski, the chief of the Polish mission to the International Control Commission. Lodge and Harriman played pat-a-cake with them, then Johnson bombed Hanoi.
   I. A boutique started in St.-Tropez by Gunther Sachs (of BB fame). Afterward, Paris, London, the world.
8. A. Barefoot British singer of the early Sixties.
   B. Businessman accused by New Orleans D.A. Jim Garrison of complicity in the assassination of J.F.K.
   C. Second American astronaut in space. Died in Apollo fire, with Edward White and Roger Chaffee.
   D. The man who integrated Ole Miss: registered September 30, 1962.
   E. The man who sold $24,000,000 in mortgage papers on nonexistent fertilizer-storage tanks while lining the pockets of Government men.
   F. Designer of the monokini, the topless bikini. Nine-day wonder, now trying again.
   G. Chief Digger, led the Haight-Ashbury free-everything movement.
   H. Leader of the Berkeley free-speech movement.
   I. New York dairyman who hired out his farmland for the Woodstock Festival.
9. A. The Velvet Underground. And it's their masterpiece, *Heroin*.
   B. Augustus Stanley Owsley III, legendary in acid circles.
   C. Street talk for an addiction.
   D. Nothing at all, except for Andy Granatelli's motor thingy. It was a cover name, though, for a certain substance.
   E. None other than Timothy Leary, in a *Playboy Interview* that may have

the heavy complications of their rhetoric and to make them seem more authentic. It didn't happen. The march, a show of strength, ended peacefully. But I had a strong feeling, before I left Berlin that day, that the SDS leaders, too, would have preferred to have given the audience a tougher performance.

The third film, on the big Vietnam demonstration in London later the same year, underlined the point. It was as if the demonstrators and the men of the media, myself among them, had finally come to terms. The demonstrators wanted themselves to be described and photographed as the fierce new soldiery they felt themselves to be, and the media wanted an event, something to top last week's news from the youth front. Out of their collusion came a pointless pitched battle in front of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, a play-acted storming of the Winter Palace. The cameramen, I remember, of the program I worked for were the first people through the police line and Mick Jagger—with *Street-Fighting Man* in his head, no doubt—stood half-involved on a traffic island as the wounded were brought by him. We all got home in time for the evening news.

And what happened to the radicals happened to the other communities of the young. A subtle pressure was put on them, by the media and by their peers in the media audience, to go further than they had gone, to go all the way into the style they had chosen for themselves, *to be typical.* Different elements responded in different ways to this pressure. Some, like the Panthers, seized the opportunity and became media bogeymen, dishing out fantasies of cop killings and ghetto revolution to all comers. Others, like the organizers of New York's Third Street sweep-in (cleanser by Procter & Gamble), or the sweet peas who tossed irises and daffodils into the Armed Forces Day Parade (flowers by the Parks Department), did their thing and went their way, thinking of the next party, the next event, that would show the media exactly where they were at. Others, against the perfect sets of their universities, "raised consciousness," "took power" and "suffered oppression," in an endless preview, for the media and for one another, of what it would be like when the revolution came.

And the astonishing thing was that it worked. Almost overnight, the Panthers finished the job started by Watts and transformed the image whites had of ghetto blacks from meek and discountable to mean and dangerous. Seemingly sensible people spoke of the hippies as the hope of the world, a beautiful mutant generation. And none other than Dwight Macdonald said of the Columbia take-over: "Everybody was talking to everybody those days, one sign of a revolution." We had made it. Our professors were running for the underbrush, proclaiming their own irrelevance. Allen Ginsberg was asked to go before a Senate subcommittee to explain about LSD. And every time we hit the streets, hundreds of police stood nervously by, as if we were an army of Mafia hoods and wobblies who might suddenly run amuck. It was very exhilarating. From everywhere in the media, our dares and put-ons were coming back to us as universal truths. We had *said* we were revolutionary. Now the media were *showing* us to be revolutionary. We *were* revolutionary. What we saw was what we got.

In other words, we fell for our own image. And we began to compete with one another to achieve the image in its purest form. Gradually, each of our lifestyles pushed toward extremes. Our inner spacemen became obsessive dope touters; our hippies became kindergarten mystics; our political rhetoric became fiercer and deader by the day; and our radicals, in the name of the "irrevocable act," took to barricades that existed only in their imaginations. The revolution became a thing of attitude and not of substance.

In the end, one of the things that killed us was success, for it meant that around those with early convictions gathered people with no more at stake than a new wardrobe and a few borrowed opinions. The philosophy of gentleness and openness and love that the hippies had grown into in the days

changed the habits of millions.

10. A. Roddy McDowall, Stephen Boyd.
    B. Here goes: Yul Brynner, Horst Buchholz, Robert Vaughn, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, James Coburn, Brad Dexter.
    C. In *True Grit*: John Wayne.
    D. Paul Newman.
    E. Tom Courtenay.
    F. In *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*: Robert Blake.
    G. Jane Fonda, *not* Lee Marvin of the gold hooter.
    H. Paul Newman, in Arthur Penn's movie.
    I. Shirley MacLaine.
    J. Kirk Douglas.
    K. Joseph Wiseman.
    L. Warren Beatty, in another of Penn's flicks.
    M. Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow.
    N. Albert Finney.
11. A. *Easy Rider.*
    B. The Who. My g-g-g-g-generation.
    C. Jean Tinguely's, on March 17, 1960, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. It sawed, beat and burned itself to death, according to William O'Neill in his book *Coming Apart.*
    D. Bob Dylan, in *Like a Rolling Stone.*
    E. Sirhan Sirhan, convicted assassin of Robert Kennedy.
12. A. The loathsome little marshal, South Vietnam premier and vice-president Nguyen Cao Ky.
    B. The Hell's Angels. The mind boggles.
    C. Colonel George S. Patton III. Familiar name? At his Vietnam farewell party, he also carried around a V.C. skull with a bullet hole in it.
    D. Norman Morrison, R.I.P.
13. A. Robert Indiana.
    B. Mary Quant, by popular acclaim.
    C. Courrèges gets this one.
    D. Dress designer: main designer for Paraphernalia.
    E. Claes Oldenburg.
    F. Georges Kaplan.
14. A. The Mamas and the Papas.
    B. Shirley Bassey.
    C. John Sebastian, for Francis Ford Coppola's film.
    D. Melina Mercouri.
    E. The one and only Ray Charles.
15. A. Marcus Welby's assistant.
    B. The heroes of *Route 66.*
    C. The captain in *Star Trek.*
    D. Perry Mason's assistant.
    E. *The Fugitive.*
    F. *Numero uno Beverly Hillbilly.*
    G. One of Ben's sons in *Bonanza.*
    H. Lily Tomlin's telephone lady from *Laugh-In.*
16. A. The title of a novel by Thomas Pynchon. V stands for Venus and everything else you can think of.
    B. 007's boss.
    C. Her-o-in.
    D. Andy Warhol pretending he's not really there. It's the title of a novel he wrote, transcribing the life of Ondine.
    E. A cheat, really. *The Story of O,* by Pauline Reage. Unspeakable things happen to her. She likes them.
    F. The film by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand. The Greeks are seeing it now, for the first time.
    G. New Jersey Mafia chieftain, says the FBI. It ought to know. It listened to his telephone for years.
    H. Cinematographer: one point. He photographed *Easy Rider,* for instance. Hero of Godard's *A Bout de Souffle*: two points. Name of a "student" interviewed in Godard's *Pierrot le Fou*: as many points as you like.
    I. A religio-sexual-freedom organization that wanted to buy an island in the Caribbean and found a sexual paradise. It didn't make it.
    J. One of the Chicago Eight.
    K. The name of the White Wizard (Gandalf was the Gray) in Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings.*
    L. The last emperor of Vietnam.
    M. The man who, in the Sixties, was reputed to have introduced Leary to inner space.
    N. Club in London; club in New York; spin-off of *Beyond the Fringe* (Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett).
    O. Johnny, Johnny, from Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues.* ▣

of be-ins and banana mantras was simply useless when it came to dealing with the thousands of gogglers, runaways and crazies who poured into Haight-Ashbury and New York's East Village in the summer of 1967. And yet there was more than that, too. There was a lack of muscle, a fey feeling that it was better to travel hopefully than to get somewhere. They could have survived, after all. They could have policed the streets and imposed an exclusionary law. And they didn't. Instead, the thing they tried to keep alive was their *image*, the thing the media and they had colluded in creating. They offered more and more free services—free clinics, free housing centers, free clothes, free food—precisely those things that had attracted the invasion in the first place. And the results were that the transient population boomed, the atmosphere grew violent, the drugs got harder, the dream died. They tried that summer to assign blame by staging the funeral of Hippie, Son of Media. But even that they botched. They torched the coffin when their procession was blocked near the Panhandle, and then stood by while the fire department and a hundred whirring, clicking cameras rescued the remains. The real funeral of Hippie was held 3000 miles away, in the East Village, when the naked corpses of Linda Fitzpatrick and James "Groovy" Hutchinson were found in a boiler room. The patient died from too much self-advertisement and too little sense of direction.

The same thing was true of the Panthers, to take an example from the other end of the scale. They had also been at pains to promote themselves, though this time as "the baddest mothers in Amerika," and they, too, ended up hoist with their own image. The party, which had no real power base and was at the time little more than a political-prisoner movement ("Free Huey"), lost control of those who wanted to follow where its rhetoric led, and when the time came for retrenchment it found itself split and condemned as revisionist. Cleaver in Algiers, Newton in an Oakland penthouse, both men were in exile, merely stars. Meanwhile, the police and the FBI, who had taken them at media value (just as they themselves had), responded to the "Off the pigs" campaign by raiding, framing, infiltrating and murdering them. Sow a fantasy; reap reality.

And so it went. The rest of the radical black leaders got lost in the contradictions of the black-anger role, which insisted that they despise the white support they both demanded and needed. White militants, pushed by the media and by one another further and further into the role they had chosen for themselves, abandoned all local programs, all *work*, and took to the streets to measure their radicalism by the amount of punishment they could give and take. And the SDS, which had started it all, confused taking over the university with taking over the society, thereby abandoning its only real front for existential, symbolic battles. Soon only the Weathermen were left, the outlaw inheritors of the radical role. The rest of the white radical young had dropped out bit by bit, as the risks became greater and greater and the purpose of it all became dimmer and dimmer. They were left behind, in the Weathermen's furious wake, feeling compromised and inauthentic. They still went to Holy Roller meetings to cheer fierce sermonizers to each of their last lapidary lines. They were still enthusiastic salesmen of the radical line. But the meetings had become substitutes for the very actions they were supposed to encourage, and the radical line was just a gaggle of opinions if you weren't prepared to live and fight by its canons. So they were in retreat and, in the secret heart of their style, they knew it. They hadn't been prepared to go all the way, the way the Weathermen had. Encouraged by the media and by the successful face the media had reflected back at them, they had traveled from teach-ins to community work, to university organizing, to nationalism, to internationalism; from demonstrations to sit-ins, to take-overs, to trashing, to fighting. Now there was nowhere to go but backward or toward death. The bets they had made with their lives had been meaningless.

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All that remained in the end, then, as the things that had given our lives meaning collapsed, was a stubborn belief in the solidity and exclusivity of our culture, the idea that grass and fun and the MC5, our whole theater of the aggressive, would be enough to subvert the institutions that ruled and oppressed us. That was the first and most general of our illusions and it was also the last to be destroyed. The Yippies, our culturist left, should have shown us the way it would be, in Chicago in 1968. For, though they understood something profound—that in this new age reality was what you saw on the evening news—they didn't understand that in promising revolution at a particular time and place they weren't doing anything real. They were lost in the shadow kingdom of the media, following media logic. And their festival of life, as a result, merely amounted to the most violent sports broadcast in American television history. It was a show revolution, like *Les Événements* in Paris in May of the same year. Something that *looked* political could not in the end be made political, with real political results, if it was no more, at its core, than a piece of existential theater. However real the props, however real the dangers, a demonstration of how alternative you were was just that, a demonstration. It didn't make anything happen.

If we had read Chicago right, we wouldn't have been fooled by Woodstock. For Woodstock, too, had no meaning beyond itself. It wasn't the redawning of the age of Aquarius; it didn't show, once and for all, that we were a generation taking over from within. It was a rock festival, a new way of marketing our music to us. And all it showed was how religious we had become, how worshipful of our own attitudes. We hadn't noticed that the rag trade and the music business had caught up with us at last and were now peddling ourselves back to us, giving us a mirror in which our gestures became grandiose. We hadn't noticed that Xerox and Warner Bros. were buying up the counterculture as fast as their corporate hands could write checks, and that our famous lifestyle was now something that could be bought off the peg at Biba's and Bloomingdale's. No, all we saw was what we wanted to see: ourselves still new and beautiful and unassimilable. It took Altamont and Charley Manson to give the lie to that.

For me, it all ended at the peace benefit at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York, on December 6, 1971. It was a strange evening, for it contained within itself the whole rabble of style the Sixties had borne. Tennessee Williams was there, "coming out" politically, and with him came the Cockettes, the banshees and whirling dervishes of homosexual chic; Gloria Steinem was there and with her, the tough new women of her following; Norman Mailer was there, with his prize-fight turnout; David Dellinger, with the pure Quaker heart of the movement; the Chambers Brothers, with the last of those who looked to rock for what Ezra Pound called "a word to make change"; and along with them, looking for a special corner in the evening, whites and blacks, street people and revolutionaries, Maoists and Trotskyites and high-rise liberals. And somehow, that night, each group that was there looked at every

other and *recognized* them for the first time. Each one seemed suddenly to know that they no longer stood on the same side and that they had *never* really stood on the same side. It wasn't simply that Mailer looked confused all evening, or that Tennessee Williams stormed out, or that the security guards, who clearly believed that they came from some further, purer left than the hedging center of the gathering, "liberated" for their own holy purposes the thousands of dollars taken in at the door. It was something subtler, a sense of a wake. Everyone seemed to realize that the times had finally, formally *changed*. The wars of the Seventies would be fought on a sexual front; the rites of passage of the Seventies would be private, noncollective ones; the modes of the radical left and the culture that had supported it had failed. All that was left were the costumes of old habits and old performances. Now it was time to take them off and wonder who we were without them.

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What in the end came of all our fine fury, the press and clash of our illusions? Well, we made the Vietnam war public and, though we didn't end it when we pushed President Johnson over the edge of his own credibility gap, we made sure, I think, that language and truth could never be bent so easily again to the service of death and vainglory. Next time, surely, someone would notice when American prelates petitioned the Pope to condemn all nuclear weapons, save those of the Pentagon, or when towns were destroyed for their own salvation.

It may not seem much in the light of what happened. We demanded an end to hostilities and all we got was a growing public opinion against them, mostly for reasons quite different from our own. "Destroy imperialism," we said, and all we got was the small hope that imperial wars could not again be started so covertly or waged with such contempt. But that was the manner of our achievements. They came in the coin of shifts and subtle changes, returns that seem paltry, given the huge investment of our rage and rhetoric. True, we shouted for student power, meaning something more than could ever be given to us, and we had to make do with some black-studies programs started and some defense contracts canceled. But these things, despite their look of failure, did make a difference. They meant that blacks and women and the young had started on the road to power in the political parties; they meant that universities were accountable now, both to the students in them and to the communities around them. The power of the party machine and the degree factory had been weakened.

The same was true of sex. Much of our sexual revolution was fraudulent, of course. There was a lot of exhibitionism and high talk, but, for the most part, the relationships we made in the Sixties were self-conscious things, too sweet to be serious, or else too serious to be truly affectionate. They fell apart, in many cases, when the Seventies arrived to stifle our dreams of the millennium and make us adolescents again. For us, sexual liberation was as elusive as peace. And yet, even here, perhaps, we set the stage for change. For we somehow managed, in the process of shocking our neighbors, to defuse nudity and sexuality once and for all. We helped, you could say, create the conditions in which women and gays could begin to fight off their sexual oppression.

What else, though? A sense of community, perhaps; a new Warhol, who recognized that our age needed new icons, ones that celebrated their own surfaces and their fresh put-on contexts, as we did, and who singlehandedly, as we did, turned people into artwork, making of them and of himself the ultimate in *(Concluded on page 124)*

BILL COSBY'S REMEDIAL TENNIS *In tennis you are the only one out there on your side of the court. And it is very difficult to pretend you are not there.*

(Continued from page 69) age of three, when my father gave me a football and then tackled me into the dining-room table. Years later, I discovered you could get hurt playing football, because 11 men are always in your way, trying for two and a half hours to knock you down. (If you line up all the football players who have gone into the hospital twice for operations on their knees, teeth, noses, etc., the line would circle the globe twice.) So I stopped playing football after I left Temple University and played only basketball.

One day, running up and down the court with some 17-year-olds, I found that, contrary to locker-room talk, the legs do not go first—the eyes do. When you are 33 years old and are competing with teenagers on the court, one thing you notice is that the gymnasium gets darker and you hear things twice, as in an echo chamber. If you know first aid, you recognize these as the symptoms of someone who is about to pass out. You can't talk, because your lungs are too busy trying to get air. You raise your hand to signal the coach. This hand raising was invented by old basketball players. It means, "I am going to die soon. Please send in an ambulance and a substitute." In that order.

Even when I wasn't about to pass out, I found myself embarrassed by constantly getting into fistfights with 17-year-old 6′9″ 234-pound kids. I decided to play tennis.

At the time, it didn't seem a particularly attractive sport. It was sissy, in fact. They kept score funny—15, 30, 40, game. Deuce is used for ties so you don't have to count high. Another reason tennis didn't impress me was that, per capita, you get more pretty girls watching you at a football or a baseball game. The opportunities to show off for girls are fewer in tennis. Besides, tennis is too quiet. In every other game I played, you could yell and holler. On the tennis court, you get nothing, just this doomsday voice on the mike, saying, "Fifteen *allll*."

But in tennis, you do get a chance to shake hands after your opponent has beaten you into the ground. In other sports, you are also expected to congratulate the winner, but if you play poorly enough in baseball or basketball, you can avoid this. There are so many people around, you can just leave the field and go take a shower. But in tennis, everybody is watching you and there is no place to hide.

Unlike other sports, in tennis, if you are getting killed, you are expected to stay out there and continue to get killed. In basketball, if you are being slaughtered, the coach will pull you out of the game and you can sit on the bench and pretend you haven't played yet. In football, there are helmets and hoods and you can hide under them as you go into the tunnel. If you are losing in baseball (126–3 in the third inning), you can go into the dugout.

But in tennis you are the *only one out there on your side of the court.* And it is very difficult to pretend you are not there. All you have is a T-shirt, some shorts, a pair of sneakers and socks. The racket will not hide your face, because people can see through it. The humiliation, therefore, is great. Not only do the people expect you to finish the match you are losing, they expect you to go to the net smiling and shake the hand of the one who has just beaten your tongue out, then walk to the linesman and thank him for giving you the calls. Only then are you free to hide. Even so, they keep announcing your score and leave it on the board for everybody to see.

When I first began to play, all I really wanted to do was make the ball sound good. I wanted that thick, solid, on-the-meat-of-the-strings sound. During my first lesson, I couldn't even hear myself hit the ball.

Unless you are ten or eleven years old, it is almost impossible to hit a ball with a racket, first time out, three times in a row. The teacher makes it appear very easy, chanting "Racket back. Step. Hit. Racket back. Step. Hit. Racket back. Step. Hit." But between the time you bring your racket back and you step, the ball has a chance to go anywhere. Sometimes you bring the racket around and lo, the face of the racket is no longer closed; it's wide open. Sometimes when you bring the racket around, you discover that it is facing the ground. It is very difficult to hit a ball that way.

Very soon, I became discouraged. I stopped taking lessons and merely played. My first serve was always into either the net or the fence behind my opponent. My second serve I just patted across the net. My opponent, who had the same ability I had, would then return the ball into the net or into the fence. We got our exercise going to the net and picking up the balls, going back to the fence and picking up the balls. Since we weren't hitting anything and since we weren't running to pick up balls—we just walked—we could play three or four hours and not even break sweat.

Frustration set in after a while. People said to me, "But weren't you an athlete once?" I lied to them, saying, "I never played any sport in my life." If they continued, "We thought that you . . ." I would say, "Sorry, you have the wrong person. I had sleeping disease until last month and this is my first time out of bed."

Then I found out what was wrong with my game. I had the wrong racket! A cheap $18 racket. How could I expect to play decent tennis with an $18 racket with nylon strings? If you ask any pro to use an $18 racket with nylon in it, he will spit in your face. Right? Right. So I went to a sporting-goods store, bought a $55 racket and had some $24 gut put in it: With $80 invested, I knew I could hit the ball.

I ended up going back to my teacher. There was no way I could give the sport up, because I still had my expensive gear: After all, who's going to buy a used $32 shirt? This time out, I learned some things. Such as what I could reasonably expect of my equipment. That my tennis ball was not my best friend who loved me and could play the game *for* me. I learned the true meaning of such simple phrases as "Hit the ball!" and "Racket back!" Most important, I learned how *not* to play and about the incredible lengths my anatomy would go to to make me look ridiculous when I refused to follow my teacher's instructions. Discovering how not to play can be the difference between remaining a defective player and becoming a remedial player. *Remembering* how not to play will move you all the way up to mediocrity.

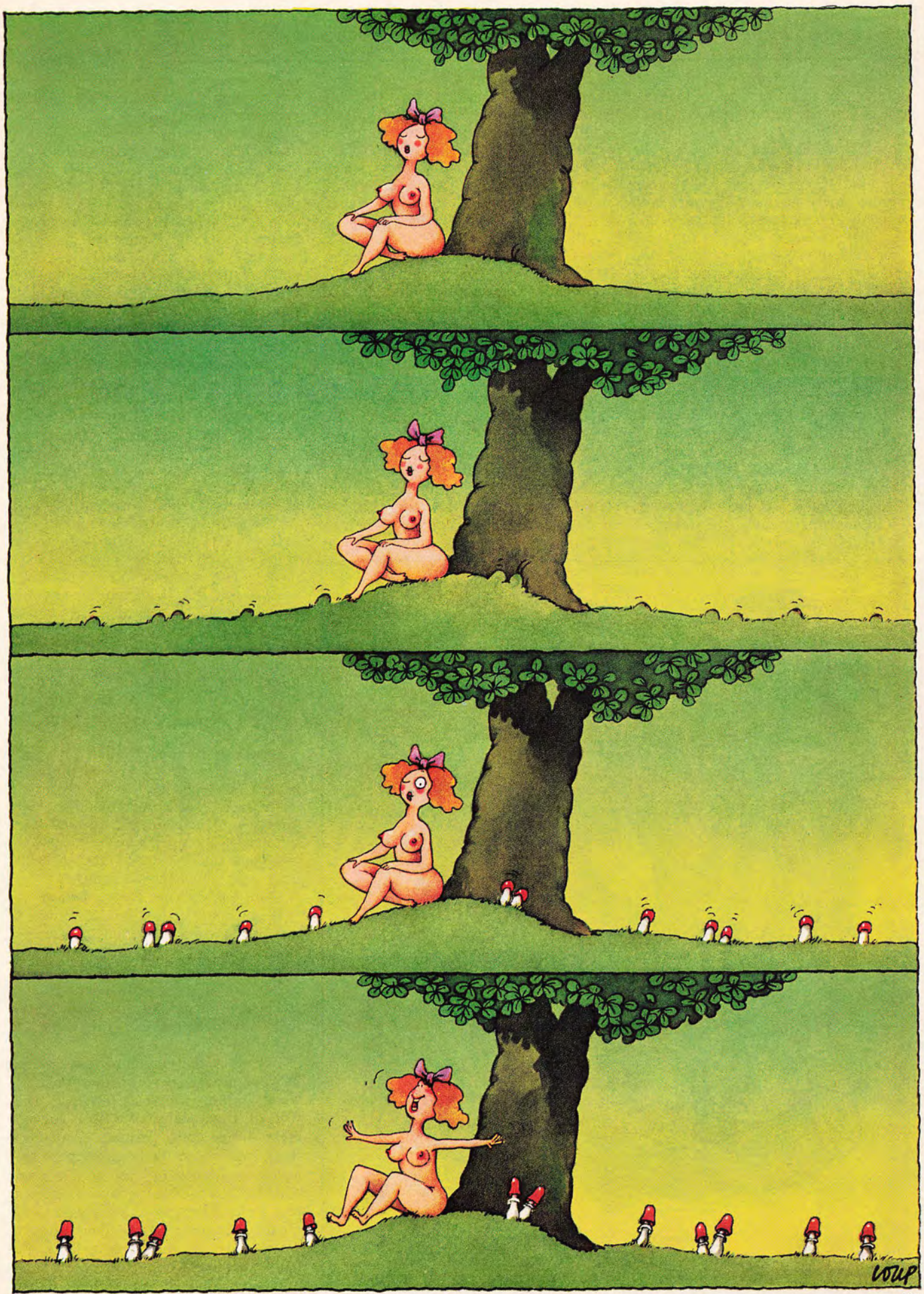
So, now, here are a few hints about the wishful thinking, the mistaken notions and the painful consequences of learning the hottest, the sweetest, the damnedest game in town.

Net

I am not a superstitious person, but when things are not going right on the court, I think you should keep an eye on the net. The net tends to get into the game more than it should. It does things so fast, you can't really see it doing anything. At certain times, it jumps up and catches the ball after you hit it. I've hit some overheads—and especially some volleys—when there was no way for the ball to wind up in the net. But it did. I don't understand why the net would want to get into the game. It's not being paid. And I don't understand why it would want to pick on me. It never picks on my opponent. He even refuses to tell me if the net jumped up and blocked the shot. But, if you look at it closely, after you volley and it has blocked your shot, you will see it smiling at you.

Feet

Be nice to your feet and they will be nice to you. By being nice to your feet, you keep them happy and they respond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in a positive way. Otherwise, they will respond in a negative way and, if the feet feel you hate them, they won't work for you.

In order to get from one place on the court to another, the feet have to leave the ground. If one foot is down, you can raise the other one up. If they are both up, then you have to wait till one or the other comes down so that you can walk or run. It is much easier to get around the court with at least one foot on the ground.

Footwork is important. If you try to move without respecting your feet, the feet get very angry and begin stepping on each other. The foot that is partially off the ground will then step on the one that is getting ready to take off. It is very difficult to run with one foot standing on top of the other. It gives resistance to the foot that is underneath the foot that is on top of it. The body is still lunging, however, because word has not yet gotten to it that the feet are not moving, causing you to trip and look sloppy.

Also, keep the feet apart. They don't like each other and when they get close, they tend to fight. This will cause you to trip and fall. It is difficult to save yourself while holding a racket in the right hand and a ball in the left. You'll find it strange trying to brace yourself with the hands thus occupied. You will make a loud wood-hitting-cement sound.

Watching the Ball

All the greatest pros, during a match, say to themselves over and over again: *Watch the ball.* That phrase is usually followed by the word dummy. Instead of being a dummy, just watch the ball.

It is also possible to hit the ball too late. When that happens, you hear the pros say: "Hit the ball in front, dummy."

If you know you are a dummy before you hit the ball, then you don't have to say watch anything. And you don't have to call yourself dummy. Should you have a partner, he will do it for you.

Approaching the Ball

One of the best feelings in all of tennis is to get there way before the ball does and wait for it. You would be surprised how restful and comfortable it is when you can choose your shot. If you are running when you get to the ball, your chances of making an error are greater than if you moved over and got there ahead of time. This is one way to distinguish between a defective player and a remedial player. A defective player hits the ball and watches it to see if it is in. When it bounces, he finally begins to run. Be a remedial player; if you think that a ball is going over, why not back up? Get far enough behind the base line so that if it *is* in, you will have time to swing at the ball. That way, even if it is a surprise that it bounced in, you can get in position to return it.

Hitting the Ball with the Strings

It is also a good idea to use the strings to hit the ball. I have tried hitting it with other parts of the racket—the rim, for example—but I still believe the strings do the job best. On the other hand, Sidney Poitier likes to use all of his racket when he plays. That way, he says, he gets more out of his investment.

Not Hitting Yourself in the Face

If you and the ball happen to arrive at the same place at the same time, don't panic, there are things to be done. Body spasms will not help you execute the stroke. Nor do you need 90 percent of your muscle to return the shot. You may want to jump into the air off the right leg, drop the racket to your side, swing up with the wrist and throw your head skyward. I can only say that with this shot you should hire two buglers to play charge.

If you are running to catch a lob with your back turned to your opponent, you have a great chance to smash yourself in the face. And if your mouth is open (in order to help the ball up and over the net), the results may be serious. If you can't break yourself of this habit, limit your opponents to dentists.

Not Calling Your Partner Names

If your partner in a doubles match is messing up, don't call him foul names. Just keep a look of disgust on your face. Let him know how you feel about his game with effective scowls and groans. If he serves and faults, don't throw the ball. Just kick it back hard, about 20 feet from him.

If you are the one blowing the game, let your head hang down to your navel while keeping your back straight. This will elicit sympathy as well as amazement from your partner. Sometimes there is a reason for the poor performance of a partner. I played doubles once with Ted Harley. He began missing some easy shots. I kept frowning at him as he missed shot after shot. At one point, I threw down my racket in disgust. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore. I went up to him, looked him straight in the

"Secret ceremonies, my ass. It's just another way of getting laid."

eye and asked, "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"I'm pregnant," he said.

Practicing

If you play indoors a lot, you should practice running into the net. Not the net in the middle of the court—I mean the net that separates the courts from each other. It is embarrassing to run into this net and get your fingers, racket, balls and shoes tangled in it while your opponent makes a good shot. Not only do you miss a point, you break the concentration of the people on the next court.

Knowing Your Place

We C players know who we are. We are all over Ohio, Tennessee and California, warming up by hitting two strokes on the court and saying to our opponent that we are ready. We are a readily identifiable class.

There is a definite feeling that comes over you when you play out of your class. I once got into a college match with three players and, for two sets, the only mistakes made on the court, I made. I was the only one who lost his serve, who missed the ball altogether on an overhead shot. I was the only person who hit on the wood and whose shots did not make a hard *thwack* sound. Mine went *splat*! I was also the only player who was cheered when I hit the ball on the strings. I realized I didn't belong there.

Although I am a C player, I sometimes play the pros. The important thing to remember, if you play pros, is to try not to make them angry. Champion tennis players, like champion boxers, will let you go a long way. But the minute you lose sight of your place, things get dangerous.

Once I got into the ring with Muhammad Ali at Lake Tahoe. I had said to Ali, "Foster is going to kill you. I'd knock you out myself if someone would give me some gloves."

Ali said, "Come on up in the ring." I had on sweat pants, sneakers and a tennis hat. They gave me this big cumbersome thing that protects your "two things." You are supposed to wear it in case someone hits you in your two things. I put it on and Ali told me that I was putting it on backward. I said that I knew it but that I was planning on doing a lot of falling on my back parts and this was where I really needed the protection. In the ring, Ali kept whispering, "Hit me. Hit me harder." I refused, because I am not foolish. Then Ali threw his first punch at me. He threw a left jab and all I saw of the jab was when he was pulling it back. He didn't touch me, but he did frighten me. So, regardless of religion, race or creed, always know your place.

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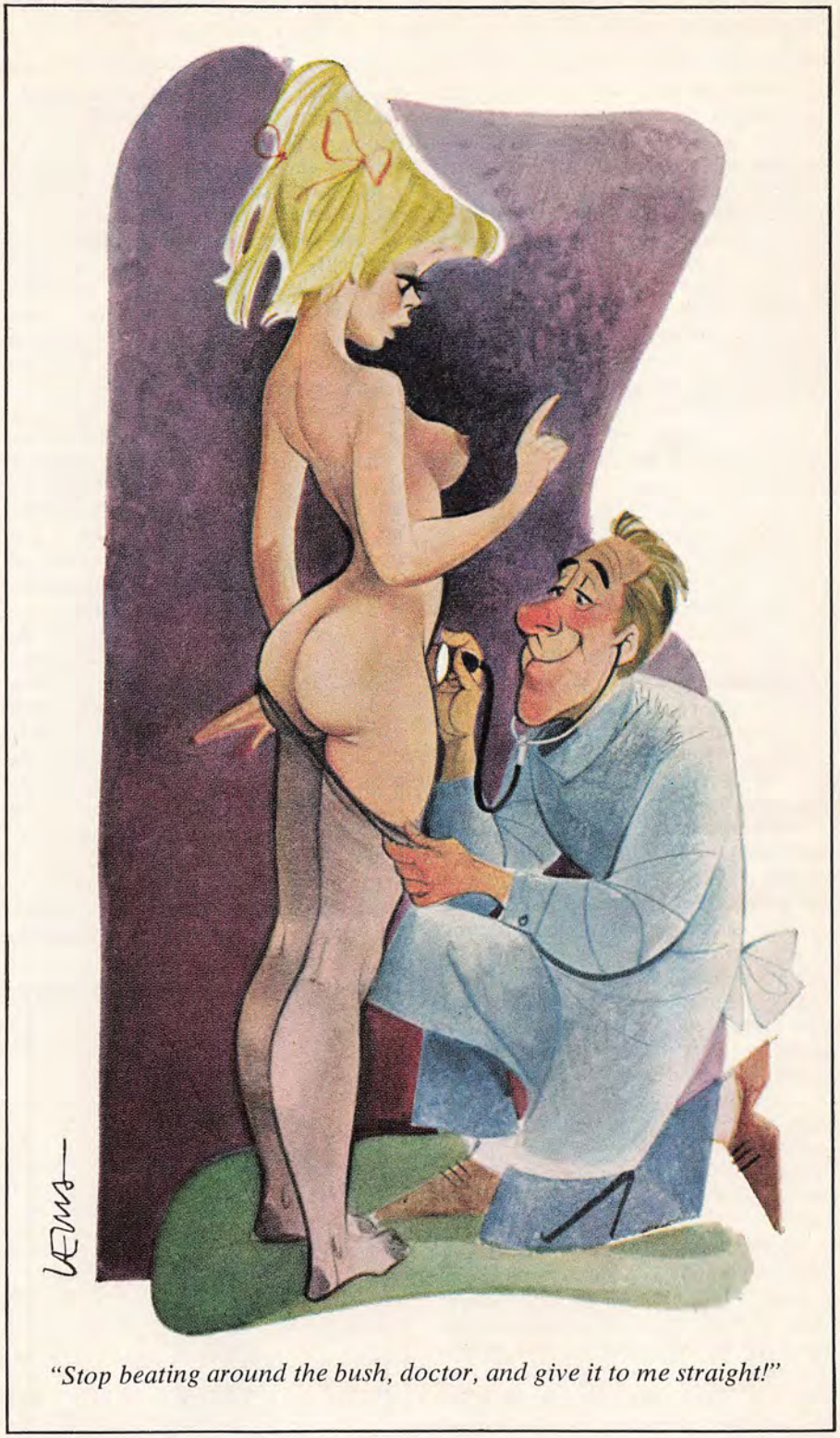
Well, that's it. I hope all this will be helpful to you. Now, for all the defective, the remedial and the mediocre tennis players playing on grass, clay and cement courts throughout the country, I'd like to leave you with two gifts, one a secret and the other a warm thought. The secret (given to me by Fred Stolle, who, with Ken Rosewall, made up one of the most respected doubles teams around) is how to win a pro-celebrity match.

"Mr. Cosby," he said, "the best way to play a pro match is for you to stand over there by the net, keep yourself in ready position and never swing at anything unless it's going to hit you. In other words, *keep out of my way*."

The warm thought, the one I like to mull over every now and then, is this: However high the cost of rackets, tennis shorts, shirts, sweaters, shoes, socks, lessons, camps, balls, sweatbands and club fees, remember there is one item that will always cost the same, and that's the jockstrap. ▣



"Stop beating around the bush, doctor, and give it to me straight!"

BUILDING A BIGGER BUST *"The bottom has fallen out of isometrics," an FDA spokesman says. "We've now found that they're almost entirely worthless."*

(Continued from page 56) injections and modest tricks, such as having the model hold in her stomach and throw out her chest, are used to make After look so much better than Before. The manufacturers aren't telling. The Mark Eden company replies to letters of inquiry with a printed advertising flyer and its only address is a post-office box number.

Business seems to be thriving anyway. Space buyers estimate that Mark Eden and the Weiders each spend between $750,000 and $1,000,000 annually on advertising. Assuming that their advertising budgets are 50 percent of their net income, which is only a guess, it is apparent that a good many women are sending in their money.

Whether or not any satisfactory breast enlargement, or the illusion thereof, can be accomplished through this type of exercise remains questionable. One plastic surgeon states that after breast-augmentation surgery, some extremely thin patients can benefit from such exercises as pressing their elbows against the back of a chair. "On a very thin person, the prostheses cannot be made to look entirely natural," he says. "We try to encourage these patients to develop the chest muscles a little to compensate for this problem." But he adds that even professional muscle builders are unable to develop the chest muscles as easily as, say, the biceps.

Tom Ziebarth, a lawyer for the Postal Service Consumer Protection Office, adds that the method of taking measurements has a lot to do with the apparent success of exercise in such cases. Also, if a woman has built up muscles all around the girth of her chest, the bust measurement might be slightly larger, but the aesthetic effect may not be what she hoped for. The cup size itself will not have changed. "Maybe one woman in a hundred will be able to develop herself this way and be pleased about it," he says. "But the change in measurement during the inhale-exhale cycle alone can be considerable. Five people can measure the same person on the same day, all as honestly as they're able, and get five different measurements." Dr. Joseph B. Davis, chief of the medical-review group of the FDA's Bureau of Medical Devices and Diagnostic Products, is even less optimistic. "The bottom has fallen out of isometrics," he says. "We've now found that they're almost entirely worthless."

The medical reports and documented tests mentioned in the advertisements seem to prove that the gadgets can be made to work. But, in 1974, an initial decision against Beauty-Breast by the Postal Service, now being appealed, found that the tests took no account of medication the subjects may have been using, gave no consideration to the progress of the menstrual cycle and provided no consistent method for taking measurements. One of Beauty-Breast's "expert" witnesses, a physical therapist, testified: "My entire duty in the Navy and 95 percent of the work in our office is on males." The testimony of women who were delighted with the program was given little weight because, "in some instances, they claimed results that are physiologically impossible." The concurrence among medical witnesses was "that any appreciable enlargement of these [upper torso] muscles would require the following of the exercise program for . . . six months or more." The hydrotherapy contour cup, which accompanies the Beauty-Breast program, was found to be essentially useless.

It would appear from all this that the exercise-type bust developers are ineffective, that their advertising is false and misleading and that some public agency or other should have them taken off the market. But, until recently, the Government hasn't had much success. Part of the reason is that the law places the burden of proof on the prosecution. Until 1968, the Postal Service had to prove that a manufacturer operated with fraudulent intent. Although that statute has now been reworded, overlapping jurisdiction adds to the legal complexity, for the FDA, the FTC and the Postal Inspection Service all have some authority to enforce regulations dealing with drugs and medical devices.

The best weapon is probably the Postal Service's power to cut off the mail of companies found to be operating illegally. This keeps a defendant from continuing to do business as usual while his case is in litigation. But the difficulty, according to Dr. Robert Skufca, medical officer for the medical-devices bureau of the FDA, is that there is no "new devices" regulation. "The manufacturer doesn't have to prove that his product is safe and effective before it goes on the market, and this is when the real damage can be done."

Dr. Davis adds, "Sometimes, it's two or three years before the device is discovered to be falsely represented or harmful. Then it takes one or two more years to see the thing through."

Despite the cumbersome machinery of the law, however, the end of an era may be in sight. Iso-Tensor recently lost a California court battle, and more than a few legal agents would now like to see the case against Mark Eden reopened.

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In pursuit of the truth about another breast hype, bust-development creams, I visited the home offices of several of the companies located in New York. The first was an address at 520 Fifth Avenue, from which I had ordered (under the assumed name of Gertrude Dunkel) some Living Lotion; a Famous Method for Big Bosom Beauty; a Royale Star Method; and Sonja of Sweden Bosom Developing Cream Formula with "titillating screening power," which "reacts like a Million Magic Fingers, extending, enlarging, firming your bosom."

The elevator man didn't recognize the company name. After perusing the directory for some time, I decided to try the 520 Fifth Avenue Service on the fifth floor. I inquired of a middle-aged red-haired woman with brown-framed glasses.

"We don't have nothin' to do with them," she replied. "See, we're just a mailing address."

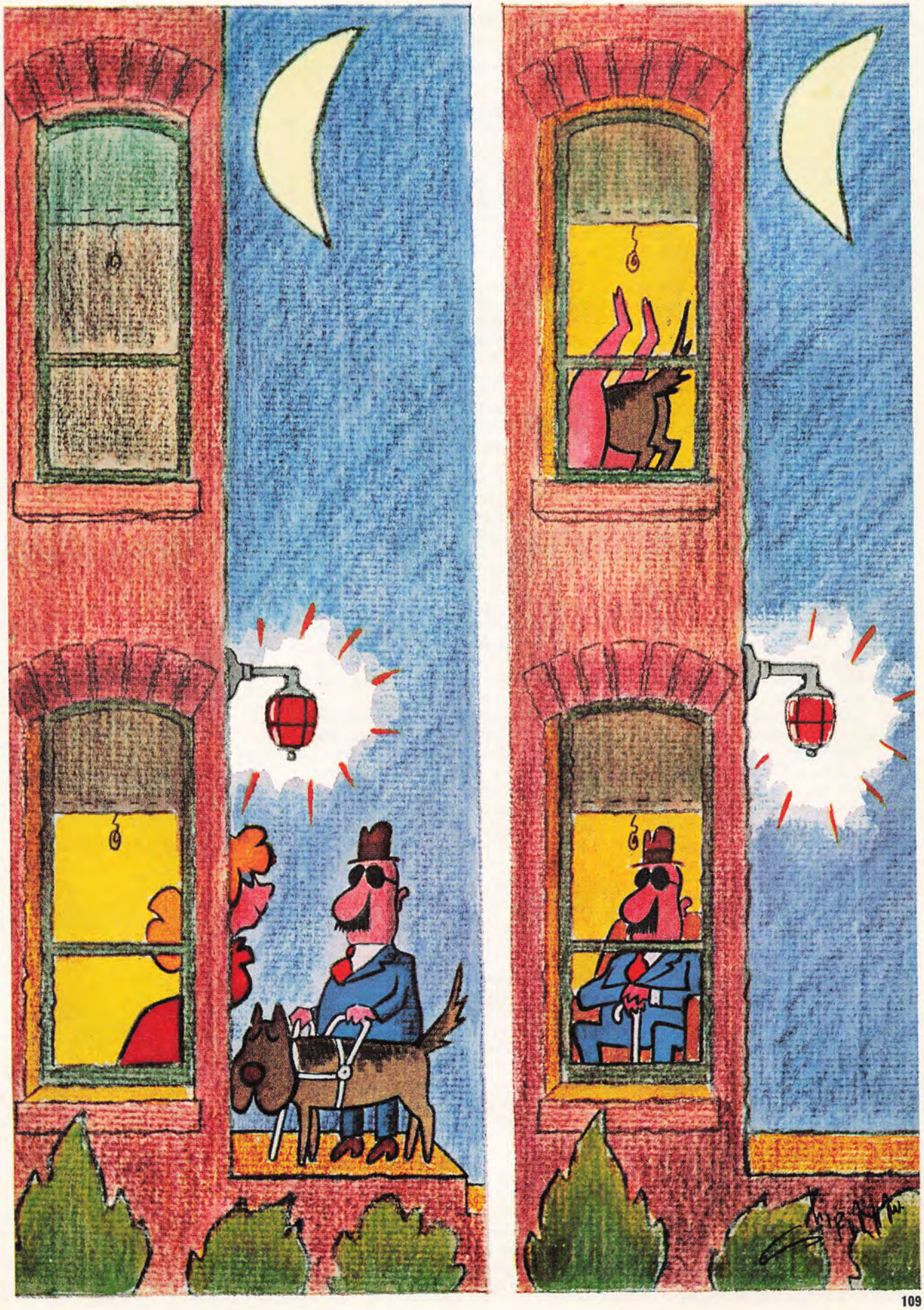
"Just a fashionable address on Fifth Avenue?"

"That's right. They just come in to pick up their mail. You never know when they're comin' in, either."

The story was the same elsewhere. The only insider willing to talk about the mail-order bust-development business was Joe Pinkus, owner of the Famous Models Hormone Cream, and, by his own account, the greatest advertising space buyer in the country. He is also the star of *Pinkus vs. Reilly*, the Supreme Court case that caused the

Mammary lane

In the world of art, at least, it's possible to grow tits on *anything*. Above is *The Cat* by German sculptor Eberhard Franke. Why the boobs? "There's something about cats and women that fascinates me," Franke says.



BUILDING A BIGGER BUST *The Amazing Convertible Nude Bra is supposed to add two inches "of the real you, instantly."*

Postal Service to have its mail-order statute reworded, and of this he is extremely proud.

"We sell our hormone cream to people from all walks of life," he said.

"But does the cream develop the breasts?"

"Anybody who says a cream will develop the breasts is a liar. No cream will develop the breasts. We don't claim that it will. We sell it as a *body* cream, to be used for all parts of the body. And our customers keep coming back because it's a very fine cream."

Doctors agree with Pinkus that no hormone cream will develop the breasts of women, although, for some uncertain reason, female hormones can be used to develop men's breasts.

Tom Ziebarth of the Postal Service kindly provided us with the initial decision against Mammilab Products, dated January 1973, which more or less summarizes the bust-development-cream situation. (The final decision concurred on most points with the initial decision, he added, although the case is still open to appeal.)

Mammilab claimed that its Evertone bust-developing cream contained an ingredient called Galega that, it said, had been mentioned in medical books as an effective agent for enlarging the breasts. Mammilab's president believed in Galega, because he had heard about some tests in which "Galega seemed to be the deciding factor in the thing." According to the Government's medical witness, it is true that during a period that he described as the "dark ages of medicine" some tests on goats, dogs and cattle gave rise to the rumor that Galega might increase lactation. However, these claims had been thoroughly disproved by 1917. And chemists did not find Galega present in Evertone bust-developing cream anyway. The Administrative Judge found Evertone's defense "desultory."

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United States census figures indicate that between 1960 and 1973, padded-bra sales in this country increased from approximately one fifth of the brassiere market to almost one third, with sales reaching well over 48,000,000 units. Whether or not padded bras are psychologically harmful to their wearers, they are unquestionably the cheapest corrective for a flat chest. There are some bizarre variations on the theme, including Mademoiselle Colette's Amazing Convertible Nude Bra, Frederick's Hollywood Sexies and the Marvelous Pennyrich Bra.

The Amazing Convertible Nude Bra is supposed to add two inches "of the real you, instantly." We found that an enterprising vamp can make her own, simply by snipping large holes in the cups of an ordinary bra—for this is all the "nudeness" the A.C.N.B. provides. It does, however, make the breasts stick out more by squeezing the sides together. Our own test subject reports that her bust measurement is 36 inches in her regular bra, 35½ inches with no bra and 36 inches in Mlle. Colette's bra.

The Hollywood Sexies, two little semicircles of flesh-toned nylon, come with a bottle of Sexi-Set, with which the wearer is supposed to glue them on. But, after following the instructions with the greatest care, all our test subject had to show for her trouble was a pool of glue on the table and considerable stickiness on her upper torso and tummy. Frederick's gives customers no advice on how to remove the things, in case anyone is ever able to make them stick. What happens when, with her Sexies intact, a girl manages to lure Mr. Right to her apartment? Does he manfully rip them off? Does she retire for an hour to soak her bosom in the bathtub? Who can say? Anyone stupid enough to try these should at least refrain from smoking, for the Sexi-Set is decidedly flammable. For the girl who doesn't follow the crowd, though, this may be a way to put new meaning into a burning passion.

The makers of the Marvelous Pennyrich Bra claim to be able to answer the wildest wishes of women everywhere—and move flesh. "One of the most startling changes that takes place is when the midriff flesh starts moving upward," exults the brochure. "The 'thrust forward' of the Pennylift will encourage the flesh to go up and over the top of the Pennylift into the cups."

It sounds extremely uncomfortable—something of an anatomical miracle. Feminists will be pleased to know that the bra was invented by a woman, "based upon the same engineering suspension principles that support the world-famous Golden Gate Bridge."

The golden era of bust-development devices is probably over unless someone can come up with a new idea. We did hear of one developer who has a machine consisting of an aquarium-style pump and a plastic mold of the client's chest. It costs $275—and is sold only in California. The suction, applied for several hours each day, is supposed to enlarge the breasts. A number of other suction devices—simpler ones with foot treadles or water connections attached to plastic cups—have been taken off the market and now lie forlornly under glass bubbles in the FDA's Museum of

A PROFILE OF COURAGE

1. THE BIG BAND

"The first thing I did was send away for NuArt's Deluxe Bustline-Measurement Increaser. It turned out that I had plunked down $5 for a gigantic rubber band. After four weeks, my boobs were nowhere but my biceps looked great. I could do twice as many push-ups as the other girls in gym class. But then, most of the other girls were halfway up when they started pushing."

2. and 3. THE PUSHERS

"Undaunted, I sent for the Iso-Tensor ($10.95) and, for good measure, the Mark Eden Developer ($9.95). The Iso-Tensor is a device where two tubes are fitted over a coil spring and Mark Eden gives you two clamshells on the half spring. Push these babies together 2000 times and you'll have muscles that will make any smartassed broad think twice before commenting on your tits. The Iso-Tensor makes a nice room divider. The King Kong–size castanets I gave to a friend who has an animal act. He's teaching gorillas to flamenco dance in Spanish restaurants. The gorillas can't dance very well but they sure know how to hustle tips."

4. THE WATER JET

"Beauty-Breast of Paris is really a tit douche from Woodland Hills. For $19.95, I got a plastic cup with a hose attachment for the faucet. The water jet was supposed to 'stimulate' the development of my breasts. After an hour, my nipples looked like raisins. Maybe sucking would help, I thought, so I attached it to the vacuum cleaner. I got ring around the collarbone plus a nifty depression in my back before I was able to turn it off. As for my nads, they were back to normal."

5. LA CREME DE LA CREAMS

"You can spend anywhere from $2.98 (for Rembrandt) to $10 (for Living Lotion) to lather up your poms, but not me. Not anymore. I looked like a goddamned seal. Smelled like one, too. One night, as a guy was leaving me off at my doorstep, he tried to cop a feel. His hand slipped right on by and got jammed in the mailbox. We had to call the super on that one."

6. KNOCKERS UP

"Now Mlle. Colette's Amazing Convertible Nude Bra is no ordinary uplift bra, I want you to know. For only $5.95, it lifts you up, up and away. While boogying one night at the *disco* with Mlle. Colette, she started to take off on me. By the end of the evening, my tits were epaulets.

"After years of this bullshit, I gave up. My bank account was $112 smaller and my bust was no bigger. My last investment, $5 for some business cards I had printed up, really helped my social life. I'd stuff them in all the guys' lockers. They carried my name and phone number and the slogan 'A-cups try harder.' "

BEFORE

"IN HIGH SCHOOL, I HAD ZITS BIGGER 'N MY TITS!"

"My acne disappeared, but so did the guys. I was ashamed even to have my picture taken by a photo vending machine. I was raped once and the mugger said, 'Roll over.' 'I am over,' I cried in embarrassment. For years, I spent my hard-earned tips from the drive-in on bust developers, only to learn that what nature has forgotten is better stuffed with cotton."

—MISS T. Z., TIN CUP, COLORADO

AFTER

1. THE BIG BAND

2. and 3. THE PUSHERS

4. THE WATER JET

5. LA CREME DE LA CREAMS

6. KNOCKERS UP

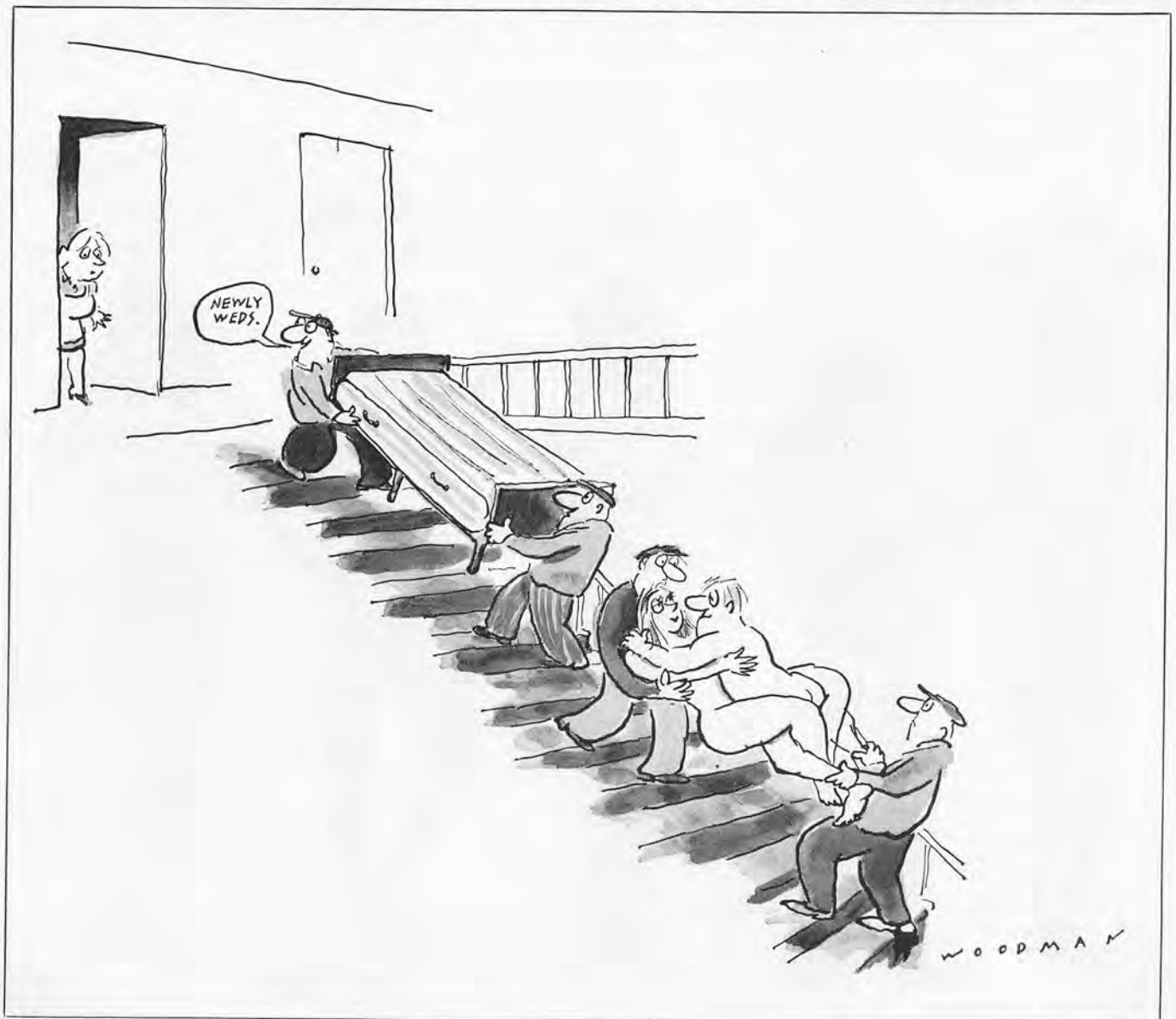
BUILDING A BIGGER BUST *One apocryphal story tells of a silicone-injected airline stewardess who, after her plane hit an air pocket, found herself with four breasts.*

Medical Quackery in St. Louis. Doctors and legal authorities agree that extreme suction can cause damage to tissues and maybe even cancer. It will not increase breast size.

For those who can't learn to live with what God put on their chests, the ultimate recourse is plastic surgery. The new prostheses are much softer and more realistic, and new implant techniques have shown excellent results. But that's not the case with silicone injections. While the surgical implants usually consist of silicone gel wrapped in plastic, like Baggies full of Jell-O, the silicone liquid is unconfined and can travel throughout a woman's entire system, coming to rest most anywhere. "One minute you can be Lady Bountiful," said Leake, "and the next you can have elephantiasis of the ankles. There's no telling where the stuff may go and no known method for removing it." Besides that, it's expensive—$50 a setting times five to eight settings. One apocryphal story tells of a silicone-injected airline stewardess who, after her plane hit an air pocket, found herself with four breasts. And that's why silicone liquids for mammary augmentation have always been held illegal by the United States Government.

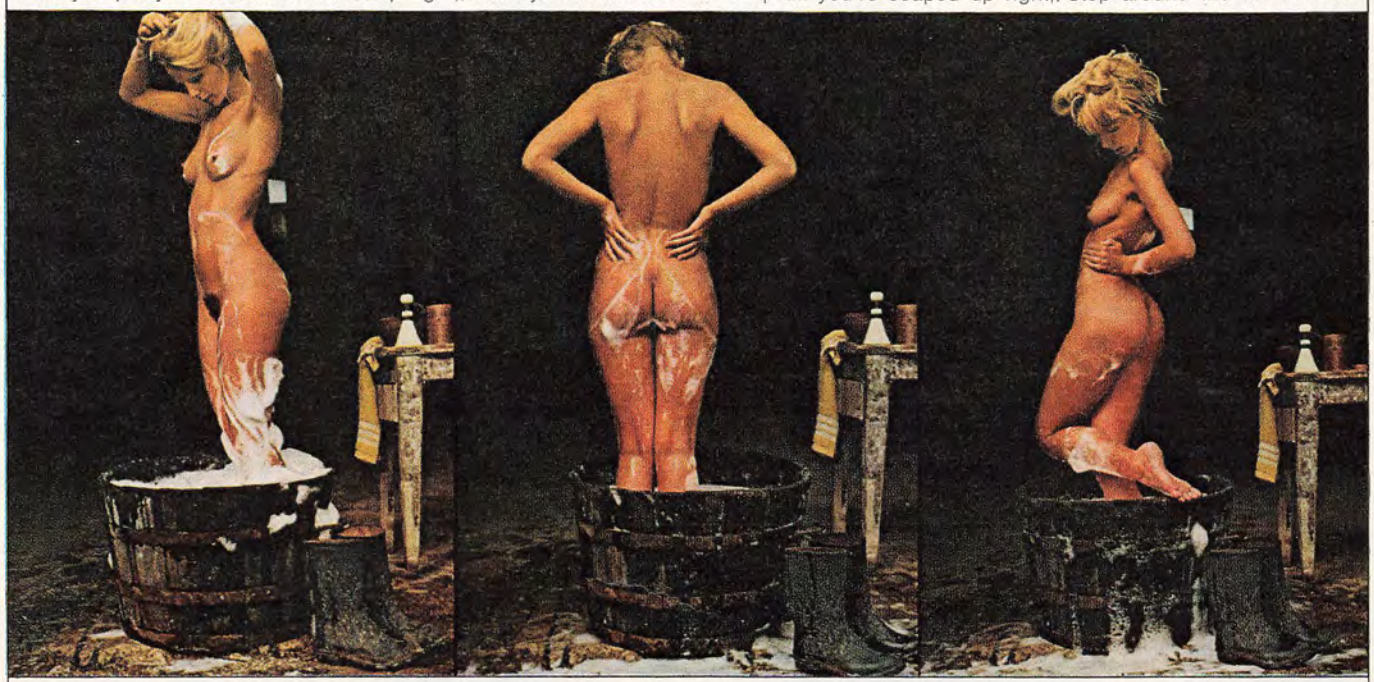
Augmentation mammaplasty, the approved surgical method of enlarging a woman's breasts, is not without drawbacks, either. As with any surgery, there are dangers, such as internal bleeding, edema, infection and hematoma. And it's expensive, too. The prostheses cost $200 to $250. The surgeon's fee can range from $750 to $1500—and higher—and even famous doctors have been known to operate clinics in which the surgery was sloppily done, or the breasts were made as hard as rocks. In some cases, the prostheses have even been allowed to protrude through the skin afterward.

There was a time when the beloved's bosom was admired because it was a part of the beloved. Nowadays, a good many people seem to take the container for the thing contained, to love the lady for her cleavage. Thousands of women have attempted, often with undue pain and suffering, to live up to the expectations of their husbands and lovers. But now, with the proliferation of women's magazines and stag films showing penises of various sizes, maybe men will get more self-conscious about the lengths of *their* most important sexual characteristic. [See the interview with porn star John C. Holmes in this issue—*Ed.*] If any man, as a result, tries to augment his penis with clamps and weights and the other awful devices available through mail order, he'll know exactly how we feel. Lots of luck, guys. ▣



HOW TO TAKE A BATH

First you put your two knees close up tight,/Then you fiddle with the soap till you're soaped up right,/Step around the tub kind of



nice and light,/Then you scrub your bod and scrub your bod with all your might./Throw your lovin' soap straight out in space,/Then

you rinse your body off with style and grace,/Move your toes like they were on a path,/Now, that's what oui calls takin' a bath.

JOHN C. HOLMES *My doctor says that I have an unusually high resistance to V. D. I've never even had crabs. Also, I refuse to go onto a set if the girl doesn't look or smell clean.*

(Continued from page 82) blow every day for two weeks. I met her at a crap table and thoroughly, rottenly seduced her. She'd made love only twice before—with her fiancé—and both times it was terrible. But I got her into doing *everything*. After she left Vegas, she sent me $1000 for a plane ticket to Boston, but when I arrived at her home—an unbelievable mansion—the family took me aside and informed me that they were patching things up between her and her fiancé. Then they gave me an offer I couldn't refuse: In return for leaving immediately and never coming back, I would be allowed to go on living. That seemed fair enough to me, so I told her I didn't love her and split five minutes later. But there's a happy ending: Eventually, she got married, but not to her fiancé. About twice a year, she flies me to New York when her husband goes to Europe.

OUI: Do you ever trick with couples?

HOLMES: Sure. I get a lot of swing business. A few years ago, for example, a bartender in Beverly Hills turned me on to a very wealthy woman from Texas; I didn't know it was a swing trick at the time. By the way, I always give bartenders a ten percent cut of whatever I make off a trick. Anyway, unlike most of my rich clients, this girl was in her mid-20s and very pretty. We agreed to $100, went up to her hotel room, made love, and then she disappeared into the bathroom. I was lying there, smoking a cigarette, when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the closet door move. Well, this guy walked out of the closet nude, and he had to be eight feet tall. Really good-looking, too, but with a penis about as big as your index finger. I *knew* I was gonna get killed, but right then the girl came back into the bedroom and introduced us. It turned out that the guy's really hung up about the size of his cock and digs watching his wife get laid. They wound up getting me a hotel room and staying for two weeks, and I netted three motorcycle payments, a two-carat diamond ring, a new wardrobe and $200 in cash. Every year now, I go to their cattle ranch to visit them—and their oil wells—and do just as well each time.

OUI: How do you protect yourself from venereal disease?

HOLMES: I see my doctor every two weeks. He collects my films and I swing with him and his wife. He says that I have an unusually high resistance to V. D. I tell him not to say that, because it might ruin it. But, in nine years, I've never even had crabs. Also, I refuse to go onto a set if the girl doesn't look or smell clean. If she cares so little about herself that she won't take care of her body, I won't work with her.

OUI: What hygienic precautions do you take after intercourse?

HOLMES: I go to the bathroom immediately, urinate, wash with soap and water and then use Listerine. All the venereal germs I might have come in contact with are flushed out by ejaculating and then urinating, and 60 percent of the superficial ones are destroyed by the Listerine. Also, I am concerned about cleanliness and bathe three times a day.

OUI: Have you ever turned down a trick?

HOLMES: Yes. A few years ago, I met a guy who used to take his wife out for an Italian dinner once a week. She was very young and beautiful. He would get her crocked on wine, give her a downer in a drink and she'd pass out. Then he'd put a plastic sheet on the bed and invite his friends over to fuck her. They'd buttfuck her, come in her mouth and piss on her face, and all the time she was totally unconscious. This would go on for three or four hours. Afterward, he'd take her into the shower, wash her off and change the sheets. The next morning, she'd wake up with a hangover—but none the wiser. He offered me $50 to join in but I turned him down.

OUI: Do you do much S/M tricking?

HOLMES: No. I'm not really into it. The only thing I have against masochism is that it hurts. Once, though, I tricked a

A SILLY MILLIMETER LONGER

John C. Holmes, seen here with some of his film co-workers, spends his days acting out a lot of people's fantasies. He is always the star of his movies, and at the end of each one, he gets his brains blown out. Bottom left: Holmes relaxes. Top left: A young lady shows an expression that, by now, is very familiar to Holmes. Center: Another of his partners waits languidly for Holmes to lower the boom. Above: A face familiar to the coin-booth crowd engages in a stare-down with Holmes's member. Holmes lost; it wouldn't stay down.

very famous actress who was totally into pain. All the while I was fucking her, I kept thinking about the movies I'd seen her in and how I used to fantasize about making it with her. And there she was—this big sex symbol who any man in America would give his left testicle to screw—tied up in bed, screaming for me to whip her and piss on her. That was a very bizarre trip.

OUI: Who was she?

HOLMES: Like a priest in the confessional, I never violate the privacy of my relationship with a client. She'd never patronize me again—and neither would anybody else. Besides, it wouldn't be nice.

OUI: How do you feel about being a sex symbol yourself?

HOLMES: I love it! I get hundreds of letters a week from people asking me to ball them or to send them something—a picture, some sexual advice, a lock of my hair.

OUI: Pubic?

HOLMES: Of course. And there are John C. Holmes film festivals and fan clubs all over the world. One of my fan clubs consists of an entire women's Marine Corps barracks—102 women strong. Very often, when I'm in a restaurant, an admirer will send a magnum of champagne over to my table or will pay my check. And fans always want me to sign their clothes. At the premiere of a porn movie not long ago, a girl in really tight pink-silk pants asked me to autograph her ass. And another time, a guy took me into an alley to sign his wife's titty. There are times when the whole thing gets a bit too much—like a week with too many marriage proposals, too many urgent calls on my answering service, too many round-trip airplane tickets. My friends tell me to cash in the tickets, but that wouldn't be honest.

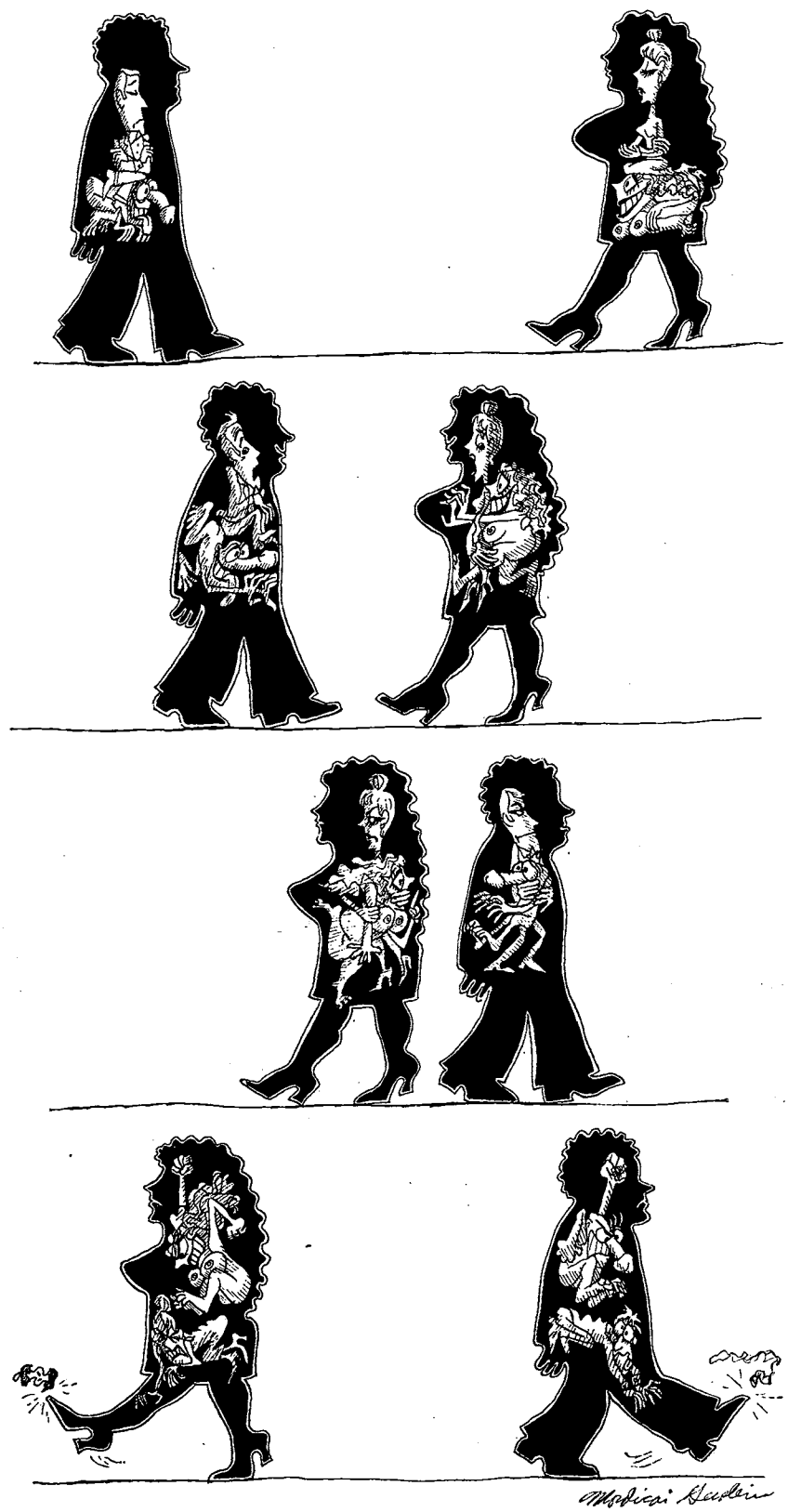
OUI: Do you feel that pornographic films have any redeeming social value?

HOLMES: It's the only thing they *do* have. What could be more redeeming, more social or more valuable than an explicitly erotic lesson in how to make love? I think pornographic movies, as well as gambling and prostitution, should be legalized—if only for the very practical reason that this would increase tax revenues. But politicians won't act because such activities produce unclean money. This, in a day when our kids don't even get free pencils in school. Yet last year, world-wide sales of pornographic material—magazines, movies and sexual-stimulus apparatus—grossed billions of *untaxed* dollars. Somebody is spending one hell of a lot of money just to get off.

OUI: You certainly don't fit the stereotype of the sleazy hard-core sex star. What's a decent, well-adjusted, articulate guy like you doing in a dirty business like this?

HOLMES: Just lucky, I guess. ▣

The Inner Man



HOW EUROPE STOLE OUR JAZZ *One problem in the States is a payola-ridden rock industry that has made the musical tastes of most Americans literally purchasable for a price.*

(Continued from page 92) Lewis Orchestra, Woody Herman's Thundering Herd, Sonny Rollins, Gil Evans—even jazz-rock musician Billy Cobham and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra.

The audience at Montreux never exceeded 2000, and the festival producers were content with it. So, unlike George Wein at Newport, they didn't feel inclined to import the pop-star glitter of Patti LaBelle or Lou Reed. Nobs, in fact, sees jazz as an evolving art form and always makes a point of bringing in several lesser-known talents, like the controversial Art Ensemble of Chicago—which would never get an equivalent opportunity at home.

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Is jazz to stay in permanent exile from its native country or can it be imported back? One problem in the States is a payola-ridden rock industry that has made the musical tastes of most Americans literally purchasable for a price.

In the opinion of such insiders as composer-lyricist Gene Lees, "It's the moguls of the rock industry, with their superhyped promotions, who are the main influences precipitating the flight of jazz from America." In fact, Lees specifically singles out Clive Davis, the former president of CBS Records, as one of the prime movers in a national sell-the-public-slop campaign.

Before he was fired from CBS for allegedly misappropriating company funds, Davis—who earned $350,000 during his last year on the job—helped design the plan that pushed rock music from 15 percent of Columbia Records' volume to more than 50 percent. "The big record companies operate through all kinds of illegitimate means," explains one music publicist. "It goes from supplying broads and drugs to the top stars, to wining and dining disc jockeys, to big display ads in the right publications, to occasional direct payoffs—all done on the assumption that rock stars don't just happen; they are made."

In truth, the record companies in America are inextricably linked to radio—or perhaps vice versa. At any rate, payola has tied the two together, and part of the blame for the jazz vacuum in America can be laid at the doorstep of greedy networks and station managers who keep claiming that jazz is too specialized—meaning not commercial. Rock, pop and country-and-western still lay the golden egg for the record companies, so it's around that goose that air time is designed. By comparison, European broadcasting is usually noncommercial or state-owned and operates on the principle of public service. Every minority has a right to have its interests reflected and so it is not unusual for jazz and Elizabethan madrigals to get equal time.

Of course, it would be both chauvinistic and misleading to claim that Europe is paradise for jazz and America is hell: The truth is not so clear-cut and the scale of public indifference is constantly shifting. Thus, a small but somewhat special place is now being opened up for jazz on American radio: "It's happening every day on black-format stations," says pianist-educator Billy Taylor, citing stations WRVR in New York, WHUR in Washington and KJAZ in San Francisco, each of which has adopted an almost 24-hour jazz-programing policy. "It's a gamble that's paying off. They've put together a format that includes Ahmad Jamal, Les McCann, Roberta Flack and other stars who are jazz-oriented, even though the purists might not consider them the best examples of what's really happening. This is really the basis of black radio in America—just a d.j. playing what he likes. It certainly isn't formula programing—like this week play country, then if the wind changes, go soul. White stations are always looking for formulas after the fact. They look at the charts to see what people are buying, whereas the black d.j. plays what he likes, and people call up and say, 'Hey, what's that? Where can I buy it?' "

High magnification

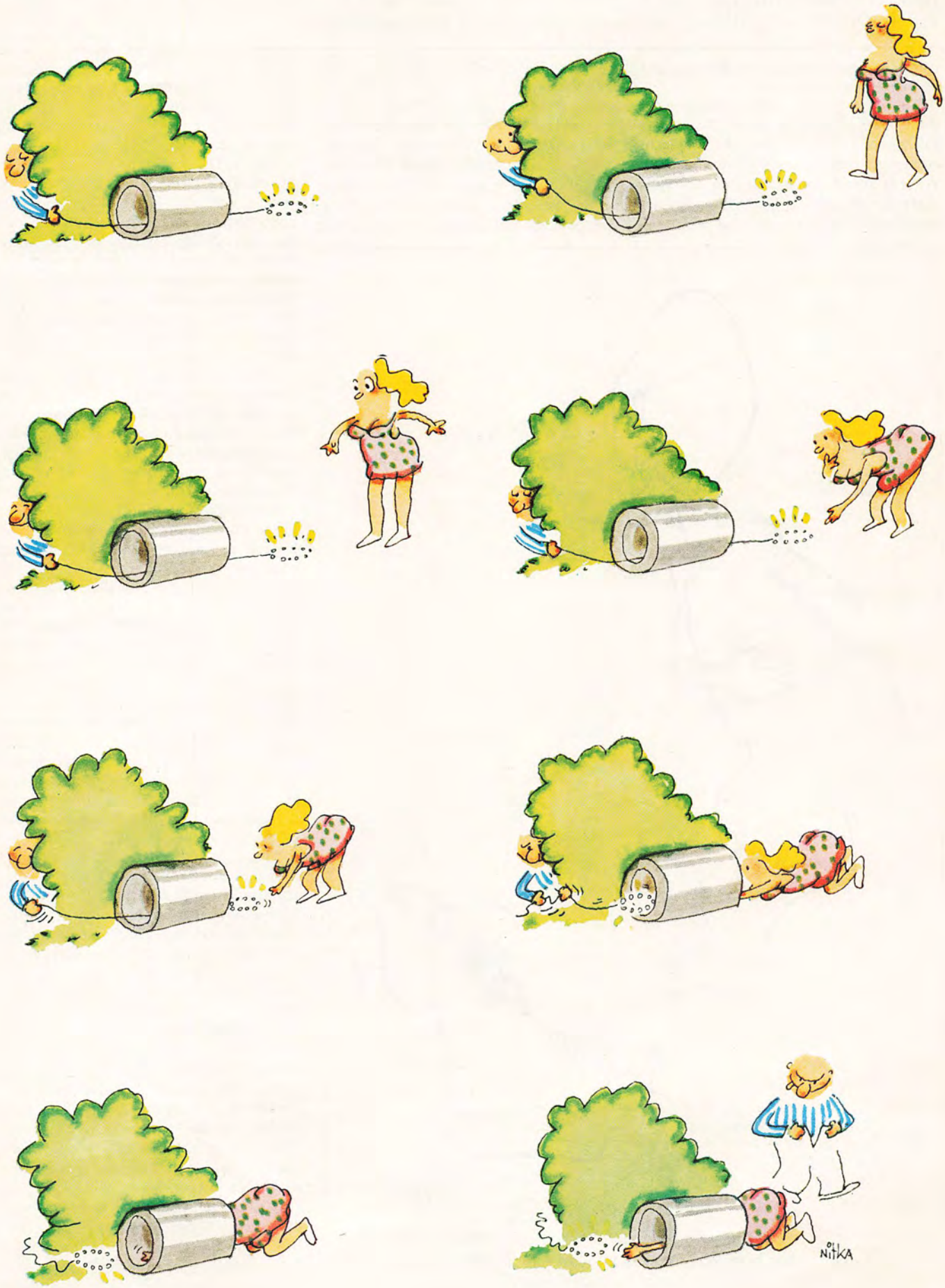
Enlarged 3000 times under a scanning electron microscope: The resin nodules (and finger-shaped pistils) of a live flower of a female plant known as *Cannabis sativa*. The photo was done by David Scharf and is available in poster form from Raffaelli Studios.

Unofficially, Taylor acts as chief advocate and spokesman for most of the country's jazz musicians, including many of the less-known, avant-garde groups—people who, over the years, have felt embittered by lack of recognition, poor record distribution and limited opportunities to perform. A former disc jockey at WLIB in New York, Taylor has been a leader of the Jazzmobile project, designed to bring music into the streets and schoolhouses of poor neighborhoods. He's also a director of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, a kind of orchestral museum in which young composers, as well as established ones, are represented.

"The difficulty is in finding subsidies for these projects," explains Taylor. "Since earliest America, we, as a people, have made culture into the something that was to be added on: You get your finances together, your property and your business straight and then you add a little culture. Nothing could be further from the truth. Culture isn't something you add on; it's the cup you drink out of, the flowers you arrange on your table. Until this is realized, we're never going to get the responsible people, much less the Government, to see the importance of sponsoring jazz or anything like it."

As the rewards of rock commercialization nudge more and more performers into Alice Cooper–style morbidity and decadence, a number of record-company executives have started to pick up on a healthy trend even within the limits of white-oriented music. Ironically, once again Columbia Records is leading the way, but this time in reverse thrust—away from rock and toward a sort of crossover jazz, a souped-up, funked-up, electrophonic version of the traditional music.

"I describe this new music as improvised music," explains Columbia vice-president and general manager Bruce Lundval. "The only difference from traditional jazz is in the use of electronic instruments. It's certainly not rock and it's not rhythm and blues either, but there are influences of rock and R&B in it. If you want to categorize the sound, it's more jazz than anything else, as, for example, Stevie Wonder, Sly and the Family Stone and Blood, Sweat and Tears. And then there are all those young, aware, black musicians, people like the members of Herbie Hancock and Earth, Wind and Fire, who are


NiiTKA

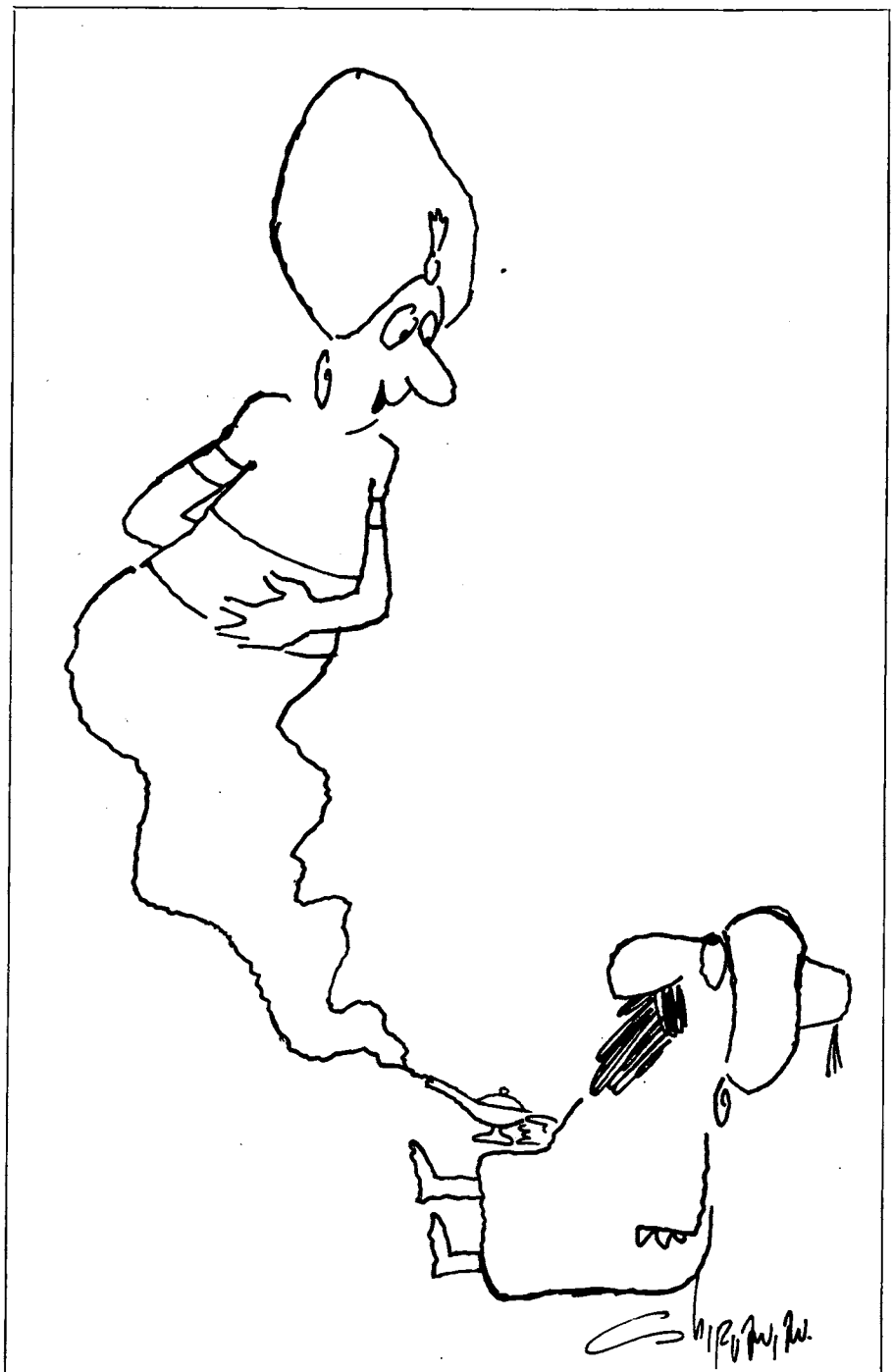
HOW EUROPE STOLE OUR JAZZ *"The flower has to grow," says John McLaughlin, leader of the Mahavishnu Orchestra. "And jazz, like the universe, has to keep evolving."*

using the best of rock electrification and applying it to jazz roots."

To many young people listening to these two groups or to Blood, Sweat and Tears or Tower of Power, the term crossover jazz is, as yet, unimagined. What is significant is that they are suddenly listening to a kind of music astonishingly close to traditional jazz.

Miles Davis' album *Big Fun* sold 100,000 units in its first week, for example. Herbie Hancock's *Head Hunters* has sold over 800,000 and the Mahavishnu Orchestra's latest over 350,000.

The breakthrough album that pioneered crossover jazz as the new music of the Seventies, Davis' *Bitches Brew*, was on Columbia. Donald Byrd, Chick Corea, Deodato and Woody Herman have also followed the jazz trend; Herman was one of the first to introduce electric piano and bass into big-band arrangements.



"Hi, I'm your new genie. Your old genie has been arrested for influence-peddling, bribery and misuse of power."

Yet, as Davis was shocking the purists by building bridges between electronic rock effects and jazz, it was generally conceded that many European jazzmen had been doing this type of experimentation all along. A good example is Polish saxophonist-violinist Michal Urbaniak, who recently stated in *Billboard* that he had thought of combining electronic rock with jazz almost five years ago.

Other Europeans who came to the new music early are keyboard artist Joe Zawinul, of Weather Report; Jean-Luc Ponty, the prominent French violinist; and Yorkshire-born John McLaughlin, leader and guitarist of the astonishing Mahavishnu Orchestra.

McLaughlin is still heavily involved in the European music scene and locates himself stylistically somewhere between rock and structured jazz. In 1969, he moved to New York to play with Tony Williams, once Davis' percussionist. Williams introduced McLaughlin to Davis, and Davis incorporated some of the new jazz strains in his 1969 album *In a Silent Way*. McLaughlin, meanwhile, formed the first Mahavishnu Orchestra, with two of the five musicians coming from Europe.

Which continent, then, is the leader in the world jazz movement? A few years ago, everyone would have said America, but today the balance has been altered.

"True, in some measure, my original Mahavishnu group did suggest the increasing significance of Europe," a serene McLaughlin explained recently, while cutting the second album of his new ten-man group. "We Europeans have contributed, above all, a kind of eclecticism, a greater openness to other kinds of music. And we've proved that it's not just Americans who can play jazz. What I've been trying to say in my music is that there is unity behind everything. That life is one harmony and oneness is part of everything in this incredible world—the millions of people in the cities, the cars, the whole mishmash. That, behind it all, there's one incredible, divine, loving will. . . ."

If European talent has given jazz new life, then we can probably forgive her for luring away our best musicians. "The flower has to grow," says McLaughlin. "And jazz, like the universe, has to keep evolving." ▣

ODESSA FILE REOPENED *"The stupid Nazis," Wiesenthal says, "were the ones who committed suicide at the end of the war. The smart ones waited for the Cold War, when party managers needed their votes."*

(Continued from page 94) Cyla hadn't died. She had been shipped off to do forced labor in a German factory. When the war was over, the two were reunited in a smoldering Europe, with no one to thank except Lady Luck.

Wiesenthal had already gotten a taste of the world's postwar indifference. No sooner had he been released by the Americans than he set out on foot for Linz. When he had gone about a mile, he felt dizzy and tired, so he stopped at a farmhouse to ask for a glass of water. "Was it bad over there, in Mauthausen?" the Austrian peasant woman asked, as she poured him grape juice.

"Be glad you didn't see the camp from the inside," Wiesenthal replied.

"Why should I see it?" the woman asked. "*I'm* not a Jew."

That was only the beginning. Working as an unpaid Nazi hunter for U. S. counterintelligence, in Europe, Wiesenthal began to see that the Americans were also morally anesthetized. The 17-year-old daughter of an arrested SS man, for example, came into the office and asked the captain in charge for permission to take her father food. The captain made out a form, made a date and also, to hear him tell it, took her to bed. Three days later, the SS man was freed on the captain's order.

Then there was the well-meaning Harvard professor, one of Wiesenthal's superiors, who said, "Simon, you must emigrate to the United States. You work hard, you are intelligent, enthusiastic, idealistic. You will become a big shot in the U. S., because you are Jewish, too. Listen, Simon, in America the red and green lights regulate traffic and everything else is run by the Jews."

Wiesenthal looked back at the man and said, "From tomorrow, you must find a replacement for me. This is the last day I am working for you."

The remark, Wiesenthal says, was "a slap in the face—that an officer in the U. S. Army can talk to me like a Nazi, even if he thinks it's a joke. The birth of the Jewish Documentation Center came from that. We were living in a displaced-persons camp, so that night, I rounded up thirty survivors, desperadoes like me, people without a future, with a very bad past and with no money. I said, 'I am no longer working for the Americans. Life is too simple for them. They think that in America there are just Democrats and Republicans and in Europe, Nazis and Jews. I feel it is our duty to do this job with our own hands.' "

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On May 23, 1960, the day Israel announced it had abducted Adolf Eichmann, Wiesenthal received a cable from Jerusalem: "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR EXCELLENT WORK." He studied it with satisfaction for a minute or two, then handed it to his daughter. "You never saw your father when you were a baby," he said. "You were asleep when I went out in the morning looking for this man and you were asleep by the time I came home. I don't know how long I will live. I don't know if I will leave you any fortune. But this cable is my gift to you. Because, through this cable, I am now a part of history."

Wiesenthal now explains how he decided to go after Eichmann. "The stupid Nazis," he says, "were the ones who committed suicide at the end of the war. The smart ones had more patience. They waited for the Cold War and for national elections in Austria and Germany, where party managers needed their votes and even put some of them into government."

As Nazi criminals were released in the anti-Communist climate of the Cold War, Wiesenthal fell into a depression and, in 1953, closed his Jewish Documentation Center in Linz in order to go into refugee work. But Eichmann's father, also named Adolf, lived only two blocks away and, every day, at least twice, Wiesenthal passed the man's electrical-appliance store, with its sign that read ADOLF EICHMANN. Eichmann's was the one dossier he kept when he sent his files off to the Yad Vashem archives in Israel.

Wiesenthal's depression persisted. A

"But you can't divorce me—it'll break up our wife-swapping circle!"

ODESSA FILE REOPENED *Wiesenthal located Stangl in a Volkswagen plant in São Paulo, when a seedy ex-Gestapo officer offered information on the man's whereabouts in exchange for $25,000.*

doctor told him he needed relaxation, a hobby.

"But I have a hobby," Wiesenthal replied. "I collect witnesses."

"And from this hobby you are sick," the doctor said. "You are prolonging the concentration camp for yourself. When your witnesses cry, you cry, too. And when they suffer, you suffer. Get yourself a real hobby, like stamp collecting."

Wiesenthal took the doctor's advice and plunged into philately with the same intensity he brings to everything. But, instead of distracting him from the Nazis, his hobby focused his mind on crucial details that revitalized his work. Once, his contribution to a war-crimes trial was a stamped envelope addressed from Poland, contradicting an SS man's alibi. It was also stamp collecting that led him to Eichmann's hiding place.

At a philatelic exhibit in Innsbruck, he was invited to the villa of an old baron to look at stamps. One envelope came from a former German army officer who had settled in Argentina. "Beautiful stamps, aren't they?" the baron remarked, pulling out the letter. It read:

> There are some people here we both used to know. A few more are here whom you've never met. Imagine who else I saw—and even had to talk to twice: this awful swine Eichmann who commanded the Jews. He lives near Buenos Aires and works for a water company.

Armed with these data and old photos of the quarry, Israeli agents in Buenos Aires picked up a certain Ricardo Clement—but that was six and a half years later.

Shortly thereafter, with "no more need to sit and look that ADOLF EICHMANN sign in the mouth," Wiesenthal moved to the Austrian capital of Vienna and reopened his Jewish Documentation Center. "Psychologically," he says, "I now keep a little distance from my cases. Otherwise, I would land in a mental hospital." He is supported, sporadically, by the Board of Jewish Communities in Austria; by dues from the Federation of Jewish Victims of the Nazi Regime (which Wiesenthal founded); by Friends of the Documentation Center societies that have been formed in Belgium, Germany, Italy; by Wiesenthal foundations in the Netherlands and Luxembourg; and by voluntary contributions from individuals and religious congregations. In New York, he maintains an office, manned by a secretary, at 1370 Broadway. "Three countries consider me tax deductible for contribution," he adds wryly, "the United States, the Netherlands and Luxembourg."

He also raises money in tricky ways. One day, he was on his way home from an early lunch and met the postman, who handed him a letter, addressed simply: "*Saujude* Wiesenthal, Wien" (Jew-pig Wiesenthal, Vienna).

"There are nine Wiesenthals in the Vienna phone book," he said to the postman. "How do you know to bring this kind of mail to me?"

"Well, er, we just send it to S. Wiesenthal," the man answered feebly.

"But there are two S. Wiesenthals in the phone book," Wiesenthal persisted, "and I'm not one of them." He is unlisted.

The postman, possibly an aging Hitler youth, now apologized openly. "I'm sorry," he said. "Give it back to me and we'll deliver it to one of the other S. Wiesenthals."

But Wiesenthal had had his fun, and he held the letter out of reach. "No," he said, "I want it, because I have a standing offer from an American collector. I get two hundred dollars for every one of these."

The money comes in handy, in a morally indifferent world. Wiesenthal got Franz Stangl, the commandant of Treblinka death camp, by pressuring the German and Austrian justice ministries to pressure Brazil for extradition. He located Stangl in a Volkswagen plant in São Paulo, when a seedy ex-Gestapo officer, in need of cash, offered information on the man's whereabouts in exchange for $25,000.

"You might as well ask for two million dollars," Wiesenthal answered.

The informer shrugged. "All right, I'll give you a special price. How many Jews did Stangl kill?"

Wiesenthal guessed in the neighborhood of 700,000.

"I want one cent for each of them," the informer replied. "Let's see. That's seven thousand dollars. A bargain, really."

Wiesenthal, who thought he had heard enough to make him shockproof, clutched the desk to keep from hitting the man.

"Well?" the informer said.

"Well, I won't give you a penny now," Wiesenthal replied. "But if Stangl is arrested on the basis of your information, you'll get the money." And he did, when Stangl was brought back to Germany three years later.

Stangl died in a German prison and that was as much as Wiesenthal wanted. "The important thing," he says, "is that the man was brought to trial. The spirit of the law is that every murdered person has the posthumous right to the trial of his murderer. Now, if a man is responsible for 10,000 deaths, you cannot make 10,000 trials. So you make one trial. And imprisonment is not only a sentence, it is a symbol of justice, even if it is of short duration. The son or daughter of every victim can take a pencil and calculate, for example, that, for killing my mother, the murderer has spent two minutes or maybe two days in prison. It's not much, but it's something that helps the survivors live."

Wiesenthal is not sure that even Eichmann should have hanged. "Maybe it would have been better to have him in prison as a warning to the murderers of tomorrow," he says. "For me, the trial is the historical lesson—even when there is an acquittal." In fact, he has always been opposed to violent retribution.

"After the war," he continues, "Jewish partisans working in the woods in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Romania and Slovakia were contacting me for addresses, saying, 'We don't need to wait for a court.' But I wouldn't give them what they wanted. Maybe they think of me now as a protector of the Nazis. I've certainly saved enough Nazis to think of them sometimes as my clients. But I say the same thing today that I was saying thirty years ago: Look, they killed six million of us and maybe we can kill six hundred of them. Will that balance the books? The world will say, 'The Nazis killed innocent Jews and now the Jews are killing Germans without any proof of their guilt. They're all the same.' No, this account must stay open. We're never going to be able to have an eye for an eye and we should never be as good at killing as the Nazis were. Their lives are unimportant. Their deaths are unimportant. But we need them as witnesses.

"Stangl I could have had killed for five hundred dollars, before he was extradited. In South America, so many people disappear: It is only a matter of money. One of the bureaucrats we were pestering hinted that I should just write the check and soon I would receive Stangl's ears. But this isn't what I was after. We ended up with Stangl on trial, and every day for six months, it was in the papers and millions of people read about it. If I had had him killed, Stangl would just have been a corpse. There would have been a few lines in the press, then nothing."

Cases of this kind are in fact plentiful with Wiesenthal, and so of course

"And you needn't bother to work out the week,
Delaney . . . you can leave right now!"

are the ironies. At Wiesenthal's behest, one embittered refugee, for example, left his New Jersey farm and traveled to Graz, Austria, to testify that his only child was shot to death before his eyes by Franz Murer, the Butcher of Wilna concentration camp in Lithuania. The trial did not go well. Several jurors in green-loden costumes showed open sympathy for the defendant and the presiding judge made snickering remarks to journalists. The night before the farmer was to testify, he showed Wiesenthal the knife that was concealed in his vest, saying, "Murer killed my son before my eyes. Now I'm going to kill him before the eyes of his wife and children."

Wiesenthal pleaded, "Whatever your motives are, the world will call you a murderer. The Nazis are just waiting for such a thing to happen. They will say, 'Look at these Jews who are always talking about justice. They accuse Murer of murder, yet they are murderers themselves. Murer killed Jews and a Jew killed him. Where's the difference?' "

The man answered, "I am not here for the Jewish people. I come here simply as the father of my murdered child."

Wiesenthal in turn cited the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" and argued—in accordance with his beliefs—that the fact of the trial was more important than the verdict, and when he left a few minutes later, the farmer's knife went with him. Subsequently, Murer was acquitted of 17 counts of "murder by his own hands."

When Wiesenthal bumped into the farmer in a Vienna hotel lobby a few days later, the man looked right through him. "I understand," says Wiesenthal, "that I may have saved Murer's life. It is not a very pleasant thought, but there was nothing else I could have done."

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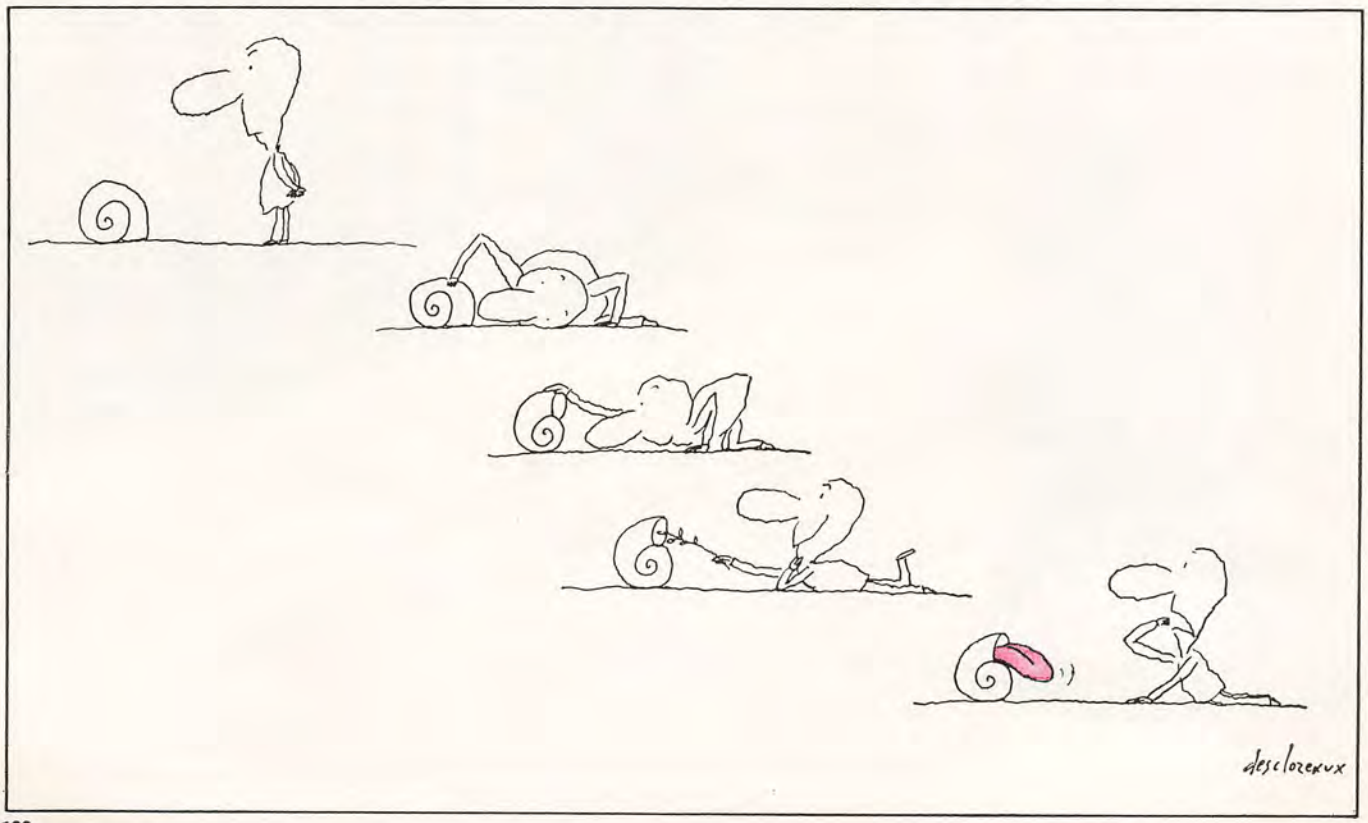
Unlike many concentration-camp survivors, Wiesenthal is also generous on the subject of collective guilt. He knew good Germans, two or three of whom saved his life. Even now, he occasionally stops in Karlsruhe to see Heinrich Günthert, his Nazi slave-labor boss at the Lvov locomotive works. And Günthert, now retired as director of the West German Railways, was invited to the 1965 wedding of Wiesenthal's daughter Pauline. Wiesenthal remembers how this man, despite pressure from the SS, not only treated his Poles and Jews correctly but also expected the same from his underlings. And Günthert, meanwhile, was especially fond of Wiesenthal, because, he says, "he always walked with his head up and looked me straight in the eye. He had a thoughtful expression, as though he knew we Germans might one day have to account for all this."

Today, Wiesenthal holds that accounting to be a German, not a Jewish, obligation. He was not always this benign: "For me, in the beginning," he says, "which was when the Second World War ended, the whole world was guilty. The Nazis had committed crimes against us in the name of the German people and the rest of the world kept quiet about it. But I came to realize that the Jewish argument against collective guilt is right there in the Bible—in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. A Jew who believes in God and in his people does not believe in the principle. Haven't we Jews suffered for thousands of years because *we* were said to be collectively guilty—all of us, including our unborn children—of the Crucifixion, the epidemics of the Middle Ages, communism, capitalism, bad wars, bad peace treaties and now the price of gasoline? We are the eternal scapegoat. But we know that we are not collectively guilty, so how can we accuse any other people of being collectively guilty?"

He is tougher on the issue of forgiveness. When Otto Frank, Anne's father, spoke out for reconciliation, German editorial writers praised him, but Wiesenthal demurred. "I respect Otto Frank's point of view," he says. "He doesn't just preach forgiveness; he also practices it. But I am, above all, concerned with practical and legal questions. Time and again, I saw how



tolerance and forgiveness were misunderstood by the Nazis. Now the fact that Anne Frank's father pardoned his child's murderers has been turned into an argument for ending the prosecution of all Nazi crimes. 'What is good enough for Otto Frank should be good enough for anyone,' it is said. 'If he forgives, then all ought to forgive.' But Frank's conscience *permits* him to forgive. My conscience forces me to bring the guilty ones to trial. Obviously, we operate on different ethical levels; we follow different paths."

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For Wiesenthal, the Jews' great postwar mistake was to settle for material, rather than moral, restitution. "Think back thirty years," he says. "The situation was that all people were expecting that the Jews would do something. They were leaving it to us, the survivors. Nobody was asking what is our background, why do we want this, who is giving us money—the way they ask today. We were coming from another world—the world of the dead. What was committed against us and our families gave us the power of an atomic bomb. But we settled for matches: Give me clothing. Give me land. Give me $10,000, $2000. This house back. That shop. Give me restitution, but don't give me any guilt. We were the deputies for the millions the Nazis destroyed, but we made our atomic power into little matches. And if you have a million little matches, you do not have one atomic bomb. The material restitution was a moral horror. That was our tragedy. I am sure that in 100, 200 years, historians will find out what I'm telling you—that we were not only victims; we were also guilty."

The very vehemence of his position has itself been a reparations tactic, however. Once Wiesenthal served on a financial committee negotiating restitution for 48 synagogs and houses of worship destroyed in Austria. The actual damage was estimated at $6,350,000 but the Austrian officials offered only $140,000. Then they were haggled up to $400,000, and Wiesenthal told a story that shocked everyone at the table. It also helped to bring a final settlement of $1,200,000. A friend in a refugee camp, he explained, had lent 50 cents to a fellow inmate at a time when half a dollar was a small fortune. Later, the lender tried in vain to get his money back, but the borrower didn't return it until he already had a visa to America and was getting ready to leave. The lender, who happened to be playing chess with Wiesenthal at the time, looked up from his game and said, "Please keep your money. I don't want to have to change my mind about you for fifty cents."

For almost eight years, Wiesenthal himself refused to take reparation money that was legally due him from the West German government, which agreed in the Fifties to indemnify Jews for their homes, businesses, property and health, all or some of which he had lost to the Nazis. When he did accept, he plowed more than half of it into the Jewish Documentation Center.

So the work has its own rewards. But it is also dangerous. In 1962, for example, Mrs. Wiesenthal suffered a minor heart attack when an anonymous phone caller warned, "My friends are going to get ahold of your daughter and you will never see her again." In 1965, at a conference in Southend on Sea, England, the World Union of National Socialists, a neo-Nazi organization, put a $120,000 price tag on Wiesenthal's head. Now his neighbors in the building on Rudolfsplatz are receiving anonymous letters to the effect that their apartments will be destroyed when the Documentation Center is blown up. The results are that several neighbors, including one Jewish couple who survived the death camps, have signed a petition and started legal action to get Wiesenthal evicted. "I meet them in the elevator and they look at me as if I were their murderer," he says.

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Wiesenthal is worn out. "I cannot teach my work to other people," he complains. "There is nobody to succeed me, nobody left who's had my experience or could find out all that I carry in my head. I could never be an architect again, not after seeing how quickly buildings can be destroyed, so I shall simply have to resign myself to never retiring. It would be a Nazi holiday and a Jewish defeat—a defeat for humanity, a defeat for justice, too. And, believe me, the old German 'heroes' would begin again just that much sooner."

Saying this, Wiesenthal perks up and even laughs a little. "In the opinion of some people," he continues, "I am like a Jewish James Bond. In the opinion of others, I am a Jewish Don Quixote. In fact, I am neither the one nor the other. My work is an adventure, yes, but there is nothing romantic about it. You could make thriller after thriller out of my files, but I'm still not James Bond, because the results are never immediate. Sometimes, also, I am fighting against imagination or against a world that doesn't understand, but I'm not Don Quixote, either, because my results *are* real." ▣

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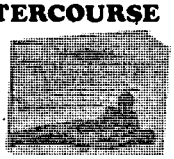

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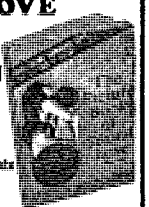

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(Continued from page 103) human artifacts, stars; and Mailer, who by the force of his own will became a star and then, using his stardom as a filter for what he saw, brought back from Washington, in *Armies of the Night*, an important message about the tension in us between the public and the private, between our theater and our conscience. Dylan, too, maybe, because he gave up just in time the stardom we forced on him and then took it back when he was ready, on his own terms. It may not seem much in the light of what happened.

•

And yet it can't be communicated that way, I realize, as I look up once more at the pictures on the wall opposite me. Yes, we were foolish and a bit absurd, like children dressed up in their parents' clothes. Yes, we fell for our own performances and tried to play house. But the eye of history as well as being a cold eye is also a jaundiced eye. It is too interested in things countable, in legacies and results, to have time to look for feelings. And so it doesn't see that our Sixties, for all their forlorn closing, were for us the most exciting of times. We had a new music, a language of our own that was expanded every time the Beatles or the Stones or Dylan put out a record. We had an identity, a future and a strong sense of fellowship. We could, we thought, make anything happen: the overthrow of a government, a cultural revolution, a brave new ecology, anything. And of course we did not see what was happening to us, the subtle role escalations that were demanded of us daily by the media and by our peers. We were too busy with what was in front of us, the meetings and demonstrations and visits to Millbrook, the films and street plays and discussions far into the night, to be able to stop and take stock. Everything was going too fast. All we could see was the next meeting, the next demonstration, the next film, and the need for each of them to be better than the last. It was like living in the eye of a storm. We had to go faster and faster to stay in the same place.

And that was why we never recognized the moment when the roles took over, and we started to do things because doing them was expected of us. We never heard the mode of our music change and become, little by little, drab ritual imitations of what had gone before. We never felt the blow from within until it was too late.

It came at different times for different people. It came for the actor when he looked in the mirror one day and saw the lines in his face that had been there all along. It came for the young writer one Saturday night when there were no more parties. It came for the revolutionary when he realized that he could no longer pursue a politics that meant his embracing his own death. It came for me when, after Stokely Carmichael and Berlin and Martin Luther King, Jr., after the Stones and The Doors and Johnny Cash, I found myself making a film about a horse. It came for all of us and laid us waste. We will never again be so completely and deliciously absorbed in what is going on. Put *Sgt. Pepper* on the turntable, think about exactly where you were when you first heard it, and you will see what I mean. We are private people now.

•

I received a postcard from a friend in England. It reads, "Jagger has just announced that *Street-Fighting Man* wasn't about us at all. It was about the Brownshirts. The age of Aquarius, I've just found out, doesn't start for another 300 years. Somewhere in the world there's a boutique called Chez Guevara. I wonder if it'll still be open then?"

I've put it up next to the young couple garlanded with flowers. I hope they're still together. ▣

GESCHEIDT'S WORLD

Satellite

(Continued from page 36) have composed original material in English as well as in French.

"We had a ritual tin cup that we used exclusively for tips," Lowe reminisces. "Pat would begin a song and I'd dance, sing harmony and dodge mashers. Generally, after an hour, we'd have enough money to buy a bottle of cheap champagne."

"We got our break about nine months later," says Woods, "when this very well-dressed French executive came up to us after a set and asked if we'd like to be rich pop stars. Now, I've been around a little bit in the music business: A guy can promise to make me a star, wine me and dine me, take me to his office and ask me if I want to sleep with his secretary and I still might not remember his name."

But this offer was legitimate and Woods and Lowe have since cut four albums for the French record company Le Chant du Monde. Despite lucrative club dates in Paris and promotional tours that have taken them across western Europe as well as to the Ivory Coast and to Tunisia (where they appeared as the first act on a bill with Ravi Shankar), the duo still performs regularly down in the twilight haze of the Métro. "We take a new song down," Lowe explains, "set out the tin cup and play for an hour. Then, if we've made only 25 francs, we rewrite the song; 50 francs and we play it in a club; 100 francs and it goes on the next record."

Clarinet/sax man Jim Cuomo is another American whose fortunes are strongly attached to the Paris subway. Arriving in Paris three years ago, a refugee from an American symphony orchestra on a State Department tour of the Soviet Union, Cuomo found himself curiously enthusiastic about playing what he calls the shit-kicker circuit. "It was the acoustics that intrigued me most of all," Cuomo says. "The tunnels have just the right amount of tremolo. I decided at the beginning that I'd have to write a score especially designed to be performed there." The idea incubated for two years while Cuomo was organizing and acting as the featured soloist in a now defunct band called Mormos—a group partially composed of musicians he had met while playing in the subway for change. The band stayed together long enough to produce three albums for CBS-France, then split up last year, freeing Cuomo to work on his magnum opus.

Provocatively titled *Dry Ralph* (an Oklahoman variation on dry heaves), Cuomo's Bartók-tinged composition has been copyrighted and published in America by Media Music. Explaining *Dry Ralph*, Cuomo says, "What I had in mind was five trombones, each with approximately 30 bars of dissonant modes, to be played on the underground moving sidewalk connecting the two ends of the Montparnasse station. The musicians would ride back and forth for an hour, repeating the music in random time—with echoes and distortion adding to the effect." Cuomo envisions an inaugural performance of *Dry Ralph* just as soon as he can find five musically literate trombone players. Conceding that such a performance might not be exactly to the French Ministry of Culture's liking, Cuomo nevertheless declares, "Fuck them, they're going to have a cultural event in the Métro whether they like it or not!"

A musical nomad whose music has been heard, at one time or another, in Tashkent, Belgrade, Tokyo and Abidjan, Cuomo is presently hard at work on an album for the French label Saravah.

Finally, the price of admission to this musical extravaganza is a mere one franc 30; two francs if you want to ride first class. —ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

Did you know that this is the 99th anniversary of Stanley's journey down the Congo River?

KINSHASA, ZAÏRE—The Major Vangu was 200 feet of rotted wood and rusted metal tied to the dock at Kisangani—her diesel engine thumping, hissing and complaining and black, choking smoke billowing freely from her open-air engine room. The following announcement was posted next to the ticket window:

CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES ON DUTY

Due to the overconsumption of alcoholic beverages, there have recently been serious negligences in navigation. All crewmen are ordered to maintain vigilance, and to report violations to the Under Director, who will take appropriate disciplinary action.

It was an ominous note. On the first morning of the scheduled four-day, 1000-mile trip down-river to Kinshasa, the boat carried a crew of 20, headed by a Commandant Batilaygka; a Zaïrois army major with 15 of his elite paratroopers; myself; and about 200 Zaïrois peasants, the latter bearing 30 goats, at least as many chickens, four live and tightly bound crocodiles, a couple of pygmy chimpanzees and countless insects and catfish and blue-black eels and dead monkeys with stomachs bloated from the heat. The passengers opened sun umbrellas, arranged tables for the sale of dry goods and—what with the washing of babies, amorous trysts and the ceaseless chatter of humans and animals—we became nothing, in the first

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The Chance of a Lifetime

(See page 37)

few hours after setting off, if not a floating African market. Day and night, villagers would paddle out to us in precarious pirogues, grab ahold as best they could and barter their goods for money or manioc, but mostly for Sköl or Simba beer, which has become the most fundamental currency of the Congo River basin.

Meanwhile, the crew we had been warned of by the riverboat company was, with few exceptions, malcontent and sullen as the equatorial sun, but it kept us at a distance from crocodiles and other slithering beasts. Throughout Africa and especially in the military dictatorship of Zaïre, judicious responsibility is virtually unknown, so that each man with just a scrap of authority soon becomes a war lord to those beneath him.

The deck chief, for example, the barge's maître d'hôtel, was a thin Zaïrois with a beer paunch, who, each morning in a drunken rage, browbeat and abused his trembling subordinates before letting them help him into his hammock.

I was not exempt from this corkscrew African justice myself. On the second day out of Kisangani, I had taken but five photographs of the boat and the passengers when I was ordered to the wheelhouse. "We stand for authenticity," Commandant Batilaygka bellowed in my ear as he snatched the camera out of my hands. "The river is not a curiosity; the people are not curiosities; the boat is not a curiosity. And you cannot take pictures." My camera was smashed against the deck.

Later that day, his white shirt soaked in rings of sweat, the commandant ordered me to remain within the confines of my room and the immediate deck below. "There are Zaïrois on this boat who would like to throw you overboard," he said in a tone that suggested that it was he who wanted to throw me overboard most of all.

•

Our memories are short and the violence perpetrated by blacks and whites in the Congo surely has faded from the minds of most Americans. But until recently, there were Zaïrois here who remembered Sir Henry Stanley's downriver passage with Maxim guns and Martini-Henry rifles blazing. Several years ago, Dr. James Carrington of the University of Kisangani talked with a Yalotucha Island Zaïrois woman who had been wounded during that episode. "People of Yalotucha Island who escaped never lacked for cowrie shells" is still a river aphorism. And Dr. Carrington says, "Stanley is in their tradition." So, among whites, is the memory of violence ten years ago in the northern Congo, around Stanleyville (now Kisangani). The Simbas, a Chinese-backed group of drunken rebels who worshiped Patrice Lumumba and an array of superstitions, slaughtered hundreds of whites—mostly farmers and missionaries—and occasionally forced them to drink gasoline, then slit their bellies and burned them from the inside out. Ten years ago! Even today, the buildings of Kisangani are pock-marked with the holes of automatic-rifle fire.

It was early Sunday morning, the third day aboard the Major Vangu. The crew, including their leader Commandant Batilaygka, had spent most of the evening and night huddled around the small, ornately carved crew's bar, drinking substantial quantities of cold Sköl. At one A.M., the barge lurched sickeningly and I was tossed violently from my cot. We had gone aground on a sand bar in the middle of the river—200 yards from a plainly visible red channel marker. The crew was in no condition to do anything about getting us off then, so we waited until daylight. But by that time, the barge was solidly stuck.

A request for assistance was sent down-river to a missionary station by means of talking drums and then over bush radio to the river-port office at Mbandaka. Meanwhile, we waited under the equatorial sun and the crew took the opportunity to drink the last of the beer. On the third day after the accident, food started to run out and we ate nothing but small boiled potatoes. Tempers, too, were shortened, not so much by the dwindling food supplies as by the absence of beer. But that afternoon, the rescue tug arrived and I was to observe some principles of Zaïrois physics.

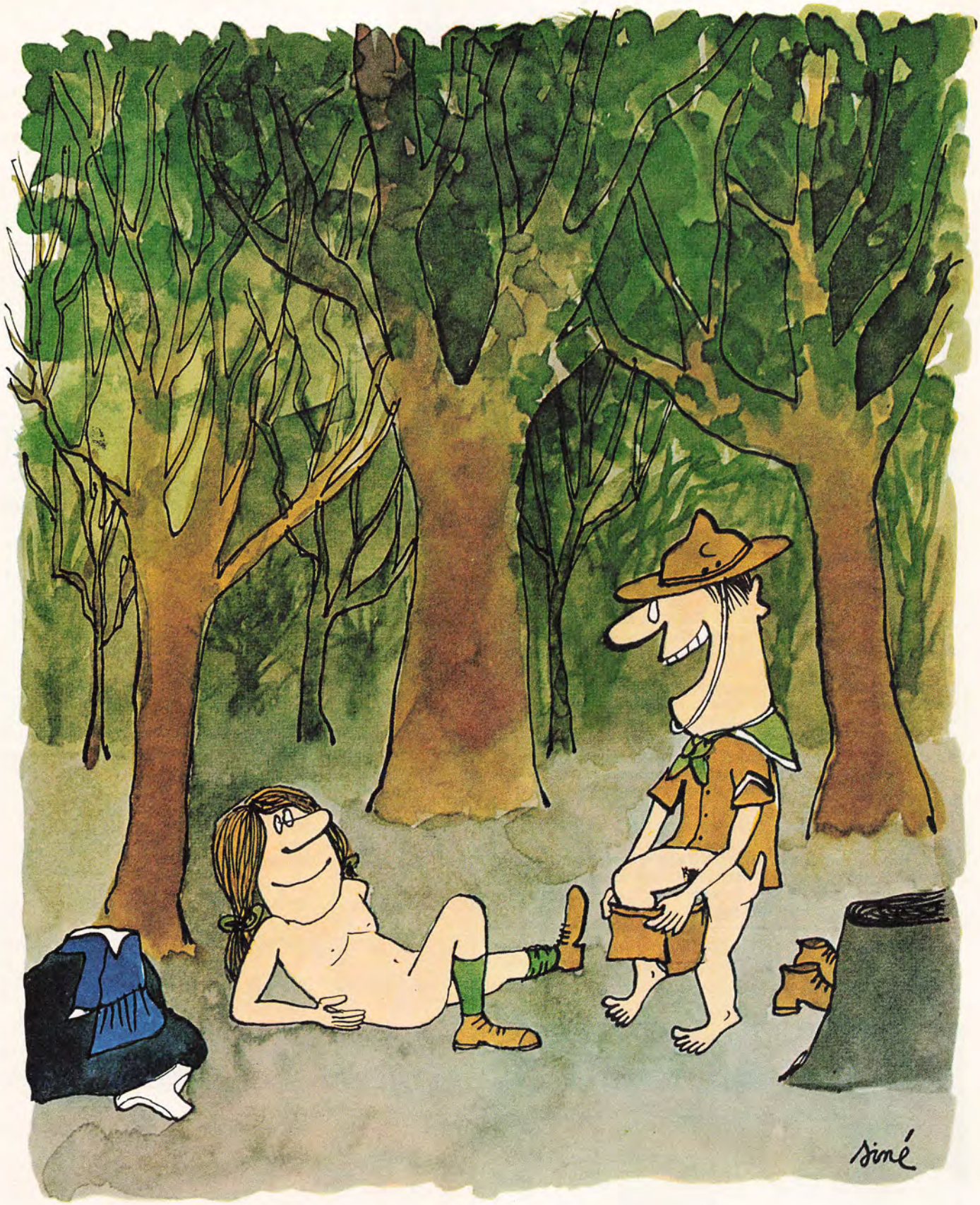
The first is that appearance takes precedence over reality. Commandant Batilaygka appeared on deck and took charge of the rescue operation. No one could convince him—if anyone tried—that a three-inch steel cable has a greater tensile strength than a four-inch rope of hemp, which is larger and, therefore, he reasoned, stronger. Thus, he instructed his crew to lash the rope to the stern of the rescue tug and to the capstans in the bow of the barge. The rope strained for a second, then snapped like a thin strand of baling twine. The commandant next tied the remaining section of rope to a section of steel cable himself. The rope broke again, and now the tug pulled the steel cable for two hours, but the barge still would not budge. At that, the commandant scratched his head pensively. Inspired by a new idea, he ordered the tug captain to ram our port side. The Major Vangu and the tug seemed locked in mighty combat, and the hull plates of the barge bent and buckled each time the tug smashed into her. To no avail!

Once it became apparent that the tug could not move us off the sand bar, morale plummeted. Army major Bolikango, who proudly wore a yellow sport shirt emblazoned front and back with the profile of Zaïre's president, Mobutu Sese Seko, and the torch symbol of the M.P.R. (the Popular Revolutionary Movement, the only legal political party in Zaïre), was taking the Major Vangu down-river from Lisala to collect 8000 Zaïres ($16,000) to pay his troops. He was escorted by the aforementioned 15 uniformed paratroopers, who were to guard the money. He had maintained a cold reserve toward me throughout the first part of the voyage, but on this afternoon of despair, he became downright friendly. His paratroopers had not eaten in two days, he told me, and, consequently, they were in a mutinous mood. "They have told me if I don't give them money by tomorrow morning, they will kill me," he said with an expression of real fright. Since I was the single white man on board, he said, they would kill me as well, fearing that I would report them to the authorities. No one else would. Thus it was that Major Bolikango and I hastily made arrangements for a pirogue to carry us to the mission station the next morning.

Early the next day, just as the sun came up, I noticed that the river was filled with an unusually large number of water hyacinths and this, apparently, was a sign that Commandant Batilaygka understood well. The river had risen—not much, but enough, we hoped, to get us off the sand bar with the help of the rescue tug. Cable was played out. And suddenly we were free and back in the middle of the channel. The mood on board the Major Vangu changed just as suddenly and Major Bolikango canceled our appointment with the owner of the pirogue.

Commandant Batilaygka did not share our pleasure, however, for he was to be held responsible for the mishap and reprimanded by shipping-line officials in Mbandaka. In the mistaken belief that the severity of his reprimand would be diminished if he made up some of the lost time, he pushed the barge downstream at maximum speed. And that was his final undoing, for as a pirogue carrying two women approached our bow, the Major Vangu was unable to change her course. The pirogue capsized and the two women were drawn beneath the hull to be churned up seconds later—lumps of flesh butchered by the blades of the barge's propellers. We came to a stop and reversed engines, but nothing could be done for the women. When we arrived in Mbandaka, Batilaygka was taken before a board of inquiry, which concluded that both accidents were unavoidable. The commandant was prevented, nonetheless, from taking the boat the remainder of the voyage to Kinshasa and those of us who were going there had to find our separate ways.

—MALCOLM MACPHERSON



"What I like about scouting is the daily good deed."

WE

Photographer Larry Gordon and OUI Photo Editor Gordon Moore wanted a classic location for the *Passionately Paula Sills* feature, so they flew to Las Vegas, loaded a rental truck with equipment and props and pointed themselves in the direction of Death Valley. "It was deathly still at six in the morning," Moore recalls. "We had just set up some Mylar screens and then, all of a sudden, out of nowhere a bloody wind came up, blowing sand and knocking everything over. For a minute, I thought we were going to have to give the project up. But then, with equal suddenness, it was deathly still again. Paula got undressed, and Larry and I were stooping over the camera boxes, when our eyeballs froze. The creepiest sound we had ever heard was reverberating across the dunes.

"Son, do you know what that sound was?"

We allowed as not.

"It was the sound of a lady scratching her pubic hairs in a vacuum."

At nine A.M., when the sun started getting hot, the party adjourned to nearby Furnace Creek and traded desert jokes over a long lunch. Paula: "What's tumbleweed?" Larry: "I give up." Paula: "Why, it's aphrodisiac pot."

Let them eat crotch

It's become something of a habit at OUI to celebrate major occasions with a special-order erotocake from Bill Hoffman's French Pastry Shop, just around the corner on Rush Street. The cake on the left, for example, was designed for the birthday party of our Librarian, Nancy; the one on the right, for the bachelor supper of Art Assistant Rodney Williams. We tagged along with Managing Editor Michael Laurence when the latter cake was ordered, and we thought he looked a little like a high school kid trying to work up the courage to ask for his first condoms. The salesladies were understanding. Rodney, of course, got to eat the crotch—the pie of the cake, so to speak. He said he liked it and that it tasted a mite like oysters.

The other day, we stopped off for a chat with pastry chef Hoffman, who is a big, burly gentleman out of the best Chicago mold. Hoffman was positioned between one huge vat of chocolate and another of lemon, and he was spelling out the words CALIFORNIA OR BUST on a generous pair of vanilla knockers. "Neat," we said. "What other cakes do you do?" Hoffman answered without looking up. "I do the penis, I do the naked woman and the naked man, I do the bosoms and I do the ass." "You like OUI?" "To tell you the truth, I've never read it. My kids tell me it's risqué."

REMEDIAL TENNIS, ANYONE?

The tennis players on our staff all test read *Bill Cosby's Personal Guide to Tennis Power* (Random House)—from which the excerpt on page 69 is drawn—and the consensus was that their games suffered considerably. But they laughed all the way to the locker room, which is a big plus considering what their games were like in the first place.

COMING IN AUGUST OUI

☐ **J. P. DONLEAVY'S ETIQUETTE MANUAL:** The author of *The Ginger Man* provides an outrageous, ribald guide to social conduct in these turbulent times. For example, how should you behave upon being stung at the end of your prick by a bee while playing golf?

☐ **JANE BIRKIN CHAINED:** She was only a teeny-bopper actress in *Blow Up*, but now she has grown up, moved to Paris and blossomed as a major international star. She has also acquired some very mature tastes. This lady looks alluring when handcuffed to a big brass bed.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH PAUL KRASSNER:** The editor of *The Realist* looks back on his role as disturber of the peace and proves that irreverence is still his only sacred cow.

☐ **MARIJUANA FINDS PEACE IN OREGON:** A year after their state decriminalized possession of grass, Oregonians seem to have come to terms with the killer weed.

☐ **INCIDENT IN ISRAEL:** A fledgling war correspondent's extraordinary report on how a single event transformed a soldier's war into all-out terrorism.

☐ **AN INVESTOR'S GUIDE TO COMIC ART:** It may be worth while to rummage through that musty pile of old comics in the attic. You may find a rarity. If you've given up on the stock market, sink your funds into *Superman* and watch your wealth soar.

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